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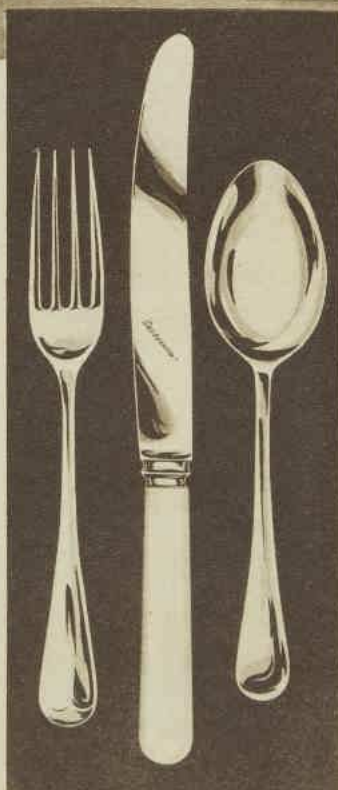
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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Loelia, Duchess of Westminster (page 7), doesn't think that anyone should strictly follow fashion in interior decorating.

"FURNITURE, in particular, should not date quickly," she says. "There must be an air of semi-permanence about it — a well-loved familiarity."

Her own home is full of well-loved objects, many of her own handiwork.

Two exquisite bell-pulls, for instance, are the results of many hours of needlework. She has a petit point carpet which took her seven years to make.

"It was worth every moment," says the Duchess proudly. "Work like this is so much more satisfying in the end than something bought."

WE were delighted to learn that our artist Arthur Boothroyd was awarded first prize for the best color or black-and-white illustration in the 1961 Walkley National Award for Journalism.

Boothroyd's prizewinning color illustration was for the Paul Gallico novel "Mrs. Harris Goes to New York," which we published as a serial early this year.

He told us that he was particularly happy that this entry had won the prize (this

Our cover

● Smart racegoer Mrs. Philip Jeffrey, of Bronte, N.S.W., wears a pretty flowered hat with her corded silk suit at Sydney's 1961 Randwick Spring Meeting. A former South Australian, Mrs. Jeffrey will see the Melbourne Cup (color pictures, pages 10, 11) on her way home from the wedding of Anne Kidman to Robin Abel Smith in Unley, S.A., this week. Cover picture by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.

is the third time he has entered). He felt the illustration was interesting because it combined abstract painting with character drawing.

Arthur, who joined our staff in 1933, when the paper was first published, is hoping to go abroad early next year with his wife to spend the prizemoney on a holiday in Spain.

This is the second year that one of our artists has won the award. Last year Jim Phillips won it for his illustration of the Peter Ustinov story "The Loneliness of Billwoonga."

NEXT WEEK: Patterns to buy — a dress for Christmas; and Christmas gifts for a man — dressing-gown, beach shirts and shorts... Men's favorite recipes that they can cook themselves.

What Australia Makes - Makes Australia



BING'S BOY HARRY

● A pixie-faced boy of three is bringing an almost forgotten happiness to one of the richest and best-loved figures of the entertainment world — Bing Crosby.

LITTLE Harry Crosby is the first child of 57-year-old widower Bing's marriage in 1957 to Hollywood starlet Kathy Grant. They also have a daughter, Mary Frances, who is now two, and they expect their third child soon.

The Crosbys have been in England, where Bing has been working on a new "Road" film. This color picture of Harry was taken in the gardens of a Windsor mansion; rented by Bing and Kathy and Bob Hope and his wife for £500 a week.

The bad blood between Bing and the four sons of his marriage to actress Dixie Lee has been one of Hollywood's tragedies. The boys are Gary (28), twins Dennis and Philip (26), and Lindsay (25).

Soon after Dixie's death in 1952 it became clear that the Crosby home was not happy. The boys began a series of exploits that landed the family in the headlines, and Bing's public image suffered greatly from their recriminations.

Though deeply hurt and bewildered, he met these with dignity, admitting that he had failed as a father through giving his sons too much "work, discipline, and money" and too little of his time and attention.

In the succeeding years, each Crosby son has married a Las Vegas showgirl. Bing was known to have hoped for something very different.

Cathy Crosby, the boys' cousin and daughter of bandleader Bob, once said:

"All their lives they've lived in Bing's shadow, and they feel inferior. They don't have too much personality, and marry showgirls because they feel that a girl of their own background, from a wealthy family, would look down on them."

Husky, thick-set Gary has always been the most bitter. He cannot forgive what he claims to be the humiliation and punishment he suffered from his father as an overweight child.

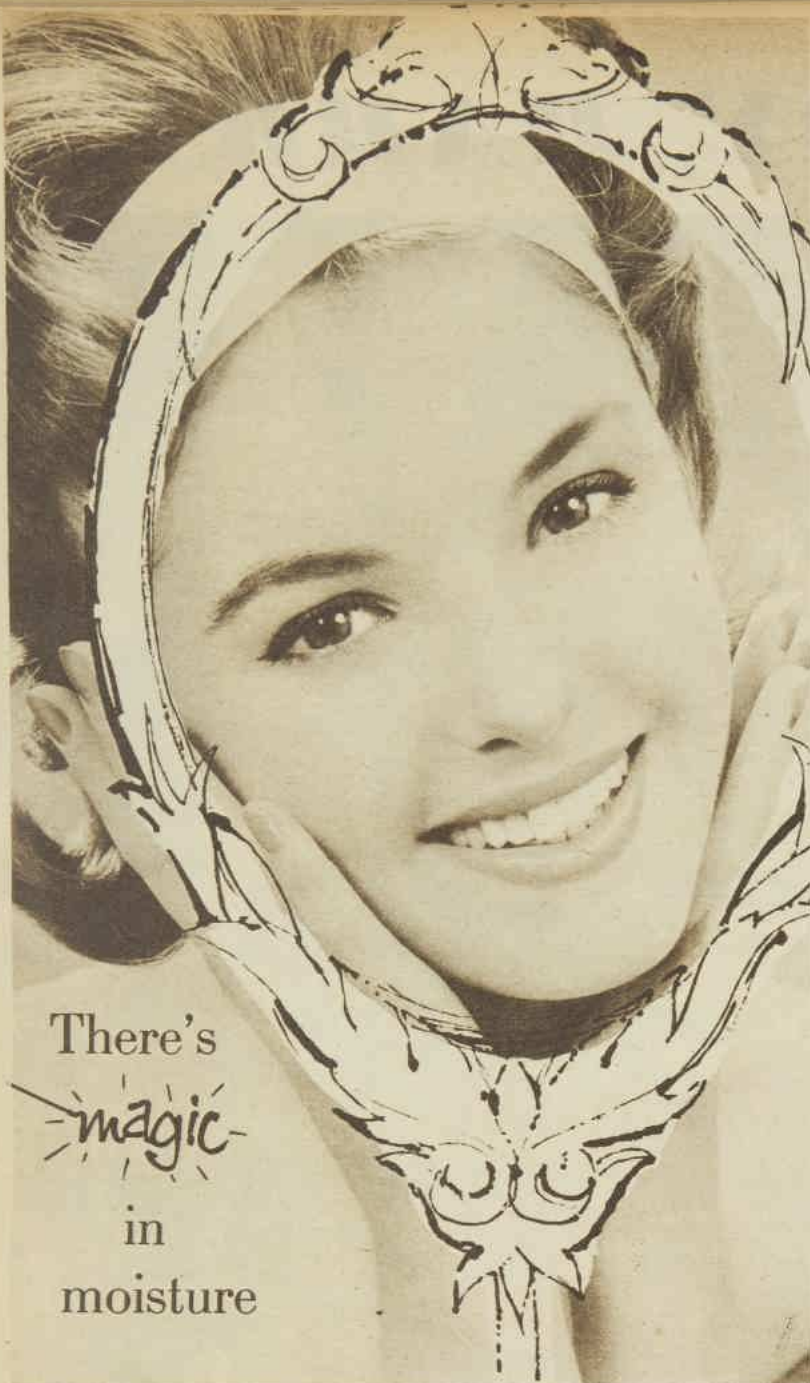
Bing's marriage to Kathy, who was only a year older than his then youngest son, was greeted coldly by the boys, but to him it was the beginning of a new life; giving him the opportunity of succeeding where he failed before — in being a successful father and a happy man.



HARRY CROSBY, the three-year-old son on whom all of Bing's hopes are now centred.

LEFT: Bing looks young again as he's photographed with his wife Kathy and little Harry in London, where the veteran actor has been making "The Road to Hong Kong" with his old "Road" co-stars, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour.





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RUSS TYSON relaxes at home in the Brisbane suburb of Albion. With him are his wife and sons Stephen (left), 8; Charles, 11.

Russ finds the melody lingers

● For 30 minutes daily Brisbane's Russ Tyson lives in an unchanging world where people's taste in music remains unaltered year after year.

RUSS has been host of the A.B.C.'s Hospital Half Hour for more than 12 years.

For the past five or six years the three most-asked-for songs have been:

"I'll Walk With God" (sung by Mario Lanza), "Some Enchanted Evening" (from "South Pacific"), "The Drinking Song" (from "The Student Prince").

Two old favorites which have never gone off the H.H.H. request programmes are "Jerusalem" and "The Lost Chord."

"I think they'll be there for ever," Russ said.

"But in this session there's an element of surprise every day in the requests.

"One day I found Grand Opera on the programme, and I once had a request for 'Jail-house Rock'.

"But the real jangling, screaming numbers are never asked for.

"And as a rule Gilbert and Sullivan is as high as we go."

There is a waiting time of three months for a hospital to get on the H.H.H.

By that time most of the patients who originally requested the programme have got better and gone home, so Russ now fixes a date with the hospital and asks for the requests to be sent in a week before they'll be on the air.

"This means that a number of reigning favorites come in, right from the top of the Top Forty," he said.

Melody a "must"

"But you have to remember that all of the people are ill, lonely, shut in at home, or convalescing quietly — so they want only the melodic and meaningful songs.

"Typical is Presley's 'Wooden Heart.' Then such numbers as 'Michael, Row the Boat Ashore' and 'Little Drummer Boy.'

"Although you could say our range goes from Bach to Boogie, the rubbish department is not represented at all."

All listeners like Russ Tyson's cheerful voice. As one hospital patient explained:

"It's not a bedside voice. It's just warm, cosy, encouraging, witty, and sympathetic."

Russ said some people have complained that his show is too middle-of-the-road.

But later these people have been hospitalised themselves and have rung him up to say: "I take it all back. The programmes are just right."

Some years ago Russ wrote a book called "What Is A?", proceeds from which built the Russ Tyson Hospital Half Hour Recreation Hall at the Montrose Home for Crippled Children, Brisbane.

Now a new book is on sale — "Russ Tyson's Philosopher's Notebook."

Russ is 41 years old and has been married to dark-haired Joy for 19½ years. They have two sons, aged 11 and eight.

In private life he is the same lively wit and steady character you would imagine by hearing his voice.

● **BEGINNING NEXT WEEK . . .**

'The Judas Tree' —new novel by **A. J. Cronin**

Author of best-sellers "Hatter's Castle," "The Citadel," "The Keys of the Kingdom."

The Governor-General's granddaughter comes to Australia by sea at Christmas, and her parents will arrive by air

Two roads to "Yarralumla"

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

● Baby Shaunagh, only grandchild of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, will make a sea voyage from England to Australia next month in the care of her bachelor godfather and a nanny to spend Christmas with her grandparents at "Yarralumla."

SHAUNAGH'S parents, Oliver and the Hon. Elizabeth Colthurst, will fly by way of New York to join their baby in Melbourne, and the family will arrive at Government House in Canberra just in time for Christmas.

The baby is six months old. Her godfather is Mr. Rupert Guniss.

Elizabeth told me: "He has spent every Christmas with our family since I was a baby and we don't want him to miss this one away from us."

Mr. Guniss has no qualms about the journey on *Orcades*. "I will have Baby's nanny, Miss Smith, with me, but I will do all the baby-sitting that is necessary," he said.

Twenty-year-old Elizabeth is excited about the Christmas plans. "We have always spent Christmas together and my husband and I are longing to see my mother and father and my sisters again," she said.

"We arrive two days before our baby and will fly to Melbourne to meet her. Mr. Guniss and Baby will fly from Fremantle to make up time."

The *Orcades*, after a 23-day voyage, will arrive at Fremantle on December 23.

"Of course, we'll miss Shaunagh very much," Elizabeth said, "and she will have grown a lot on the voyage out, but my husband can't spare the time to go by ship, especially as he has to go first to New York." Elizabeth's Irish husband is on the London Stock Exchange.

"My husband," she said, "has found he has Australia in his blood. His grandmother was an Australian."

Guest from Bahrein

Another old family friend, Miss Ann Walker, is joining the De L'Isles for Christmas. "She is a friend of Kate's and mine and is flying from Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, to have her first Christmas in Australia," Elizabeth said.

"Ann arrives on Christmas Eve. It will be such fun all of us arriving about the same time, though I'm afraid it will have to be a handkerchief Christmas. Because we're flying, we can't take out the presents we all at first had in mind."

Referring to her 19-year-old sister, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, she said: "There are quite a lot of Kate's friends who are madly envious of us and wish they could come, too—especially some of the young men who used to enjoy dancing with her."

Elizabeth Colthurst has had a busy time since her parents went to Australia. She has been in charge of *Penshurst Place*, the family seat open to the public.

"At times staff and other problems have seemed insurmountable," she said, "but the fun we've had has made up for it all. We

have had lovely weekend parties, and all our friends have thoroughly enjoyed them.

"It's very comforting to have friends understanding enough to realise the responsibility of running *Penshurst*. When visitors were rolling in by the thousands they would hold back the ropes and help with conducting.

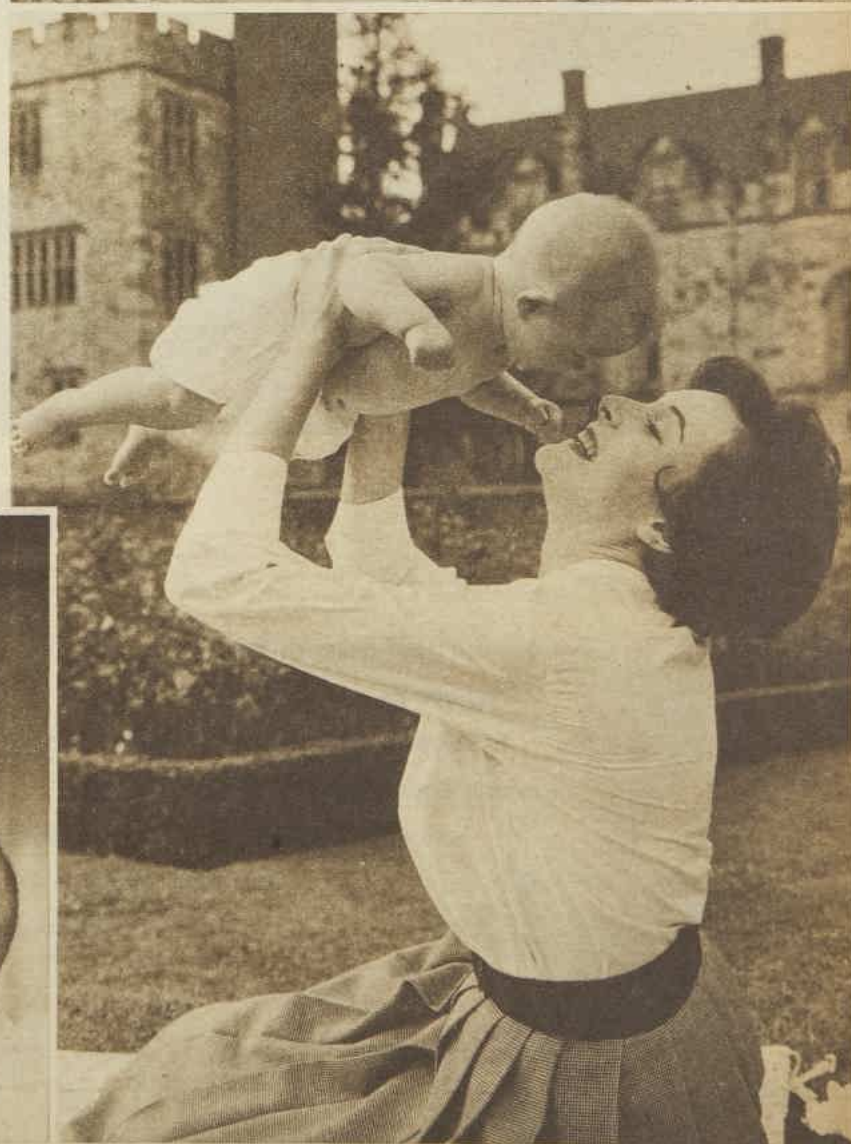
"We've had masses of Australians, and if it hadn't been for them I would have known far too little of how my family were enjoying Australia.

"You see, we are a family not given to writing many letters. So I simply ask the visitors all the little things I want to know about them and it has kept me very closely in touch."

Penshurst is now closed to visitors, and Elizabeth is busy packing for her baby and for her own flying visit to New York and Australia. Without these cares and worries is her brother Philip.

"He simply flies off when school breaks up and joins the family for Christmas," Elizabeth said. "He's the most excited of us all, because he so enjoyed his first visit to Australia and is longing to go back."

● Pictures show the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Colthurst playing with baby Shaunagh and labrador Phoebe on the lawn at famous *Penshurst Place*, where she and her husband are "caretaking" for Lord and Lady De L'Isle.





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Two celebrities visiting Australia have both written about their unhappy early years—

1: THE ARTISTIC DUCHESS

● Once upon a time there was a very shy little girl who rarely saw her mother, but was looked after by a series of unkind governesses.

THEN one day she met perhaps the richest (£80,000,000) and most romantic (married and divorced twice) duke in England.

They married in 1930, when she was 28 and he was 51.

This is the story of Loelia (pronounced Leel-ya), Duchess of Westminster, 59, who is visiting Australia to lecture on interior decorating for a paint-manufacturing firm.

She was the Hon. Loelia Mary Ponsonby, daughter of Frederick Ponsonby (later first Baron Sysonby), an official to Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and George V.

She spent an unhappy, lonely childhood following—but rarely seeing—her parents into a seemingly endless procession of "grace and favor" homes (houses offered to members of the Royal Household).

In her book about her life, "Grace and Favor," she paints a grim picture of her early years.

There were idyllic settings—homes in Windsor Castle, St. James' Palace, a country home, Great Tangle Manor—but, she writes, "I can only think of those early years with horror."

"What went on" (when children were looked after by servants) "was mainly a matter of luck."

Distant parents

Parents came into the nursery only occasionally. The children were glimpsed for half an hour after tea, when they appeared in the drawing-room dressed in their best clothes.

"A few words might be exchanged with them if they were encountered in the garden. That was all."

"Governesses pass before my mind's eye, each more hated than the last..."

The Duchess' mother had been harshly brought up and saw nothing unusual in her daughter's treatment.

To ensure good carriage her mother had the idea of fastening a violin string round Loelia's setback shoulders.

Although every time she bent forward it cut her arms, she had to wear it all day, even play in it.

Whenever it snapped she had to replace it (cost 1/2) out of her pocket-money (3d. a week total, of which 1d. was earmarked for her money-box).

Her husband, Hugh Richard Arthur, second Duke of Westminster, who was a fabulously wealthy businessman and

sportsman, had been a reckless, decorated World War I soldier.

His previous wives were Constance Cornwallis-West (their marriage lasted from 1901 to 1919) and Violet Nelson (1920 to 1926).

He was not only wealthy and glamorous but also incurably restless. The couple were always on the move, from one ducal property to another, from a big-game hunt in Africa to a wild-boar chase in Normandy, France.

As well as the constant travelling (the longest time they spent in one place was three weeks) there were personal and domestic problems.

The Duke was jealous—and they were never alone. Wherever they went there were hosts of favorites, friends, servants.

Loelia had acquired early in life a flair for interior decorating, in which her mother was deeply interested.

At Eaton Hall, the Duke's family seat in Cheshire, she was able to modernise almost all the hundreds of rooms to her taste. At Lochmore, the Duke's estate in Scotland, she worked gardening "miracles."

On the slopes of a hill on the estate she made a secret garden—a garden so inaccessible that the gardeners had to be lowered to it on ropes. Her marriage ended in divorce in 1947.

The same year the Duke remarried. He died in 1953.

Loelia built a new life around the career which has brought her to Australia.

She began to write for magazines. Now she is associate editor of one which specialises in houses and gardens.

In London she has an exclusive apartment in Grosvenor Square (named, when laid out in the 19th century, after her former husband's family).

The Duchess' talks in Australia will be very informal.

"I shall probably tell people about the ideas which appeal to me, then listen to their likes and dislikes," she said. "Later I shall show slides of rooms I have enjoyed."

After all her years of travel the Duchess is still enthusiastic at another journey.

"Going to Australia is one of the most exciting things that has happened to me," she said.



● The Duchess of Westminster in two of her roles—as a young society leader (left) and, today, as a career woman.

2: THE ECCENTRIC POET

● John Betjeman, unofficial poet laureate of England, is travelling 11,000 miles to Australia to see some old iron gates originally from Birmingham. At least that's one of the objects of the journey.

HE will lecture in all States on poetry and on Victorian and ecclesiastical architecture. He is very interested in Australia's old wrought-iron verandah lacework and also in the bush ballads of Banjo Paterson.

The poet will be a guest at Government House in Canberra, and the British Council, which is sponsoring the lecture tour, wants him to visit Alice Springs.

But Australians will find him frankly interested also in the cities, the railway stations, and cafes, the people in the street.

This friend of Princess Margaret, this top-line television personality who has made a

fortune from his enormously long autobiographical poem, is scared stiff of poverty.

Sixty thousand copies of the book-length poem "Summoned by Bells" were bought this year, and his TV audiences reached the million mark, yet he still feels insecure.

He has a wife, son, and daughter, a home on the Berkshire Downs near Wantage, a flat in London by the Smithfield meat market.

He has a teddybear named Archie in the country house whom he talks to and whom his wife has thrown out of the window during family rows.

He had in the London flat, until he gave it to the zoo, a bin-long West African millipede—the creature with more legs than a centipede—called Amber, which he bred in the flat. Said a zoo official, without a trace of humor: "A considerable achievement, that; they don't mate easily in captivity."

John Betjeman is one of the most endearingly natural and original characters to receive public acclaim in England.

Always a misfit

Betjeman thinks self-pity is his besetting sin. He has always been a misfit, always alone, always outside.

He did not enjoy school (Marlborough College), was neither first-class at games nor work, and disappointed his father by refusing to enter the family firm of glass and woodwork craftsmen. He always wanted to be an architect.

John Betjeman had, until a

few years ago, a life of constantly changing journalistic jobs, which, he says, gave him his permanent feeling of insecurity, comparative poverty, and much hard work.

He married Penelope, the daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Philip Chetwode, in a registry office in 1933.

Sober "genius"

Today Mrs. Betjeman runs a super-cafe in Wantage called King Alfred's Teashop. King Alfred was born in Wantage.

Mrs. Betjeman thinks her husband is a great genius. She says, "Most geniuses drink, and I'm lucky John never gets drunk."

"He's only been drunk once, when he had some gooseberry wine and I pushed him in the

river. We have terrific rows, but he never sulks."

Perhaps the most fascinating aspect of John Betjeman's character is his enthusiasm for everything and anything that takes his fancy—lasting enthusiasms, too.

Enthusiasms for South African millipedes, suburbia, Victoriana, odd bits of London architecture, the old Crystal Palace ruins, Manx stamps. He has put these on hundreds of letters to his friends, with the rubber-stamped comment, "Note the charming Manx stamp."

He is a patron of the Paddlesteamer Preservation Society, an ardent protector of old canals, and a noisy objector to the modern habit of knocking down familiar bits of the London landscape.

"Strange... little boy"

ALTHOUGH John Betjeman's nostalgic, lyrical "Summoned by Bells" is now his best-known work, more and more people have become aware of him also as a gentle satirist.

Pam, of "Pot Pourri from a Surrey Garden" ("Pam, I adore you, Pam, you great big mountainous sports girl") is typical of the hefty, racquet-wielding females to whom the poet addresses many mock tributes.

The unseated equestrian of "Hunter Trials"—
Oh, wasn't it naughty of Smudges?
Oh, Mummy, I'm sick with disgust.

She threw me in front of the fudges,
And my silly old collarbone's bust.

is another of his staunchly British outdoor heroines.

Sometimes—as in "False Security," a memory of a childhood party—he is his own victim:

Too overexcited and pleased with myself to know

That the words I heard my hostess' mother employ

To a guest departing would ever diminish my joy,

I WONDER WHERE JULIA FOUND THAT

STRANGE, RATHER COMMON LITTLE BOY?



● John Betjeman—he says he'll be forgotten five years from now, is glad he's saving money at last.

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GUIDE TO THE CUP

● *We can't pick the winner of the Melbourne Cup a week ahead of time, but we can tell you something about that horse you'll draw in the sweep — what it looks like and how experts rate its chances. For the benefit of once-a-year punters we have arranged the list in alphabetical order.*

ACTION PACKED: 6-year-old bay gelding, 7.13. Useful N.Z.-er with five handicaps to his credit at home, but can't see him packing enough action to bring home the berries. He revels in heavy going and if it's wet could easily do a 1942 Colonus and splash home the winner. Colors: Royal-blue, grey, cerise.

ARTIST'S JOY: 5-year-old bay mare, 7.1. There's always the remote chance that some of her stablemate Sharply's winning ways might communicate themselves to her, but obviously the handicapper doesn't think so. Colors: Pale blue, red.

AVATAR: 3-year-old grey colt, 6.10. Owned by V.R.C. chairman, Sir Chester Manifold, who's yet to lead in a Melbourne Cup winner. In all its 101 years' history only two greys have won the Cup — Topsy in 1865 and Hira in 1947. Colors: Yellow and cardinal.

BARGOED: 4-year-old chestnut horse, 8.12. Another N.Z.-er with the same sire as Blue Lodge (Blueskin). A beautiful golden chestnut, he's a tough and durable chap and his N.Z. form, like the bikini girl's, is not to be sneezed at... only trouble is he may have done too much in his home country before coming over. Colors: Emerald-green, gold.



BARODA GLEAM: 5-year-old black horse, 7.9. Could be his ma (Lady Chatterley) would appeal to the men and be the envy of some of the women. Came right into calculations with a go-to-whoa win in the Moonee Valley Gold Cup. Colors: Royal-blue, gold.

BERRU: 4-year-old brown horse, 7.8. Lacks credentials over two miles, but his home State South Australians think highly of him, bearing in mind his second to Far Away Places over nine furlongs. Colors: Blue, gold, black.

BLUE ERA: 3-year-old chestnut colt, 7.4. A glorious-looking youngster who takes every female eye. This N.Z.-bred beauty could easily be nudging his relation, Blue Lodge, in the last telling yards. And there'll be no leg-pull to deprive him of a winning chance this time as there was in the A.J.C. Derby. Colors: Red, black, white.

BLUE LODGE: 4-year-old brown horse, 8.13. Has laughed at early delay to Cup preparation caused by various mishaps and went from better to better until the Caulfield Cup. That run wasn't his true form and was probably caused by his shin soreness. This N.Z.-er is a genuine two-miler and has the courage of a Phar Lap. Colors: Emerald-green, white, crimson.

BORAN: 4-year-old chestnut horse, 7.8. Has the unique distinction of having his young sportsman owner, Eddie McGauran, as his strapper, but don't think even this claim to fame and his unlucky second in the mile-and-five Strand Handicap will help him dig the good oil for punters. Colors: Brown, yellow.

By Tuesday, November 7, the Cup field will be reduced to 26 horses. Working ahead of time, we had to include several doubtful starters. Watch the daily papers and make your own scratchings on this page. We wish you luck!

CAMPO: 4-year-old black horse, 7.0. Should be a possibility with his father (Landau) once a prized member of the Queen's stable and his dam (Savannah) bred in France, whence many great stayers have come. So far he has not hoofed it up to his breeding. Colors: Red, white.

CHATOUL: aged (over six years) black gelding, 6.7. Just a hard-working plodder. Has more seconds, thirds, and unplaceds to his name than a centipede has legs. Only time he's any good is on a wet track. Colors: Pink, green.

**By
FREDA IRVING**

CHOCTAW: 6-year-old bay gelding, 8.7. Bargain horse of the field... his owner bought him for 115 gns. and promptly won five races on end with him. But that was in the winter and usually good winter form is bad spring-form. Colors: Cerise, green, gold.

COMIC SCOUT: aged bay gelding, 6.7. Has never shown he's the son of Comic Court, his Cup-winning father, and there's no reason to think he'll make a change at his age. Colors: Red, white, black.

CORRECT: 5-year-old brown gelding, 8.4. Correct us if we're wrong, but can see no reason why this fellow will help the November budget. Admittedly, he has won two Newmarkets at Flemington, but it's a heck of a long way from the Straight Six to the Cup's two miles. Colors: Red, white, brown.

CUP DAY: 5-year-old brown horse, 7.5. Certainly he has got a properly right name for the winner and the distance shouldn't trouble him... remember his father (High Peak) sired Dhaulagiri. But we doubt you'll see this South Australian shading the field. Colors: Light blue, black, red.

DALRIADA: 5-year-old grey gelding, 7.2. This N.Z.-bred, Sydney-owned-and-trained chap would need to improve a ton on past performances. Colors: Red, blue, yellow.

DONNA CALOONA: 5-year-old brown mare, 7.5. Her fast-finishing second to Travel On in the City Tatt's Gold Cup (1½ miles) in Sydney was full of dogged courage, an essential for success over the Cup's two miles. If you've got a speck of Spanish blood, have a doubloon or so on this lady, for she has a good lightweight's chance. Colors: Dark blue, red, white.

DHAULAGIRI: 5-year-old bay horse, 9.5. Why not? Ran fourth in last year's Cup only two lengths from the winner. Admittedly he's up 12lb. in the weights... but he's a year older and a year wiser. His W. S. Cox Plate win showed him at the top of his fighting form. And he has not only got Victoria's leading trainer (Brian Courtney) to guide him but Australia's "Golden Boy of Racing," Geoff Lane, to ride him. Colors: Green, purple, white.

● The figures that follow the name, color, and sex of each horse is the weight that it will carry in the Cup. The weight-carrying record for the Cup is held by Carbine, who won in 1890 with 10st. 5lb. Topweight this year is Dhaulagiri with 9.5.

EXAUDI: 6-year-old bay gelding, 7.10. Looked a boomer when he won six on end in Adelaide, including the Queen's Cup (1½ miles), but hasn't come within cooee of that form in the past 12 months. Colors: Pink, green.

FAR AWAY PLACES: 5-year-old brown gelding, 7.13. South Australian hope of the side. And well he might be... he's a half-brother to Sailor's Guide, who won the Olympics of racing with his victory in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, U.S.A. He's a plain little fellow, but that didn't stop him winning the Adelaide Cup 2-miler, which proves he can make the distance. Colors: Light blue, black, red.

GRAND PRINT: 4-year-old bay gelding, 7.12. Would seem to have little chance. Still, his Dad (Carbon Copy) has proved himself a mighty good sire of stayers. Colors: Black, pale blue, gold.

GRANDSON: 4-year-old chestnut gelding, 7.6. Full brother to former N.Z. middle-distance champion Somerset Fair, now at stud in California, this fellow's a pretty smart one, who's in at the right weight. He's trained by Larry Wiggins, former noted N.Z. lightweight who rode Akbar to second place behind Delta in the 1951 Cup. Colors: Purple, orange.



HIGH SOCIETY: 5-year-old brown gelding, 8.0. Brisbane-trained, he's one out of the silk department with not a cross-grained thread in his make-up. He has already proved a worthy son of his Cup-winning father (Dalray) with his win in Queensland's Doomben Cup (11 furlongs). Cup Day crowds and noise will leave him completely unmoved as, at home, he's stabled in a drive-in theatre. Colors: Blue, white.

HI JINX: 6-year-old brown mare, 8.7. Slipped away with the 1960 Centenary Cup, to the confusion of all the experts, but don't think this gay little New Zealand lady will be up to her winning tricks again this year. A pulled tendon, which she suffered in October to cut her out of a Turnbull Stakes start, is worse than a varicose vein when it comes to a smart performance. Colors: Maroon, light blue.

IRISH LAUGHTER: 5-year-old brown mare, 7.0. This one could be a bet for the big girls, for she's an OS in mares, standing 17 hands. But it would be wiser not to be carried away by a fellow feeling, despite her size, and the fact that she's a New Zealand mare. Colors: Orange, black.

JONNIE PEDRO: 5-year-old bay gelding, 6.7. His dad (Don Pedro) was a good horse but hasn't proved much of a sire, so don't think there's much chance of this one proving a Jonnie-Come-Lightly-Home. Colors: Pale blue, red, green.

LAIDLEY: 3-year-old brown gelding, 7.1. Won the Gibson Carmichael Stakes by a street as a two-year-old and that day looked a future Cup hope, for the G.C.S. is usually a good guide to a potential stayer. Since then has failed to translate his potential into winning fact. Colors: Red, yellow.



LEGAL BLAZE: 6-year-old brown gelding, 6.7. Would be much more at home in the Cup Hurdle. Colors: Red, blue.

LESALETA: Aged black mare, 7.8. This Western Australian has never lived up to her illustrious background. Her maternal grandma, Sister Olive, won the 1921 Melbourne Cup, and grandpa was the legendary Manfred. Colors: Purple, white, black.

LORD FURY: 4-year-old brown horse, 7.7. This tall chap should be one for the hen-pecked wives... He's a real bossy type and lives up to his name if he can't get his own way. He has been named the find of the season... virtually unknown before the Sydney spring carnival, he trounced Valerius and Waipari over 10 furlongs. His father (Edwardsii) sired Sharply, who has proved himself as a two-miler. Fought on courageously to be second in the Caulfield Cup. Colors: Orange, green, red.

MAC: Aged bay gelding, 8.13. A genuine two-miler... one of Victoria's best of such in recent years. Feel, though, he had his opportunity last year when he ran fifth. On the other hand, he's just home after a Queensland sunshine holiday and if it has done as much for him as a Surfers' Paradise one does for the ladies could surprise. Colors: Red, black, gold.

MINAROO: 3-year-old bay gelding, 6.10. One of Melbourne's few three-year-olds who looks like making a stayer. Colors: Light blue, pink.

MINTA LAD: 5-year-old brown gelding, 7.2. His dad, Helios, has sired some mighties, such as 1953

Cup winner Wodalla and 1954 Queen Elizabeth Stakes winner Cromis, but this fellow doesn't seem to be a proper chip off the old block. Colors: Green, white.

MOLTEN LAVA: 4-year-old bay gelding, 7.2. The field will be no Pompeii to this bloke, despite his name, for he's setting, his sights higher than Vesuvius with a Cup start. Colors: Royal-blue, white.

MOON BRIDGE: 6-year-old brown gelding, 7.10. Never did like a horse who had to wear blinkers to keep him on the straight and narrow way to the post. Colors: Purple, green, pink.

MYZAMI: 4-year-old bay horse, 8.0. A real "Aussie" this one unto the third generation through his grandsire Nizami, who fathered the 1947 Cup winner, Hira. Had good staying form last season and was up with the leaders for a good part of the Caulfield Cup. Colors: Orange, white, blue.

NILARCO: 5-year-old bay gelding, 9.0. Nippy fellow, yet quiet enough to give your young son a safe ride. Has got his fair share of the weight to lump over two miles and so must reluctantly pass him over, despite his game race in last year's Cup and his extra-good fighting win in the Power Handicap (1½ miles), for he didn't reproduce this latter form in the Caulfield Cup. Remember, though, that he has a liking for Flemington. Colors: Green, white, gold.

NUKUATU: 5-year-old brown gelding, 7.3. Has shown little to inspire confidence since he came from N.Z. There has been quietly persistent backing for him, so he must have shown someone something somewhere. Colors: White, black.

OLIVE BRANCH: 5-year-old brown gelding, 7.10. Looks spanking fit, carries 5lb. less than he did in last year's Centenary Cup, when he suffered interference. He's no beauty but is a willing fellow with plenty of heart. Has the same sire as Rising Fast. A warning, though: he hates a wet track and flops about on such like a disorganised seal. Colors: Green, gold, cerise.



OREKA: 6-year-old bay gelding, 8.6. Could be Sydney trainer Tommy Smith's secret weapon despite his low spot on the favoritism ladder. His N.Z. form was right before coming to Australia, even if he hasn't reproduced it here. Colors: Red, white, green.

PRINCE ARGON: aged bay gelding, 7.9. Has good staying credentials back home in N.Z. and ran a reasonably good race in the Metropolitan... and he's trained by the successful Tommy Smith stable. Gave little encouragement to backers in the Caulfield Cup, but could still be called an outsider with a chance. Colors: Red, white.

● **To page 12**

The first Tuesday



● *The Lawn at Flemington as seen from the Hill.*



THEY offer Cups and Plates in many places

For horses that can run, or jump, or trot,

But Melbourne's Cup has something other races,

However much they envy, haven't got.

YOU feel that anything can happen in it,

With two long, busy, battling miles to go,

And funny horses have been known to win it,

While famous reputations were laid low.



● Melbourne jockey Alan Burton has ridden winners of 30 country cups, but he has still to win a Melbourne Cup.



● Roy Higgins (above), well-known Victorian jockey.



● J. Purtell (right) has won in three Melbourne Cups.

in November



THE people, too, present a scene
inspiring,

And ladies look so pretty, one and all,
That even bookies sometimes gaze
admiring,

And though the odds are short the
hats are tall.

BUT more than putting on a special
bonnet,

And more than all the pageantry of
years,

It's having just a little something on
it

That gives a magic to the Cup that
cheers.

— Ross Campbell



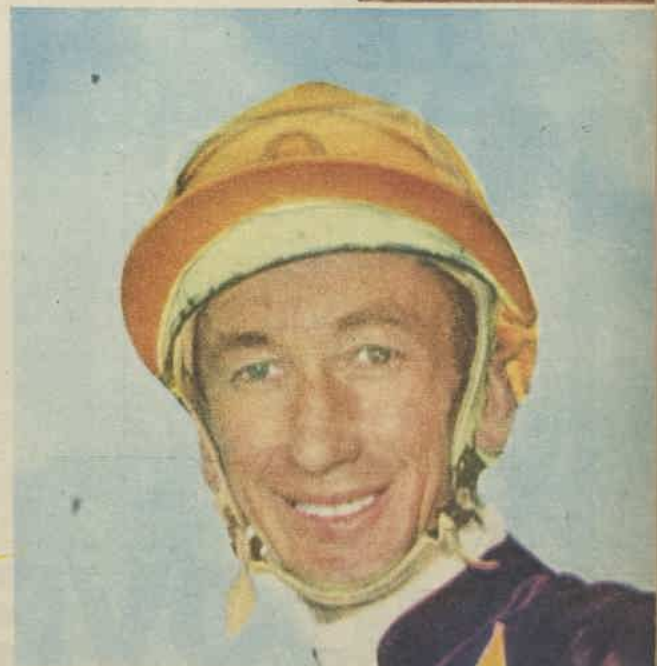
● The fine head of Sharply, handsome chestnut who conquered Tulloch in the 1961 Sydney Cup.



● The nearest Sydney's Jack Thompson has been to a Melbourne Cup win was a close second on Dark Marne (to outsider Rimfire) in 1948.



● South Australia's Pat Glennon has won two Melbourne Cups, Comic Court (1951), Macdougall (1959).



● A Melbourne Cup win has so far eluded George Moore, considered one of Australia's most colorful jockeys. He rode for the late Aly Khan.

MELBOURNE CUP GUIDE

• from Page 9

RAY RETURNS: 6-year-old chestnut gelding, 6.10. Even if he does boast Dalray as his sire, don't see this Queenslander handing you out any cash returns. Colors: Cerise, gold, green.

REINSMAN: 4-year-old chestnut horse, 8.2. Claiming Royal patronage... his sire, Landau, was once owned by the Queen... this is a mighty-looking fellow, whose coat sparkles as brightly as any of the Queen's jewels. His fast-finishing second in the Moonee Valley Gold Cup shows that he is ready to have a crack at emulating the 1930 prowess of a former charge of his trainer, Tommy Woodcock — the great Phar Lap. Colors: Red, white.

ROSE OF SUMMER: 5-year-old chestnut mare, 7.8. A South Australian you can spare more than a passing thought. Melbourne form's not so hot, but this lady offers reasonable home placings for inspection. Overall, though, think she'll probably be a fading rose in this field. Colors: Black, light blue.

ROYAL DESCENT: 4-year-old grey gelding, 7.5. One of the few greys in the field and another of those chaps in blinkers, which goes against him in our book. Colors: Yellow, black.

ROYAL SEDAN: 3-year-old brown gelding, 6.11. Another Landau youngster, but that won't be enough to speed him within hoofmarks of the leaders. Colors: Blue, red.

RURAL LOCH: 4-year-old brown gelding, 8.1. Another of yon N.Z.-ers. Hasn't put a hoof wrong in his first three races in Melbourne and is bred to take the two miles in his stride... his bloodlines take him back to the great 1925 Cup winner, Windbag. Discount his Moonee Valley Cup fourth—he dived sideways at the home turn. Colors: Light blue, white, dark blue.

SHARPLY: 5-year-old chestnut gelding, 8.9. This Sydney-sider has a gleaming chestnut coat that would be the envy of any hair-tinter... and dresses to kill in a silver-tinsel threaded white silk-fringed walking-out coat. For the fashion-conscious, he's definitely the tip, even apart from the fact that he beat Tulloch over the Sydney Cup's two miles this year. Colors: White, black, green.

SIR BLINK: 6-year-old brown horse, 8.13. Trim as a well-turned leg, this little chap could show a return to his 1958 winning Caulfield Cup form and his second in the same race in 1959. Put up a good performance to run fifth in this year's Caulfield Cup to show his best form this time in. Colors: Gold, purple, pink.

SKY HIGH: 4-year-old bay horse, 9.5. They say there's no horse like a well-named one for winning, and this one's certainly first in this respect. And he is a grandson of wonder mare Flight. Plus which he flashed home in the Epsom and Daily Telegraph £10,000 Sprint in Sydney. After rid-

ing him in work, former champion jockey Harold Skidmore offered to make a comeback if he could have the mount on this one in the Cup. Undoubtedly this fellow is Australia's middle-distance champion. But his W. S. Cox Plate defeat suggests the Cup's two miles may be beyond him. Colors: Dark blue, orange.

SOMETIME: 3-year-old bay colt, 7.2. Has the fine inspiration of carrying 1950 Cup winner Comic Court's colors, put up a great performance to run fourth in the Caulfield Cup after being knocked all over the place in the race, shares the same sire with Caulfield Cup winner Summer Fair. At his handy weight could give it a mighty shake and be nudging his half-brother at the finish. Colors: Royal-blue, white, red.

SPARKLER: 6-year-old chestnut gelding, 8.5. This gelding could match up with his shining coat this time out. He has only got to strike his New Zealand form, which won him the Wellington Cup (2 miles), or to run as well as he did in the Caulfield Cup to land the money at long odds. Colors: Red, light blue.

SUMMER FAIR: 3-year-old bay colt, 7.6. His Caulfield Cup win stamped him as a brilliant youngster with a second-to-none chance against his older and more heavily weighted opponents. He finished all over the field in the Caulfield Cup and was still full of puff at the post. Admittedly few 3-year-olds have won the Melbourne Cup, but this chap might well be the one to recall the last to do so—Skipton in 1941. Colors: Dark blue, white, red.

SUMMER SMILE: 4-year-old bay horse, 7.0. Smiles are more likely to be wintry than summery on the face of the punter who picks this one. Colors: Dark blue, pink.

TEMPURA: 3-year-old chestnut gelding, 7.3. A good-looking, this youngster was Melbourne's glamor 3-year-old of the season a few weeks ago, but hasn't raced up to his promise. Colors: Cardinal, gold, blue.

TIMBER TOWN: 6-year-old chestnut gelding, 7.6. Glamorous-looking chestnut who has won a few middle-distance handicaps in Melbourne but who'd do better racing in the areas his name suggests. Colors: Red, yellow.

TORRID: Aged brown gelding, 7.3. Another N.Z.-er, this one, with good Victorian country form to his credit. His father, Midday Son, an English Derby winner, has the knack of breeding long-distance runners. His Moonee Valley Cup third suggests he could be breathing hotly down the favorites' necks at the finish. Colors: Green, pink, white.

TWILIGHT GLOW: 5-year-old bay mare, 7.5. A bonny lady who's well seasoned with a lot of racing. And she carries the same colors as Gay Helios did when she ran third at 100 to 1 in Rising Fast's year of 1954. Doubt, though, they'll catch the judge's eye again at the finish after her

disappointing Caulfield Cup run. Colors: Yellow, red.

URSALON: 6-year-old bay gelding, 8.2. New Zealander with Melbourne Cup winning form in the blood. His father, Alonzo, sired Rising Fast, 1954 winner and 1955 second with the deadener of 10 stone. A quiet, unassuming chap, he has a good home record. Colors: Royal-blue, black, gold.

VALERIUS: 6-year-old brown horse, 9.1. Has quite a lot of the right form with his win in the Rosehill Handicap (1½ miles) and third in the Metropolitan (1 mile and 5). Despite this and his slashing good looks, can't see him bringing home the bacon... even if your name is Val. Colors: Dark blue.

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Smooth, sleek and tailored with accident-proof protection shield, built-in belt, fabric lined for perfect comfort. You can wear "Anticipation" Sani-Panties with or without a pad. In washable cotton, nylon or swami, in white or pastels, SSW-05, from 12/6.



"Relief" Sani-Panties for complete protection. Accident-proof protection shield and half-back fabric lined for comfort. Designed to fit smoothly. Has built-in sanitary belt. Cotton, nylon or swami, white or pastels. SSW-05, from 11/9.

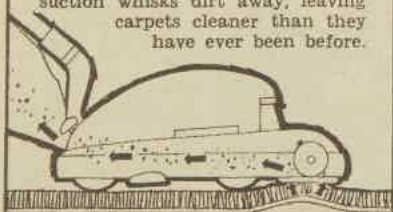
VINCENT'S SANI PANTIES. Available at all Chemists, Department Stores and Lingerie Solans.

"Dances" out deep down dirt! HOOVER'S EXCLUSIVE TRIPLE-ACTION CLEANING gets out all the dirt other cleaners leave behind

The beautiful De-Luxe Hoover—"The world's best cleaner"—designed to give the ultimate in floor cleaning care, now features self-cleaning nylon agitator brushes, big wrap-around headlight, easy slip-on suction converter. Big-capacity throw-away dustbag can be thrown away or re-used. And there's a full kit of Hoover attachments, including the exclusive Hoover double-stretch hose, to make complete floor-to-ceiling cleaning blissfully quick and easy.

De-Luxe model in pearl-white, heather rose, 40 gns. Tools, £7/7/- extra.

When the Hoover beats on a cushion of air, gentle vibration loosens all the scissor-sharp grit that's trapped at the bottom of the carpet pile. Fast-moving brushes sweep up stubborn clinging lint and threads, grooming and raising the nap. Finally, powerful Hoover suction whisks dirt away, leaving carpets cleaner than they have ever been before.



BEATS AS IT SWEEPS AS IT CLEANS

For the smaller home or flat

HOOVER Lark £31/10/- Tools, £5 extra



HOOVER

Regd. Trade Mark

THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER



HC-63, WW142gr

Princess Margaret's cot and pillow cover

● This exquisite pram or cot cover and matching pillow cover were made by London needlewomen for Princess Margaret's baby. Replicas of the set are now available to our readers.

PRINCESS Margaret was delighted with the beautifully embroidered white silk cover and pillowslip which were gifts from members of the Hostel for Crippled and Invalid Women Workers, who live and work in Love Lane, London.

One of the members designed the set, and other members embroidered it on fine white silk produced at Lady Zoe Hart Dyke's famous silkworm farm in Hertfordshire, England.

We have made up the set, shown at right, from designs and sketches sent from London. Readers can order it, in several colors, from our Fashion Patterns. See address at right.

The set is available to readers cut out and traced ready to embroider on a good quality satin, and can be had in white, pale blue, pink, and yellow.

The cot or pram cover (including 2½ in. frill) measures 23 in. wide by 36 in. long, plus 8 in. deep turn-back. The pillowslip is 15 in. wide by 12 in. deep, plus 2½ in. frill.

When embroidery is finished, machine a tiny hem along outside edges of the frilling. Turn back at the heading where marked and gather and stitch to the edge of the cover.

The pillowslip is made in the same manner, except that no heading is used on the frills.

Prices: Complete set traced ready to embroider and make up, 25/- per set, plus 2/- extra for postage; or can be bought separately; pram or cot cover 17/6 each, plus 1/- extra for postage; pillowslip, 10/- each, plus 1/- extra for postage.

How to order

The set can be obtained by calling at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney, or by post.

If ordering by post, please quote No. 561, Princess Margaret Cot Cover and Pillow Cover. Enclose postal note or cheque and send it to:

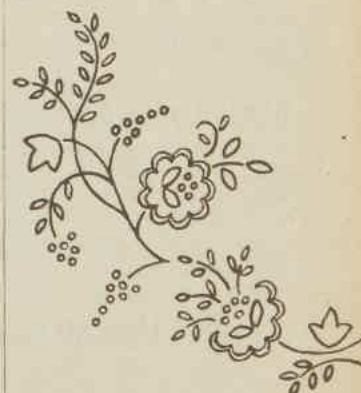
Fashion Patterns,
Box 4060, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington.

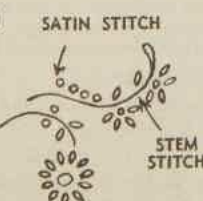
The embroidery designs are shown below for readers who wish to trace the transfer on their own material.



REPLICA of the pram or cot cover and pillowslip made for Princess Margaret's baby can be obtained by our readers. It is cut out and traced ready to embroider the flower sprays.



FLOWERS AND BOWS on the cot cover are shown above. They can be traced and used for a smaller cover or pillow.



DESIGNS for bottom corners of the cot or pram cover are shown above and below.



PILLOWSLIP sprays are shown above with the stitches used to embroider the flowers, stems, and leaves.

LOOK GOOD...
Feel good

PLAN TO SLIM with Slim-plan

You'll look good and feel good when you plan to slim with Slim-plan. This new, completely balanced diet, gives everything a normal person needs for active healthy life — all the protein, vitamins and minerals, minus the excessive calories that form excess weight! You'll discover a wonderful poise, a fascinating charm, a vital confidence, when you find your figure the Slim-plan way.

Costs so little... is so convenient!

Each Slim-plan meal is individually wrapped, ready measured, for your convenience, contains 250 calories, yet costs only 2/6 a meal. Slim-plan is available in a pack containing four meals — costs just 10/-! It's so simple to use anywhere, for each individually wrapped Slim-plan meal fits snugly into purse or pocket.

Easy to make and take...

To make your Slim-plan meal, simply pour one packet into a large cup, add a little water and mix into a smooth paste. Then add enough water to make a large cupful of drink. Available in two delicious flavours... Chocolate and Vanilla, you'll really enjoy slimming and saving with Slim-plan! Incidentally, chilled Slim-plan is a delightful drink in hot weather.

Consult your doctor...

In cases of extreme overweight it is always advisable to obtain medical advice. If this is necessary, your family doctor will be pleased to tell you the most judicious way to use Slim-plan.

Decide to find an enchanting figure NOW! Slim and Save with Slim-plan. Just 10/- for four 250 calorie meals. FREE! Ask your chemist for the Slim-plan Booklet.

Available from all chemists...

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FOR FOUR
READY-
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FATHER



"Go easy on those. My stomach is easily frostbitten, you know."

MOTHER



"Let's all have a lovely game of 'I Spy With My Little Eye.'"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IF this country ever gets round to fall-out shelters, I hope that their manufacture and advertising will be controlled.

In America it seems that anyone can set up in business selling them.

Private enterprise works very well for most products. If the public finds the product unsatisfactory it can stop buying.

This public approval or disapproval acts as a powerful brake.

But if fall-out shelters are found to be inefficient, it will be a little late to complain to the manufacturer.

ABOUT the only comfort on the international front is that the Russians, by their recent nuclear explosions, have given the West a propaganda advantage.

For years the Soviet line was cleverer than that of the West, where citizens who advocated a nuclear ban ran the risk of being labelled Communist. This was a triumph for Soviet tactics.

Overnight the picture changed when President Kennedy appealed to Mr. Khrushchev not to explode the big bomb. His plea was echoed by millions.

True, the Americans rather spoiled things by flinging that band of copper needles into the sky, but at least, for the time being, it is respectable to be anti-bomb.

TO turn to more cheerful subjects—you might expect that after following racing for 18 months I would have something pertinent and helpful to say about next week's Melbourne Cup.

Unfortunately, though I have learned enough to glaze the eye of any unhorsy listener, I have not found a reliable method of picking winners.

Indeed, for the Cup I still tend to favor dreams. (Last autumn I dreamt that Sky High didn't win the Doncaster, which proved to be right. However, I woke up before anyone told me about Fine and Dandy.)

This week I rang up Clarence the Clocker (racing tipster on Sydney's Channel 9) and asked him for a long-range forecast for the girls.

His pick (and, remember, this was a week ago—anything can happen to a horse) was Summer Fair.

"After that win in the Caulfield Cup and the A.J.C. Derby I reckon Summer Fair's the best bet," said Clarence. "Of course, if Sky High starts, well, he could win it—but let's stick to Summer Fair."

Just in case you like to back two or three horses I should let you into a secret. We chose Sharply for that big picture on page 11 simply because his head, besides being handsome, was at the right angle for the layout.

Horses being what they are, we have our fingers crossed that nothing will go amiss with him before this paper comes out. If it doesn't, that's one gamble that will have come off. Could be an omen, couldn't it?

SOMETHING awful happened to me in the middle of writing this column. I had an attack of furniture-moving.

This is not an uncommon ailment, but, as a rule, I am wonderfully resistant to it. I haven't felt the symptoms since the TV set came home in 1958.

Then, last night, sitting in front of the typewriter at home and staring at the wall, I suddenly pictured a rearrangement.

The rearrangement would entail throwing out a spare divan. The main use of this outmoded piece is to conceal suitcases. In 1958 I abandoned that problem as too hard.

But last night I realised that one case might fit in a cupboard at present occupied by six bottles of soft drink, two bottles of wine, the spare lid of the electric frypan, a shopping bag, and the Letters of Princess Charlotte.

So, feverishly, I dragged these objects out, tried the cases—they fitted—and then sat down on the floor to read the letters of Charlotte, the unhappy daughter of George IV. Someone gave me the book in 1949, the year of its publication. Because it was an awkward size it had been banished to the cupboard.

Eventually I grew bored with poor Charlotte's troubles and returned to my own. The wine, the soft drinks, even the shopping bag, could be disposed of in other corners. But the frypan lid—that was insoluble.

So I refilled the cupboard, replaced the suitcase, and postponed a decision.

"TO get a husband you should have a professional hairdo," Mr. Robert Cairns, a leading British hairdresser, advised women last week.

Some of us ought to ask for our money back, oughtn't we?

TO a suggestion that a combined radio and television licence be issued at a reduced price, the Postmaster-General (Mr. Davidson) replied that the Post Office had made provision for people to bring the dates of payment of their television and radio licences "into harmony." This, he added, was the equivalent of combined licences.

A pretty word is harmony
But what it means to you and me
Displays a wide discrepancy
With how it strikes the P.M.G.
His statement makes it plain that he
Plans no reduction in the fee
For radio licence plus TV.
Indeed he seems to think that we
Respond with pleasure when we see
Two bills at once—oh, fiddle-dee,
If that's what he calls harmony,
Then let's agree to disagree.

Your nylon stocking is stronger than steel

It's true. If steel could be drawn as fine as a thread of sheer nylon, then nylon would be the stronger. But that's by no means the whole story...

Stockings, as you know, are available in a wide range of different 'weights', from flimsy-sheer to strong special-purpose hosiery.

The majority of women prefer sheer stockings. They like them for the extra flattery they give.

But the fineness that does so much for their legs also makes stockings more susceptible to snagging.

Sheerness and rugged strength just don't go together.

Getting finer

It's only the amazing strength of nylon that makes it possible to create the glamor of cobweb-line stockings in the first place.

Since their introduction to Australia at the end of the war, nylon stockings have been getting finer and finer. In 1947 they were 45 denier. Then they went to 30 denier. Today, the stocking in popular demand is 15 denier... sheerer and more flattering than women dreamed of 10 years ago.

You can prolong the life of stockings by taking particular care of them.

They are best kept in a smooth container such as a plastic bag, washed after every wear and rinsed well, then blotted on to a towel before being hung up to dry.

Snags No. 1 risk!

Stockings should be dried over a smooth rail—and never on a clothes line.

The greatest single cause of trouble with sheer stockings is snagging. Always put your stockings on carefully.

And be careful about worn metal shoe tips when you're crossing your legs!

Although nylon stockings already represent an amazing scientific achievement in this 'Space Age' of ours, leading manufacturers are constantly seeking ways of making them ever better.

High standards

And at the Bayswater, Victoria, factory of British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd., where they produce the yarn from which BRI-NYLON stockings are made, experts are constantly at work assisting manufacturers in this aim.

All the resources of BNS stand behind the brand name BRI-NYLON and its 'companion,' BRI-LON.

Only approved manufacturers are permitted to use these names. By agreement with BNS, they submit garments for quality checks, and only garments that comply with BNS standards can be labelled BRI-NYLON or BRI-LON.

For any further information, please write to—

Public Relations Officer,
British Nylon Spinners
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(Advertisement)

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By
MARY COLES

THE "South of the Border" trek is in full swing for Melbourne Cup Carnival festivities, which begin on November 3 with the traditional Derby Eve Ball.

This year there's lots of excitement, because it is to be held at "Homeden," the 23-roomed Victorian-era mansion in Lansell Road, Toorak, bought earlier this year by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Lord from Mrs. George Nicholas.

Set in more than two acres of garden, with a lovely ballroom and a billiard-room leading to a glass-enclosed fernery and fabulous swimming-pool, "Homeden" will be in fairy-tale dress for the ball, which will aid the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, as usual.

Sydneyers among the dancers will include Prue Boundy and Sandra Bragg, who will be the Cup guest of Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade.

★ ★ ★
ONE of the merriest dinner parties at Menzies on Derby night will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Watson, of "Perri-coota," Moama, to celebrate the recently announced engagement of their daughter, Jennifer, to David Yencken. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Yencken, of "Koolong," Mansfield, Victoria.

★ ★ ★
LOTS of racegoers will round off Derby night at the gala premiere of the new musical version of "The Sentimental Bloke" at the Comedy Theatre. Afterwards, Sir Frank and Lady Tait and John McCallum will entertain at a supper party in the foyer. John's wife, Googie Withers, won't be there. She is starring in "The Complaisant Lover," opening in New York this week.

★ ★ ★
THE Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, Lady De L'Isle, and their daughter, the Hon. Catherine Sidney, will fly to Melbourne on Cup eve in time for the cocktail party which the Governor of Victoria, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks are giving in their honor at Government House on November 6. Lord and Lady De L'Isle will return to Canberra after seeing the Cup, but Catherine is going to stay on to see Melbourne in its "mostest" mood.

★ ★ ★
SIR WILLIAM MCKELL'S grey "topper" will have an outing on Cup day. He is lending it to Mrs. Stanley Taylor to use when she draws the sweep at the Cup party at Mrs. J. H. Farrar's home at Lindfield on November 7, arranged by the Killara Auxiliary of the John Williams Memorial Hospital for Children at Wahroonga.

★ ★ ★
I LIKE Mrs. Dick Allen's formula for assessing what to wear to the Cup. She's going to telephone to Melbourne for a weather report before she dresses to catch the plane for her there-and-back-in-a-day trip to Flemington.

★ ★ ★
THERE'LL be a great welcome "home" for Bruce Rose and his decorative wife, Pam, who will be Cup Week guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Matear. Pam and Bruce settled here from Melbourne last month to househunt for a three-bedroom temporary home while awaiting the completion of an ultra-contemporary house they're building at Point Piper. It's on a site with a 120ft. waterfrontage on scarcer-than-diamonds land in Wingadal Place. When they're in residence there, Bruce will "drive across" the Harbor in his 14ft. fibreglass speedboat to his office, which also has a waterfrontage at Lane Cove.

★ ★ ★
ALTHOUGH Mrs. Ian Jacoby won't be at Flemington, she'll listen to the Cup broadcast with fingers and toes crossed! She has Sky High in a 330 to 1 double linked with Summer Fair, which won the Caulfield Cup. If the double comes off she says she is going to find it hard to resist shopping for a piece of jewellery in the collection which will be on parade at the "Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend" luncheon she is helping to organise at Caprice, Rose Bay, on November 21 to aid the Black and White Committee of the Royal Blind Society. The ritzy trinkets, including some flown from abroad, are being loaned by two Sydney jewellers.



LEAVING All Saints' Church, Woollahra, Mr. Donald Mildred and his bride, formerly Miss Sue Halligan. Pictured with them, from left, are Miss Anne Herron, Mr. Bryce McConaghy, Mr. James Gordon, Miss Hattie Combes, the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Halligan, of "Murrumbong," Wellington, Mr. Graham Ducker, Mr. Tim Allen, and Miss Deirdre Halligan. Miss Helen Webb, of Molong, also attended the bride. The bridegroom, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Mildred, of Melbourne, and his bride will live in Perth after their honeymoon in New Caledonia.

SMILES from Miss Rosemary Arnott, whose engagement has just been announced to Mr. Peter Everett, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Everett, of "Linton," Newcastle. Miss Arnott is the daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Kenneth Arnott, of "Glenaleon," Murrumbidgee.



JANUARY WEDDING is planned by just-engaged Miss Patricia Tonkyn, of Palm Beach, and Flight-Lieutenant Barry Weymouth, R.A.A.F. He is the son of Mr. Michael Weymouth, of New Norfolk, Tasmania, and the late Mrs. Weymouth. Miss Tonkyn, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tonkyn, recently returned from a nine months' trip abroad.

MEMBERS of the Old Vic Company, from left, Miss Sally Home, Mr. Mark Kingston, Miss Margaret Courtenay, Mr. Frank Middlemass, and Miss Mari-gold Sharman were among guests at a reception at the Royal Commonwealth Society for Miss Vivien Leigh. Guests were welcomed by the president of the Society, Lieut. - Colonel George Colvin, and Mrs. Colvin.

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By
**VIRGINIA
FORSYTHE**

● You know as well as I do that it is better to be thinner. It is prettier and healthier, it will help you get a job or a man, it will even enable you to fit into those tapered pants. ● You also know how to get slim and stay that way: eat fewer calories than you burn up. The problem is how to accomplish this and live happily ever after. ● Here are my own tips, garnered from long experience with a splendid appetite. You'll find they make specially good sense in the pre-Christmas party season.




40 Ways

1. Eat Slowly. 

2. Talk. The art of conversation should be practised at all meals, both for delight and to take up time. 




3. Eat foods that take time and have relatively low calories. Seafood (oysters, prawns), for example, or mixed green salad. It will take you far longer to work your way through one of these than to eat a toasted sandwich.

4. Practise positive thinking by making up a list of all the foods you like that are not fattening. My favorites include grilled chicken (a real bargain: low in calories, high in satisfaction and time-consuming besides), oysters, asparagus, mushrooms, strawberries, melon. 




5. Stop eating before you get that really full feeling. You will find that within half an hour after the meal you are quite satisfied. (I'm not sure if this is the self-satisfaction of self-denial or the simmering down and assimilation of the food, but it works).

6. Don't let yourself get too hungry. Save some extra calories for snacks between meals or at bedtime, and you'll never feel deprived. 




7. Get in a supply of low-calorie, quick-snack foods. This is particularly important if you are starting on your new eating regime; if necessary, indulge in an almost constant stream of low caloric tidbits.

8. Try a little escapism or temporary distraction if necessary, especially during the first few (hardest) days of changing your eating habits. Example: Go out and emote over a film after dinner instead of sitting at home and thinking about how you used to nibble while watching TV. 




9. Allow yourself an occasional spree. Cream with a fruit salad; a large blob of hollandaise sauce. Good for the morale, and you can make up for it in one of these two ways:

10. Eat sparingly the next day—or, if you are loaded with foresight, the day before. (A friend prepares for the indulgences of Christmas parties by losing a couple of pounds or so in preceding weeks.) 





11. Exercise it off. There are many delightful ways to work off or neutralise the effects of calorie intake: dance for an hour (about 200 calories), swim for a half hour (about 200 calories), walk briskly for an hour and a half (about 300 calories). It is better to do the extra exercise before you eat extra food.

12. Mose about exercise: If some sport isn't already part of your life, get busy and discover the lithe, lively feeling of exuberance that comes from tennis, golf, etc. Or, go upstairs two steps at a time; rock back and forth, heel to toe, while standing in line at the supermarket; stretch and yawn and stretch some more before you get out of bed. 




13. Have plenty of fun, lead an interesting life. This gives you something better to think about than raiding the refrigerator. (You have to abandon the idea that food has any real entertainment value.)

14. Or fall in love. 

15. Try rest and relaxation with only a very little food if you are home alone for lunch in the middle of a day of house cleaning and bill paying. Example: A half-hour's nap or rest (lying down) listening to favorite records, followed by a large glass of tomato juice or a cup of hot bouillon plus Melba toast or crackers. (Much healthier than standing up at the kitchen sink while you gulp down a snack.) 




16. Note that a brought-from-home office lunch, eaten at your desk, has acquired considerable status. Put salad or fruit and cheese and hard-boiled egg in a plastic container or walk to a store for cold meat, an apple.


17. Always have a low-calorie first course at dinner to dull the first pangs. Obvious suggestions: hot or jellied consommé or chilled, crisp celery, radishes, cauliflower buds, strips of green pepper. 


To Keep Your





18. Practise good posture at all times. This is almost as good as exercise, helps keep your stomach muscles in control, and makes you not want to eat too much of anything that might interfere with said posture.


19. Walk faster. (You'll notice that a fat person always lumbers along slowly, as if carrying a 25lb. case, while the slim move briskly.) Walking faster burns up more calories and makes you look younger. 


20. Not every system works for everybody. A man I know finally managed to lose 30lb. by conventional dieting, and has maintained his handsome shape by abstinence during the week, and a little calculated indulgence at weekends. Another man maintains his trim front by being what he is proud to call an "edge eater": he simply stops eating after he has little more than taken the edge off his appetite. 

21. Go easy on the bread, rolls, cake, pie, and such. Exceptions: A thin slice of toast for breakfast to go with your egg; that piece of un-iced cake, that spree, mentioned above. 

22. Boil, grill, or poach whenever possible; frying is for special occasions. 


23. Make yourself a cup of no-calorie broth—a teaspoon of vegemite or marmite dissolved in boiling water, seasoned to taste. 

24. If you're a chocolate lover—try plain ice-cream, small scoop on Sunday, topped off with tiny chocolate crinkles; or a few semi-sweet chocolate pieces, eaten one at a time, slowly and lovingly. 

25. Buy a ravishing new dress that's a little too snug. Look at it before every meal. This is a powerful incentive to stay on your slimming programme. 




26. Wear a tight belt or girdle (you can take your belt in a notch every time you lose a few pounds), especially if you are going to a party where you know you'll be tempted by rich foods. This makes it uncomfortable to eat too much.

27. Plan a party for a month from the day you start on your new regime, and don't see your guests during the interim. This is rather stacy strategy; you, in your new look, will make a real entrance. 




28. Don't talk about your diet or your exercise. Several reasons: Most people don't care, will react with boredom until you've lost weight; also, you may not stick to your programme; most important, you'll "talk it out" and derive satisfaction therefrom, which will dilute your incentive to get actual results.

29. Serve small portions, and on small plates, if this makes the self-deception easier for you. Also, be sure to serve things as attractively as possible. 




30. Handle restaurant meals sensibly. Two ideas: 1. Don't think of the fattening foods; instead, derive your pleasure from the fact that you're far from your kitchen. 2. Plan the occasion as a spree, indulge a bit, but make up for it the day before or after.

31. To cope with a buffet-dinner party, be selective. Cover your plate with meat, salad; toy with a modest serving of a light dessert or have only a demitasse. At a sit-down dinner, you're at the mercy of your willpower, too. But if you don't make an issue of it, nobody will notice what you do or don't eat. 




32. Use salt sparingly. Besides being a natural appetiser, and thirst maker, salt may make your body retain water, which adds weight. (This does not mean you shouldn't drink plenty of water.)

33. Eat a high-protein diet. For me at least, it's protein that maintains the full and energetic feeling over a period of time. Example: Grilled kidney and a scrambled egg for breakfast will stick to your ribs all morning. No coffee break necessary. 




34. Revamp all your old recipes and learn new gourmet-diet ones. Or take the middle road: Start with naturally tasty foods, season them with herbs, lemon juice, no-calorie sweeteners. Note: Learn to make those fluffy desserts that depend on gelatine and/or beaten egg-white for bulk and eye-appeal.

35. Don't eat fried or baked potatoes. When you want to have potatoes, try the tiny new ones, boiled and lavishly sprinkled with chopped parsley or chives; otherwise boiled or mashed without butter or milk. 



36. About alcohol: A drink is a pleasant prelude to dinner, at least on weekends. But remember that a cocktail can be heavy in calories (round 240). Try spirits instead or a dry sherry. A jigger of whisky, brandy, gin, or rum is 55 calories, a glass of sherry 89.

Figure


37. Don't sit down at cocktail parties. The act of standing up for an hour and a half burns up about 100 calories. Besides, you'll meet more people, talk more, and drink less. 



38. Never eat second helpings.

39. Learn to recognise the difference between hunger and appetite. Hunger is the painful pang you feel when your stomach is empty, or nearly so. (It is also possible to be hungry for affection or security or a dozen other human needs, but another helping of rich pudding won't solve the problem.) Appetite is a pleasant desire for specific foods, acquired by experiencing the delights of good eating. It does not mean you need nourishment.



40. Smile, and leave a little on your plate. You're going to enjoy your new eating habits and your permanently slim waistline. 



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DISGUISED as local fishermen, David Niven (centre) and James Darren (left) keep watch on a German patrol with partisan guide Gia Scala. Based on Alister MacLean's exciting novel, the adventure was filmed on the island of Rhodes.

Suicide mission

GREECE and the islands of the Aegean Sea have given birth to many myths of war and adventure — Hercules, the Argonauts, Theseus. Columbia's "The Guns of Navarone" is a modern Aegean legend of heroism — the virtual suicide mission of six saboteurs.

Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, Stanley Baker, Anthony Quayle, and James Darren are detailed by desperate British Intelligence to sabotage impregnable Nazi guns.

Built into a cliff on the Aegean island of Navarone and guarded by a formidable fortress, the guns stand between 2000 stranded British soldiers and rescue. The band have little time to succeed in their mission before the Axis' scheduled annihilation of the troops.

How these heroes — assisted by partisans Irene Papas and Gia Scala — handle their mission is the legend of Navarone.

SHOW BUSINESS



FOUR of the invaders, from left, Gregory Peck, David Niven, Anthony Quinn, and James Darren, stand at-the-ready during a brush with the enemy. The small Allied band must cross Navarone, patrolled by hundreds of Nazis, to their objective.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 8, 1961

TV's boost to Hollywood

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Television has been charged with many crimes against society—ranging from a drop in the breakfast egg consumption to teaching children violence.

WHETHER it does either is a matter for argument, but no one bothers to argue about what TV has done to the movies.

Hollywood doesn't appear as glamorous as it used to and many people have dreary pictures of vast sound stages now empty, people out of work, and actors living a scene-better-days life.

A lot of talk goes on, too, about the good old days.

But were they good? Facts and figures prove that the Hollywood film industry has never had it so good as now.

Hollywood's General Casting Office, the organisation that really can give the true picture, has recently had its switchboard expanded considerably because today it handles four times the traffic it used to.

"In those 'good old days' pre-TV, Hollywood produced about 450 movies or 600 hours of film a year," an executive of General Casting said recently.

"Today Hollywood produces not more than 120 movies or 240 hours of film."

"But Hollywood also produces 18,000 television shows on film, or about 10,000 hours of film, a year to satisfy the three major TV networks alone."

"All these TV shows have to be populated. That is where Hollywood's 12,000 actors and extras come in. And many of them are kept pretty busy."

Big rewards

Chuck Courtney, an actor and stuntman high on General Casting's lists, talked of one of the tricky aspects of TV.

"In the old days," Courtney said, "actors would give an affirmative answer to the casting director, be it horse-back-riding, fencing, baseball, basketball, judo, or even the piano—there was always time before the start of the movie to get trained for it in a hurry."

"But with TV you are asked today and report tomorrow."

"The only way of keeping in work is to be prepared for anything. That is why every one of our riding academies and schools of fencing and judo are so busy. So are all the gyms."

"Most of the pupils are hopeful television actors getting themselves ready for action in any direction."

What are the rewards of TV careers?

"The sky's the limit," said

William Orr, Warner Bros. big TV man, who is personally credited with the international success of "Cheyenne," "Bronco," "77 Sunset Strip," "Surfside Six," "Maverick," and many others.

"None of our series started out with established stars. In each case we took an unknown and made him a star."

The unknowns who made good are pin-ups today. There's "Cheyenne's" Clint Walker, Ty Hardin, of "Bronco," Efrem Zimbalist and Roger Smith, of "77 Sunset Strip," Jack Kelly and James Garner, of "Maverick," to mention a few.

And to get right back to that breakfast egg—American egg-producers blame a drop in egg consumption directly on TV.

"People stay up too late watching TV, stay in bed too late in the morning, and have not time to cook a breakfast egg before they leave for work," they say.

They believe this so strongly that they're spending thousands of dollars on an advertising campaign to get Americans to go to bed earlier.

The apology was tardy

A.B.C.-TV went a long way toward turning viewers into crazy mixed-up viewers recently when the much-publicised premiere of the "Hancock Alone" show was scheduled.

I took my place before the set in a rather irritated mood—I'd rather have Sid James than Hancock any day.

The show started in a vaguely familiar way, and two minutes later I knew that it was a repeat of the first Hancock show ever shown on TV.

There was Sid James, and there was Hancock on a train trip, irritating their fellow passengers, who included a doctor, a soldier, and a bishop.

I thought that particular episode was the funniest of all the Hancock shows, but I watched it with my blood pressure rising.

Was all the publicity a trick to con me into watching repeats of an old Hancock series? A gimmick to recall the successes of the previous series? Or was it a mistake?



JAMES GARNER, the popular "Brother Brett" of the early "Maverick" shows, now doing very well in movies, owes his fame and fortune to his TV success.

It was a mistake. Mistakes never upset me, because everyone makes them, being human.

But why did it take the A.B.C. 30 minutes to realise it was a mistake, apologise to viewers, and end their very natural confusion.

It takes only a minute for the trouble slide to appear when a technical fault gives transmission trouble; surely it should take only the same time for the announcer to interrupt the programme, apologise, explain, and clear up the situation.

It makes the viewers think they are important to the channel when they share the troubles as well as the entertainment.

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NEW FILMS		With MIRIAM FOWLER	
★★★ Excellent	★★ Above Average	★★★ Excellent	★★ Above Average
★ Average	No star—Poor	★ Average	No star—Poor

★★★ ON THE DOUBLE

A double dose of laughs a la Kaye. Back to his old form, Danny mimics, quips, and clown through the double role of U.S. Private and British General. The plot—Private Danny, decoy for the General, dodging spies—is nothing new. But it's great material for the Kaye talent. General Danny is guided through sticky situations by the real General's wife, Dana Wynter, a cool beauty and foil for the comic. In her cameo role as fussy aunt, Margaret Rutherford is a gem. — Prince Edward, Sydney.

In a word... FUN.

★★ CIMARRON

Based on Edna Ferber's novel, this growth-of-a-State saga fails to justify the initial excitement of the Oklahoma land rush. Expectancy raised with the race is dashed by an unfortunate attempt to cram too much into the plot. Bridging decades, the film traces the ups and downs of pioneer-adventurer Glenn Ford and his weepy wife, Maria Schell. While Glenn, founder of the local newspaper and a champion of lost

causes, wanders off for years at a time, Maria carries bravely on. Ford pays even less attention to his "other woman," Anne Baxter, a brassy saloon proprietress. — Liberty, Sydney.

In a word... LET-DOWN.

★ THE FULL TREATMENT

This psychic thriller—filmed along the Riviera and in London—sustains interest in its tale of fear and suspicion, despite lack of tension. A car accident delays Ronald Lewis' honeymoon with his bride, Diane Cilento. Lewis suffers a recurring compulsion to kill. Psychiatrist Claude Dauphin's long-drawn-out analysis brings surprise results. — Victory, Sydney.

In a word... TIME-FILLER.

★ THE PLUNDERERS

Four gun-popping Dodge City kids hold a dust-bowl "town" in terror, until crippled Jeff Chandler—a former rough rider sworn off violence—unites the elderly locals for a defensive. Meeting their match in Chandler, the young toughs crumble to size. An

off-beat Western, the film gives a well-drawn study of the bullies, but is less convincing in Chandler's characterisation of pacifist reverting to tough. Dolores Hart—the only teen in town—wouldn't have been missed.—Capitol, Sydney.

In a word... WEAK.

★ BACK STREET

This melodrama sets out to jerk tears, and succeeds; women will love it. Rich businessman John Gavin is unhappily tied to an alcoholic wife, Vera Miles. Susan Hayward, the other woman in Gavin's life, is as unbelievably selfless as Vera is vindictive. —State, Sydney.

In a word... WEEPY.

HANNIBAL

With cardboard sets, wooden action, and puny extras, this mockery of Hannibal's campaign dissolves in grisly violence. The Carthaginians, driven over "the Alps" by mighty Victor Mature (Hannibal), slice through Roman legions. Warrior elephants and horses swell the murderous melee.—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word... ROUGH.

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Ancient and modern

● *Lorrae Desmond, the effervescent star of the very popular*

Lorrae Desmond TV show, is the modern equivalent of the chiselled beauties of ancient Greece.

SHE is graceful, made to be admired, enhances the landscape, but that is where it stops, thank heavens—Lorrae is not frozen in marble.

She is warm, live with a capital L. Her liveliness, added to her talent, makes the TV show named for her worth watching.

And with her late-twentieth-century slickness and streamlining goes a dress-know-how that urges her to insist on many designs that have become almost traditional in show business.

Like Lorrae on TV today, famous show-business beauties of the past dressed to please the customers—whether they were sitting across the footlights or in the darkness of the movies.

The dress Lorrae is wearing in this exclusive color picture could well be called a "traditional"

SHOW BUSINESS

show business design, although Lorrae describes it as "one of my favorite knock-out dresses."

Look back to the pictures of the last century and you will find that Lily Langtry, the lovely "Jersey Lily," wore a Naughty 'Nineties version of it; to the 1930s and you'll see Mae West managing its frothy fishtail with an expert flick of her heel.

In its 1961 version as worn by Lorrae it is an astounding garment. Basically it is a flesh-colored net sheath with a built-in bra and girdle.

Lorrae, a quick-change artist (her record is 15 seconds from go to whoa), steps into it. It zips from way, way down up to the back of the neck, where it is held with a minute hook and eye.

Sequins decorate the basic sheath—not dozens of sequins, not packets, not hundreds, but millions of sequins cover it in different shades of pink.

They are sewn on by hand in whirls, scrolls, circles until the net is a glittering metallic cloth that ends in an opulent froth of feathers. It cost between £150 and £200.

The garment that knocked me out, however, is Lorrae's "Jezebel," a kind of one-piece black lace bathing costume. It is described as a corset, but it is more like a strapless corsette.

Lorrae saw girls wearing them in a Hollywood nightclub, "The Crazy Horse," and was intrigued. She talked to one, who opened her heart and told her where to buy one.

"Just ask for a 'Jezebel,' dear," she told Lorrae.

"I found this shop," Lorrae said, "and they seemed to think it was the most normal thing in the world to ask for a 'Jezebel.'"

"In the fitting room were signed photographs of Marilyn Monroe and Elizabeth Taylor, thanking them for what their 'Jezebels' had done for them."

Sometimes Lorrae wears the "Jezebel" on the show. She ties a tulle skirt over it, adds black mesh tights and a rose at the bosom, and ole!

If she really wants to please the boys in the back, she can throw the tulle skirt aside and dance in the "Jezebel," still demurely covered.

—NAN MUSGROVE

LORRAE DESMOND, 36-24-36, poses in her favorite "knock-out" dress. Lorrae can sing, dance, and spend a happy evening in it, but she can't sit down. "I can only sort of lean against a high stool when I wear it," she said.



How, if she loved him,
could she risk the
betrayal of their whole
life? . . . a short story

WOMAN *in* BLUE

By CATHARINE BOYD

ILLUSTRATED BY MAUDSON

THE telephone rang at quarter to five on a hot summer morning and Ann heard her husband answer it instantly from the other bed. His muted voice asked the routine questions; he paused to consider the symptoms and state of anxiety; then he gently put off the patient with routine reassurance. He put down the telephone and resumed his sleeping.

When they first were married, during those early years of building a practice, the emergency night calls were exciting. When one came Ann would sit up alertly and listen to Ben's advice and tentative diagnosis. Then, if he had to go out, she would tag downstairs in her bathrobe, feeling a shivery delight in the drama she shared while ordinary mortals slept.

She would make coffee while he was gone and wait at the kitchen table, with the glassy blackness outside the windows and the queer night creakings in the silent house. Or, if the visit could be postponed till daylight, she and Ben, wide awake in their warm, rumpled bed, would have a wonderful secret time for talking and dreaming.

But after two or three years Ben was better established in Bonner. His waiting-room offered standing room only after nine a.m., salesmen and civic groups besieged him, and he was on the staff of St. Barnabas in the city. During those first years, too, the children were born—Benjie and Linda—within fifteen months of each other, and not too easily. Ann had never been too strong.

So, what with her tending the babies at night and rising at dawn, Ben insisted at last that they have separate beds, to spare her the added strain of his patients' calls. Ben was steady and calm; what he lacked in fire and breast-beating passion he made up with simple, practical kindness. He understood the social and domestic frustrations of a doctor's wife and tried to make Ann's life as nearly normal as possible.

This Tuesday morning in June, then, was like a hundred others. The early call, the drowsy nimbus of darkness, the milk bottles clinking on the back porch, the neighbors letting out their dog, the thump of the morning paper on the front step.

I am the only one who knows that today is different, Ann thought deliciously, stretching her legs with a long, sensuous thrill.

Zack is a funny name, she thought. Is anyone really named Zack?

Her heart pounded. She longed to be out of bed and scurrying through her chores, but she must wait until seven o'clock as usual; everything must be just as always. Oh, you might think I was off for a rendezvous with my lover! She smiled indulgently. Instead of lunch with a friend in a hotel.

She had laid out the children's clothes the night before, to avoid a scramble for matching socks, a last-minute missing button. The lunches had to be packed, and Benjie had to take his collection of arrowheads for fourth-grade science and a pair of blue jeans to wear at Tommy's after school.

Linda had to have some money for the class picnic fund and her painting smock for the afternoon Brownie meeting. Was there anything else? Be sure to get Ben's grey suit from the cleaners. He was due for a three-day medical conference tomorrow

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A sense of unreality possessed her as she found herself in the unfamiliar corridor



afternoon. He always looked forward to Boston. She'd gone there with him long ago.

She would take care of everything, humor them, wait on them, send them off smiling. If she had made careful preparations to save the rest of this one small day for herself, wasn't that within her rights? Her rights as a person?

That's the trouble. I'm not a person any more, Ann thought indignantly, waiting in bed for the alarm to ring. I haven't been a person for years and years! I'm just a family appendage, Linda's and Benjie's mother, the doctor's wife, the cook, the nurse, the shopper, the cleaner, the peacemaker. Never just Ann.

Until a month before, she had almost forgotten what it was like to be Ann. She had accepted the gradual interweaving of lives, the constantly being needed and used. She

was grown up now. She must face the changes in love, the repetitious days, the virtues of moderation and orderliness and economy. And if occasionally she felt wild, foolish nostalgia for the short, short days of youth set aside too soon she wisely suppressed these whims.

Until a month before, that is, when she met Zack.

There was a theatre party the first week in May, and Ben thought he could make it. But, of course, at the last minute he couldn't get away, so he promised to meet them at intermission and urged her to go without him. After all Peg had tickets.

So at curtain time Ann filed into the row of seats with the rest of Peg's friends, and during most of the first

act she sat quite still, absorbed and content. But after a while she became aware of a strange, creeping warmth: her thoughts wandered to herself, the soft, womanly hands clasped over her evening bag.

She noticed a man's dark sleeve touching her arm on the seat arm between them; saw a strong, well-manicured hand, a wristwatch, a wedding ring. She stared at this strange arm, fascinated, as though it were heavily charged with electric current. Finally she turned to glimpse his face and he turned slightly toward her, and their eyes met with startling impact in the semi-darkness and held a moment.

Continuing . . . WOMAN IN BLUE

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Ann shrugged the incident away, but the warmth remained. She had heard of such things happening—a sudden gripping magnetism between two strangers—but it never had happened to her.

Ben didn't make the first intermission or the second; he arrived when the show was over. The party drove to Peg's apartment for supper.

Only then, with the solid presence of Ben beside her, was it possible for Ann to speak to this man, to discover his name.

His name was Zack; he was a girlhood friend of Peg's; business brought him to the city twice a month. He had a wife, a daughter, and a ranch-house in a distant town. He was

short, his shoulders like rocks shaping the cloth of his jacket. He was not handsomely proportioned, yet his bearing commanded respect, and his eyes once or twice looked at Ann with a perception that destroyed everything around her.

Ann was shocked that a stranger could move her so and reproached herself promptly: This is not for you. Forget it.

Zack telephoned the next day at noon. Ann was not surprised and she was able to listen to him calmly. He dreaded the lonely trips to the city, he said. Maybe she and Ben would meet him for dinner the next time. She replied that his husband's profession forbade any social commitments, but if he called, perhaps something could be arranged. When she hung up her hand was shaking.

They did not have dinner the next trip; but Ann was taking Linda's Brownie troop to the Museum of Natural History the afternoon Zack called, and if he was waiting there she could scarcely ignore him.

Walking well apart, they led the scrambling little girls through the dinosaurs and the ore exhibits and the butterflies. He touched her arm in passing. "I'll telephone you," he said.

"Please don't."

"Why not? I want to."

It had been, oh, heaven knows when since anyone had followed Ann, and while she wondered vaguely how many other women Zack had followed, her pride and her innocence protested that this was surely a different thing, because she herself was different and the pursuit would come to nothing.

And yesterday, a month to the day since the theatre party, Zack phoned again. He suggested dinner, but Ben had the Boston convention to pick for, so he suggested lunch. Ann remembered she had some shopping to do in town, and it seemed to work out nicely.

THE past month had been a troubled one. Ann had begun to realise the hopeless entanglements of her life, the inescapable tentacles of possession. How tired she was of sharing, of being forever together. Of course, I love them! she thought. I've loved them every single minute, day after day. Don't I deserve a minute of my own?

At last she roused the children, awakened Ben, and went downstairs.

"If I make the nine-thirty plane tomorrow I'll be in Boston by noon," Ben remarked. "Think you could pick up a reservation?"

"I might," Ann said. "I'm going to town."

"Good. You ought to get out more," Ben said absently. "Too bad you can't go with me."

You didn't ask me, she thought. Ann examined them closely as she told them goodbye, her clean, strong, healthy brood. Ben kissed her cheek.

"Ben—" Ann called, but he had gone. The house was quiet.

Only one lunch with this character named Zack; that was all. She would find her identity for a moment in his eyes. She would know once again that she was a human being; then she would put the secret away.

Ann was a slender, pretty woman, just past thirty. This morning she put on a soft suit-dress and a little hat of pale blue. She used mascara discreetly and perfume faintly.

She had not dressed with such meticulous care since the day she married.

She entered the hotel lobby a little after one, walking swiftly, her head held high. But the sight of Zack, the force of his welcoming grin, arrested her step and her breathing.

They entered the half-filled dining-room and Zack indicated a table along the wall where they could sit side by side on the leather banquette.

The chair across from him might have done just as well; for the brush of his hand as he gave her the menu started at once that curious, creeping warmth through her. She suddenly had no appetite at all.

Zack ordered daiquiris, then clear soup, sweetbreads, and tossed green salad.

Perhaps I was foolish to come, Ann thought nervously. Maybe I'll take the early train home, after all. She drank her cocktail quickly.

They talked while they ate, talked of the weather, the climate, the stars, and the trend of taxes; but mostly, with curious delight, they talked of themselves. They made no allusion to the little worlds that encompassed each of them but only the little world that encompassed them together. They revealed themselves by discovering each other—a game to be played between strangers and only once.

All the while Zack held his eyes on her like a charin, till finally Ann had to

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New 'wash & wear' settings

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All your ironing problems are now solved by one single iron—the New Sunbeam Steam or Dry Iron. It still has all your favourite time and energy saving features: faster heating, longer-lasting steam, thumb tip control, cool, comfortable handle and right or left hand cord outlet, but now it has more. Ask your Sunbeam retailer to show you how the New Sunbeam Steam or Dry Iron removes guesswork completely from all ironing and steam pressing—YOU CAN CONFIDENTLY IRON EVEN THE MOST DELICATE "WASH 'N WEAR" FABRICS AND SYNTHETICS.

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Creamy Passionfruit Float. Mix cold milk and passionfruit soft drink in equal quantities. Topped with whipped cream or ice cream and passionfruit pulp.



Cola Cracka. Mix your favourite Cola and milk in equal quantities. Serve with ice cream if desired. Try it another time with lemonade, lime or any other soft drinks.



Bananaberry. Mash one banana with strawberry syrup. Place in bottom of glass and fill with cold milk. Top with strawberry ice cream and a whole strawberry.



Mocha Milk. Swirl whipped cream inside glass. Pour into glass milk blended with 2 teaspoons Instant Coffee and 1 teaspoon of Instant Chocolate. Float ice cream on top.



Apricot Lady. Half fill a glass with cold milk, top with $\frac{1}{2}$ glass apricot juice. Stir before drinking.



Strawberry Nut Frappe. Beat together 6oz. cold milk, 1oz. strawberry syrup, 2 scoops strawberry ice cream. Pour into glass, top with whipped cream, a sprinkle of nuts and a strawberry.

It's fun to fix a milk drink



Fun for you. And lots of fun for your friends. Milk drinks give you so much variety. And they're so quick and easy to prepare. Apricot lady, bananaberry, mix them in moments. It's a wonderful summer way to enjoy the goodness of milk. A popular choice for everyone.

let's crack a bottle!

"YOU can make quite good fritters out of pumpkin and rice," Victorian authoress Ruth Morris told us.

We were talking about her just-published first book, "The Runaway," the story of a friendless 12-year-old girl, Joanne Mitchell, who wanders with horse and dog through south-west Queensland.

Ruth Morris knows this part of the country well. It was here in 1956 that she lived on pumpkin and rice for two weeks when she ran short of money.

An uncle of hers in Queensland, who was appalled at the idea of a lone woman travelling through the outback, had given her enough money to buy a steak a day till she got back home to Upper Beaconsfield, Victoria.

"But the back springs of the car gave out and I had to use the steak money to get them fixed," she said.

This trip, which took Miss Morris up the coast to Cairns and back home through central Queensland and New South Wales, lasted six months.

Her companion was her blue cattledog Cappy, now 12. "I never would have done it without him," she said.

Miss Morris, who is an old girl of Korowa Girls' Grammar School, Melbourne, and a B.A. of Melbourne University, followed the publication of her book by marrying Geoffrey Webb, of "Coonawarra," Culcairn, N.S.W.

She intends to go on writing and has finished another book about two youngsters' adventures in the foothills of the Baw Baws.

Worth Reporting



Ruth Morris . . . rice-and - pumpkin fritters.

QUOTE from Lady Cayley: "My advice to brides' mothers is to wrap themselves in Oriental calm and wear loose shoes."

In his nose a stud

MR. CYRIL WILKINSON, the Royal ear-piercer — the Queen, Princess Marina, and Princess Alexandra are among his clients — is contemplating a breakaway practice . . .

Piercing noses for men. Already 50 men have been to him for ear-piercing. And now Mr. A. S. B. Glover, a specially courageous client from Hampstead, wants his nose done, too.

"Just a whim," said Mr. Glover. "I'm thinking of wearing a stud in my nose."

Tony's a clever budgie

OWNERS of talking budgerigars and parents of two-year-old babies are equally apt to believe theirs are the cleverest in the land. Nobody has made any precise claim about budgie Tony Moffat, of Claude Avenue, Cremorne, N.S.W., but he probably takes a lot of beating.

He doesn't say the Lord's Prayer like a budgie in England and another we heard about at Lidcombe, N.S.W., a few years ago, but he recites "Jack and Jill," "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," and "Pop Goes the Weasel," totalling 12 lines of verse, and also large parts of five other nursery rhymes (including "Ding dong bell, puthy's in the well").

When Tony was a few weeks old he was snatched out of the jaws of a cat, one wing torn and broken. As a result he can never fly to high perches in the home like the tops of doors and cupboards and prefers the kitchen bench, a sociable place where he has developed a keen taste for chatter ("Gee whis," he says, "Tony's a spoilt little boy") and his phenomenal memory.

NOTICE in a chemist's window: "Try our cold cure. You will never get any better."

They'll lock up the plants

UNBELIEVABLE but true.

As fast as the paraplegic patients at the Royal North Shore Hospital cultivate seedlings in their garden plots outside their cottages, thieves take them during the night.

The solution hit on by the indefatigable ladies' committee: Put the seedlings and

plants under lock and key by building a greenhouse.

The project will cost £200, plus £100 for furnishings. It will supply plants for the whole of the hospital grounds.

Donations of named orchids and plants have been received, but contributions from private and professional nurseries would be appreciated. Mrs. E. Collins, committee president, may be contacted at 41-6152.

EGAD, ladies at a regimental reunion! Where? The Remembrance Dinner to be held by the 2/15 Field Regiment A.I.F. Association in Sydney on November 11.

To celebrate their 21st anniversary, members of the 2/15 are inviting wives, relatives, and friends of present members, widows and mothers of deceased members of the regiment, and women who worked for the Regimental Comforts and Welfare organisations during World War II.

"This is one regimental reunion at which the women will have pride of place," says Dr. Rowley Richards, who was M.O. to the 2/15.

YOUR BOOKSHELF with JOYCE HALSTEAD

"The Glory Boy"

James Balfour (New Authors), 20/-.

An extremely funny satirical novel that sends up several revered British institutions, including the public school, the upper classes, and the Army. Adam Webster, the naive and guileless hero, who is a schoolboy when World War II breaks out, has two ambitions in life—to win glory in battle and to be a devil with women. That he succeeds in the former is due not so much to his own prowess as a soldier as to the overwhelming error in battle judgment of his commanding officer.

The second ambition, too, is achieved more by accident than design. Adam is a perennial innocent who unwittingly succeeds through forces beyond his control. At school he is taken up by Seymour, head of the school and a "super boy" whose impeccable position, connections, wit, and cunning get him through life on top without, one soon realises, having to lift a finger. There are some hilarious situations

involving delicious minor characters. The whole story is delivered with the poise and confidence of an experienced humorist.

"Design for Flower Embroidery"

Elisabeth Geddes (Mills & Boon), 37/3.

This book gives the history of ornamental design for the embroiderer who also wishes to create or adapt her own designs. The laws governing design are set out with illustrations showing how flowers can be simplified and stylised for embroidery. An artist, if skilled at needlework, can use embroidery as a medium for some really exciting and satisfying work or can work with another needlewoman.

This concept of design in embroidery is certainly far removed from the stilted traced designs which for so long have tended to keep embroidery among the humbler, less-satisfying arts.

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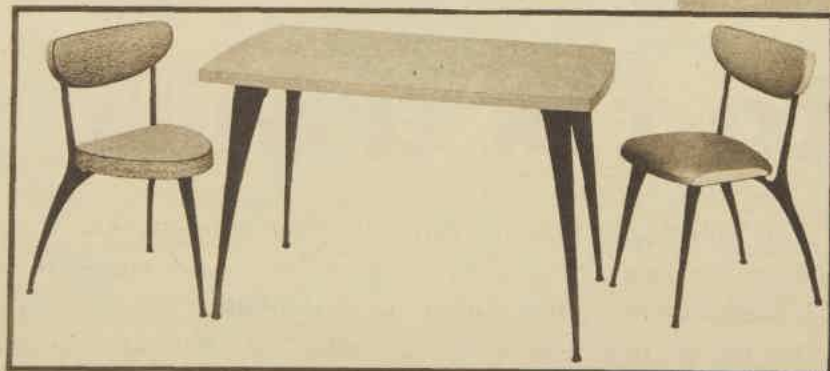
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five times longer than plastic lenses! Could you want more in sunglasses? There *is* more: Sunoroid *frames* are guaranteed for a year-and-a-half. (Even if you *sit* on them!) Look through the 21 high-fashion styles at your favourite pharmacy or store.

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From top: 'Junior 14' 33/9, '360' 33/9, '161' 48/6, and 'Deluxe' 60/- (all incl. case).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 8, 1961



Hot idea
for a
TV
Tea

Hurry Curried Eggs for TV time (or anytime!)

Who said you couldn't make a slap-up supper or TV dish in 5 minutes! With eggs you can do that any time. Prove it . . . with piquant, satisfying **Hurry Curried Eggs**, tonight. Very economical (costs less than 1/- a serve), but very nourishing. Active people need that concentrated nourishment of eggs each day. Always get 'Sunrise' eggs . . . they're guaranteed new-laid.

HURRY CURRIED EGGS

4 hard-boiled eggs
1 large onion
1 large tomato
2 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon curry powder
1 cup evaporated milk
salt to taste.

Method—Fry sliced onion in butter until brown, add curry powder and sizzle. Add sliced tomato, mash with fork. Add evaporated milk, thicken slightly. Add sliced eggs, heat. Serve on boiled rice or toast. Serves 4.

Bigger, fresher
SUNRISE

eggs are good mixers!



EB79/61

It was a great event in each of their
lives . . . a charming short story

First Day

By BRETON AMIS

WITH the bravado of a fond mother, Sheila Wilson had often told the neighbors how glad she would be when Sally went to school.

Now she knew that she had merely been building defences that were crumbling fast as zero hour approached. Her eyes pricked at the sight of her five-year-old daughter in her school uniform.

She wished she could write a note to the headmistress explaining that Sally would not be able to come to school for a long time yet as she was the sole prop and comfort of her widowed mother.

They had risen early, on Sally's insistence that she must not be late on her very first day. She could not bring herself to start her chores before her daughter left, although she knew that she had plenty of time to clear the dishes and make the beds. She remembered how Sally always followed her round with non-stop commentary.

"Nothing today, thank you, baker . . . Now where is that shopping list?"

Today her daughter was no longer a busy little housewife. Instead, she was nursing her best doll, sniffing noisily as she threw herself wholeheartedly into the role of a heartbroken mother.

"What shall I do without my dear little girl?" she was exclaiming woefully. "How unhappy I shall be with no one to hold the clothes-pegs and no one to help me lay the table for dinner!"

She broke down suddenly, completely carried away by her own make-believe, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "You'll have a lovely dinner at school," Sheila said quickly. "And if it's not quite what you would have chosen, you must remember that it might be some other little girl's favorite and that your favorite dinner might be tomorrow."

"If it's another girl's favorite, she can have mine," Sally retorted. "I shall push mine on to her plate."

"That wouldn't be very nice, dear. And, Sally, you must try not to talk quite so much. If you are talking all the time you won't learn anything."

Sally considered this. "I know quite a lot already," she declared. "I isn't every little girl of five who can read quite long words and write her ABC and—"

Sheila listened in amusement to her daughter's astonishingly true imitation of one of their elderly neighbors. Yet she knew that Sally would settle into her new life in next to no time while she—she would never escape from the past. The clock had stopped for her three years ago when her husband had died in a vain attempt to rescue a careless bather. Sheila was still angry, still resentful that three wonderful, happy years of marriage should have ended like that.

"We had better hurry now," Sally said firmly. "I don't want to be late." Small girls and boys in their green school uniforms were trooping up to the gates, attended by their mothers, who all looked determinedly brave and gay.

"I hope all the children behave themselves and don't talk too much," Sally remarked smugly. "Look, Mummy—there's Miss Richards, the teacher we saw the other day. Do you think she would let me ring the bell today? She said I could when I came to school properly."

"Perhaps you had better wait until it is your turn, darling," Sheila suggested as the sound of the bell rang across the playground.

"I'll be waiting for you this afternoon—right here. Be good, won't you, poppet? We'll have a treat for tea today. I'll make you a big chocolate cake."

Sheila hugged her daughter and watched her through the gates. With complete self-possession, Sally took the hand of a small, dark-haired boy, who with lamentable weakness was knuckling his eyes.

"You'll have lovely dinners here," she heard her say, "and if I don't like mine you can have it, because I'm going to have a big chocolate cake for tea."

Sheila supposed she would have to take the hint, as it was a very special day.

When she got home she baked the cake and spent two hours on the typing that supplemented their small income. The house was too quiet. When Dave had been alive it had been full of noise and Sally took after him. Now she had lost both of them . . .

"Don't be ridiculous!" she told herself severely. "Just stop feeling so sorry for yourself, my girl!"

At three o'clock Sheila was sauntering slowly towards the school, a slim, pretty woman of twenty-eight with dark hair and big brown eyes like her daughter's.

A few mothers were waiting at the green gates, some with prams, gossiping in soft, laughing voices.

"Another ten minutes," said a male voice at her side.

Sheila turned and saw a tall thin man with rather wild red hair and a pleasant, though melancholy, face that lit up when she smiled at him.

"The time seems to drag, doesn't it?" he remarked. "I thought I'd better come and collect Dennis, although we live quite near and there aren't any roads to cross."

"The first day is rather worrying," Sheila agreed. "On mine I remember weeping bitterly because they wouldn't let me take the crayons home."

"I ate my modelling wax," he mused. "I rolled it into a yellow barley sugar stick and it didn't taste at all bad, but they wanted to know where it was and I howled."

"I wouldn't be a teacher for anything. Especially on the first day of term."

"Nor me. I've tried to teach Dennis to read, but he is more interested in finding out why the cat sat on the mat when in our house it always has the best armchair—if Mrs. Stott isn't around, that is. She's our housekeeper and she wages a never-ending war against hairs. She doesn't like cats," he explained ruefully. "And Snaps doesn't like her."

Sheila laughed. "Children and cats are so logical. Oddly enough, though, Sally often does sleep on the mat."

"I suppose some cats do," the man conceded.

"Sally is my daughter," Sheila explained, a little indignantly. She sighed. "I've often told myself I'd be glad when she went to school, but I've had a most miserable day. I've really missed her."

"You, too?"

They were looking at one another with mounting interest when the school doors burst open and children erupted into the playground. Sally was among them. With impassioned oratory she was haranguing the small boy who had cried.

"That's Dennis," said the man, "the small dark boy with the fat, bossy girl."

"She is not fat," Sheila cried indignantly.



The children were so busy talking they did not see their parents waiting anxiously.

She turned from her companion and called: "Sally, do hurry!"

The two children greeted their parents and proudly unrolled large sheets of paper bearing crayon drawings of a house.

"Are you ready for tea, dear?" Sheila asked Sally.

"Ready for tea, Denny?" Sally echoed.

"I've invited him, Mummy, just as you said I could when I made some nice little friends. I think he's nice and he likes chocolate cake."

The man glanced at Sheila.

"Some other day, old chap," he put in quickly.

"Do let him come," Sheila murmured. "He won't be any trouble. Just tell me where you live and we'll bring him home in an hour or so. I'm sure his mother won't mind."

"I haven't a mummy and she hasn't a daddy," Dennis declared.

"What about your tea?" Sheila asked, briskly. "You'd better come along and try the chocolate cake, too."

It was not her habit to ask strange men to the house, but Dennis' father looked lost and lonely, quite harmless, and far too lean.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly!" he protested. Then he laughed. "As a matter of fact, I could and I'd love to, but I've a horrible feeling I've invited myself."

He walked along beside her.

"I'm Colin Ranger and I write serial stories for magazines."

"I'm Sheila Wilson and I type."

It was a pleasant tea-party, with Sally acting the hostess and pressing cake on everyone, including herself. Afterwards she took Dennis into the garden to meet her imaginary playmates, while Sheila told Colin Ranger her daughter's funniest sayings, which he capped with Dennis' latest witticisms.

As he relaxed, Colin fumbled for his pipe. The smell of tobacco brought memories of other days to Sheila that for once did not make her sad. She showed him a picture of Dave and he told her about his wife, whom he had lost only a year ago.

An hour later Colin Ranger was glancing reluctantly at his watch when Sally appeared.

"Mummy, Dennis isn't very well," she said.

One glance at him was enough to tell Sheila that he had eaten far too much cake.

Comforting the pale and limp little boy, she put him to rest under the eiderdown in the spare room and returned to the sitting-room to hear Sally regaling his alarmed and embarrassed father with a graphic account of the measles that had kept her in bed for a week.

"And I wasn't even hungry," she concluded.

"This isn't measles," Sheila said firmly.

"Don't worry, Mr. Ranger. Dennis will be all right after a rest."

"Did he eat too much cake?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you can't blame my cake for a hereditary weakness—for modelling wax!"

Sheila rejoined. "Denny said he made three little green apples and they looked so nice he had to eat them. I think you'd better let him stay the night if your housekeeper is away. He won't be any trouble, poor darling, and I can take them both to school in the morning."

"Oh, but I really couldn't impose on you—"

He stopped. "I've said that before, haven't I. This time I can only say thank you."

"He'll have two women fussing over him," Sheila assured him. "Now you pop up and see him before you go."

Sheila was washing-up the tea things when Colin Ranger found her in the kitchen and insisted on drying.

He lingered on, rather like a little boy who did not want to leave the party. When at last he went, Sheila put both the children to bed, kissed them, and settled down with some sewing.

Just as she was getting herself a solitary supper, Colin Ranger appeared once more with a brown-paper parcel containing a miniature set of pyjamas and a toothbrush.

"I thought Dennis might need these," he explained.

"Well, I put him in a pair of Sally's—"

Sheila looked at her visitor and had to smile because she knew it was merely an excuse for him to come back again.

"Well, now you're here you'd better stay to supper," she said. "If you don't mind macaroni cheese and coffee."

"Mrs. Stott didn't leave me anything," he admitted honestly, "but I didn't come for that. I wanted to ask you if you and Sally would let us take you out to tea tomorrow after school. We could talk about typing."

It was good to have a man in the house again. Long after he had gone, Sheila was still thinking of Colin Ranger, her eyes soft, a smile on her lips as she wondered whether he would dare to come back with the typing or perhaps with the ginger cat that often slept on Denny's bed.

No, she decided, he would not risk disturbing her, but he would be waiting eagerly for tomorrow. It was quite simple. He needed her and she needed him. Sally needed a brother to cure her bossy way and Denny needed a sister to draw him out. Instead of losing a daughter she might be gaining a husband, a son, and a ginger cat.

She picked up the picture of Dave and looked into his eyes. They were smiling at her, telling her that he wanted her to be happy again. This was her first day as well.

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Mother's Choice Christmas Ring Cake

In answer to many requests, we repeat the recipe that made quite a sensation several years ago . . . this wonderful Christmas Ring Cake—from Mother's Choice Kitchen.

A good idea to make two: one to cut—or give—and one to keep for Christmas.

LVS4/61

THIS 6-OZ. RECIPE MAKES ONE 8-INCH RING CAKE —

Combine 6 ozs. raisins, 6 ozs. sultanas, 2 ozs. each currants, chopped peel, cherries, almonds, dates and prunes in bowl. Pour Over 3 tablespoons rum or sherry and stand overnight. Cream 6 ozs. brown sugar and 6 ozs. shortening. Beat In 3 eggs and 1 dessertspoon Mother's Choice Coffee Essence then prepared fruit. Mix In 4 ozs. (1 cup) Mother's Choice Plain Flour, 3 ozs. (½ cup) Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, ½ level teaspoon salt, ¼ level teaspoon each cinnamon and spice sifted together. Spoon into prepared 8" ring pan and hollow out from centre. Cook in barely moderate oven with decreasing heat 2½ hours. Cool in pan. Decorate with a strip of white icing and top with marzipan or crystallised fruits. To Prepare Pan. Cut a circle of white paper to fit pan and then cut out centre circle. Place in pan and grease. Cut a strip of paper 2" higher than pan to fit right round. Grease and place in position inside outer edge. There is no paper round inner circle.

If making two cakes at once, simply double the above mixture and divide evenly between two 8" ring tins.

"Mother's
Choice"



RICH MAN, POOR MAN

A romantic short story

By MARGOT LUKE

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

It was sheer misery for Elizabeth because it had all been planned for her happiness and now she couldn't enjoy it. The fantastic luxury of the Hotel Xanadu overwhelmed her, and she felt worse because she knew that her mother was disappointed in her.

If only that letter had never arrived. It had been from the American lawyers informing them that Uncle Lester, whom they barely knew, had left them a nice little packet of dollars in his will.

Mrs. Stringer, Elizabeth's mother, had made some rapid calculations and decided that it wasn't enough to change the basic pattern of their lives, or even to buy a house, so she would, instead, launch Elizabeth on a fortnight's extravagant stay at the Xanadu in Miami, which, as she had read in a magazine, was The World's Most Fabulous Playground.

Surely Elizabeth would meet somebody . . . In fact, it seemed a sound investment. So they had packed their bags and set off.

Now Elizabeth was walking along the enormous dollar-shaped swimming-pool, flanked by two hundred and fifty candy-striped mattresses, and watching the people soaking up the world's most expensive sunshine. She was aware of the number of heads turning after her, and she knew her mother would be pleased.

Elizabeth was of medium height, slender without being thin, and her naturally fair hair had been bleached to look white-blond, which gave her an appearance of great fragility, as though she had been spun entirely out of silk.

She was beginning to show a pale golden tan, which

she hated, because she considered that it made her look like something gently fried in olive oil.

On impulse she went into the cool, glittering hotel drugstore and perched on one of the high stools.

"A sundae, please," she said, feeling vaguely silly. Perhaps in a place like this one ought to order something in French.

"Would you mind making that two?" said a man's voice beside her, and she turned.

"Nuts?" said the boy behind the counter, looking at Elizabeth.

"What?"

"Thought maybe you're on a diet," grinned the boy. He looked at the man. "They usually are," he explained.

"The lady doesn't need a diet," the man said firmly. "We'll both take a double portion of nuts. Is that all right with you?"

"Why not?" said Elizabeth recklessly.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, scattering the nuts artistically.

Elizabeth looked up at her companion. After two days of meeting general managers, presidents, and chairmen of large concerns manufacturing anything from sardine-tins to concrete piping, she felt this man had stepped out of a different world. A more familiar, friendlier world, too.

She smiled at his thin, serious face, not quite daring to ask what he could possibly be doing in a place like the Xanadu.

He smiled back. "Now tell me—what is a girl like you doing buying her own sundaes?" he asked. "No—let me guess. You're on the run. Fleeing from a

To page 69

"I'm sorry about this morning," Elizabeth said gently as she sat down beside him. "It really was unforgivable."



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SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

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As George shouted "No!" Janet
desperately started the plane
climbing again.

AFTER staying at Brinalli Downs, JANET OSBORNE is about to be flown into the railway town of Weeringbrinalli in DICK GARNETT'S private plane. But after tuning in for the weather report and warming the engine, Dick accidentally kicks the throttle open in a fall as he alights to chase some horses off the airstrip. To his horror he sees the plane take off with Janet, who is terrified of flying, and who has no idea how to control it. Instinctively, however, she clutches the control yoke and manages to circle the property.

Racing inside, Dick rings through to the Flying Doctor Base, and while the radio operator there, DAVE JORDAN, contacts Janet and calms the panic-stricken girl, Dick arranges with SYLVIE SMITH at the telephone exchange to have GEORGE DONOVAN, a taxi pilot from Weeringbrinalli airstrip, brought in on the three-way radio link. While Dick's mother, MARY GARNETT, and his brother PETER,

who is also in love with Janet, watch the plane anxiously, the fire engines and ambulance are called to the airstrip. Dick fixes his radio contact with Janet so he can instruct her to keep the plane aloft and fly to Weeringbrinalli, where George will talk her down to a landing.

But when Dave tells her Dick will come on with the instructions, she refuses to speak to him and insists on Peter talking to her. Gently he coaches her and gains her confidence, but it is soon apparent she needs a stronger-willed person to make her perform the more difficult actions, so Dick takes over, giving the excuse that Peter must rest. She is resentful, almost tearful, as he makes her repeat again and again the rectangular course around the property. He knows this is the only way to teach her the elementary techniques she will need when she finally goes in to land at Weeringbrinalli. NOW READ ON:

IN the air Janet fought against the tears, fought against her fear, and fed her anger. Dick wouldn't listen, he wouldn't understand her difficulties. All right, she'd fly the rectangle, losing height on the straight and making the turns when she was flying level. She flew the second turn level, at 2000 feet, hating it and him, and didn't call him up when it was completed. She forgot that she was supposed to be losing height, and had flown perhaps half of the leg before she remembered to close the throttle and let the nose drop down.

By the time she had done it, checked the airspeed indicator, and steadied the glide at eighty knots an hour, the third turning point, where the narrow clearing of the fence ran in and out of a wider clearing in the timber, was sliding under her, and she moved the stick left without thinking, in her fear of overshooting the turn. She brought the stick back to central position, checked the indicator, saw that her speed had climbed to ninety-five knots, pushed home the throttle, and began to climb gently toward the fourth turn. She didn't know where she was. Dick had been right to choose the second turn, where she would have had the fence to guide her.

Now she was over timber, climbing toward 1300 feet, with no certainty that she was heading for the ruined shed. Then, miraculously, she saw it ahead of her, remembered that she was supposed to close the throttle when she saw it, hesitated, waited, and closed the throttle just before she went into the turn.

This time she forgot the wings and watched the nose,

and she knew she didn't let it fall away. The airspeed was steady on "80" as she came out of the turn, she was flying at 1100 feet, and she had discovered that the horrible ninety-degree turn was not worse but slightly better at the gliding angle. She picked up the microphone and pressed the button. "Two turns completed," she said. "Height eleven hundred."

"Where are you?" Dick began, and then heard the plane coming back overhead. "O.K. Circle," he said, "and tell me if there were any difficulties. Over."

"I let the nose fall away too much in the first turn," she said. "That was all."

"She's heavier in the hand when she's gliding," Dick said. "You need more pressure on the stick. Remember that. Right—now there's one more step — an easy one. Peter's here. Do you want me to put him back on? Over."

There was a pause and then Janet said slowly: "I don't think so." Peter took her slowly, he was comforting. But she had less time to think while Dick was directing her, and so less time for fear. "I think you'd better carry on, if you don't mind."

"O.K. with me," he said, concealing his relief. "No strings attached. Right, let's get on with it. There's not much more, and you must be getting tired. On your right-hand side, between the two seats, there's the flap lever, with a yellow button on top. Put your hand on it. Have you got it? Over."

"Got it."

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By BARBARA JEFFERIS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 8, 1961



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Christmas gesture

WOULDN'T it be a worthwhile idea if each family could invite a lonely person to its home on Christmas Day? It could be a child from an orphanage, an aged person, a New Australian, or any of the many who would love to feel that someone really cared about them.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Walmsley, Victoria Park, W.A.

Small-town kindness

SMALL towns often come under fire because of their supposed narrow outlook and addiction to gossip. But, as always, there's a reverse side to the picture. In a small town there is kindness to the newcomer, warm interest in community effort, and unobtrusive help in any family emergency. Maybe city folk lack the time, but generally the aloof attitude of "minding one's own business" merely means no interest in the human business of being a good neighbor.

£1/1/- to Mrs. K. Gleeson, Springwood, N.S.W.

More helpers than pupils

OUR school Welfare Club had 11 members at the beginning of the year and only eight pupils. Now there are 12 pupils and the Welfare membership has grown to 13, only six of whom are the children's mothers. The reason for this is the interest shown by mothers of past and future pupils. It would be interesting to learn if any other schools have fewer pupils than ladies in the club.

£1/1/- to "Club Member" (name supplied), Cudlee Creek, S.A.

Public libraries fill a need

HOUSEWIVES should realise the usefulness of the modern public libraries now in most progressive suburbs and country towns. Many people still think of them as housing only collections of novels and books for students. A modern public library caters for all sections of the community. For the housewife there are sections on all those subjects with which she is most directly concerned — cookery, gardening, child welfare, and domestic economy.

£1/1/- to Helen O'Reilly, Kogarah, N.S.W.

Remembering new names

A FRIEND of mine of German descent has an unusual four-syllable name. Years of having to repeat it to people who immediately forget it and of being called by distorted versions or simple "Miss Er..." have made her hypersensitive. She was most grateful to a man who on hearing it for the first time asked how it was spelt and made a note of it, saying, "I never forget a name once I have written it down." Now that we have so many new citizens whose names are strange to us, perhaps we could save embarrassment by doing the same thing.

£1/1/- to "Native Born" (name supplied), Strathalbyn, S.A.

Family of servicemen

I WONDER if anyone can equal this. In the peacetime forces I have three brothers and two brothers-in-law in the Navy and one brother and one brother-in-law in the Army.

£1/1/- to Mrs. N. Burns, Inala, Qld.

Gay grannies

"TONI" (N.S.W.) need not fear that grandmothers are a vanishing race, they are just different. I have one teenage daughter and two married ones. I hope I understand the teenage one, and that she understands me. I like rock-'n-roll and teenage singers, and I also enjoy a good drama and Western on TV. I can also dress up smartly if the need arises, but I love to get down on the floor and romp with my three grandchildren.

£1/1/- to "Grandmother" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

MY granny is short, plumpish, has lovely white curly hair and a storybook face. She doesn't use many cosmetics, and isn't too sophisticated. She fits in with "Toni's" description of her own grandmothers and is also a wonderful cook. In short, I think my grandmother is ideal.

£1/1/- to R. Brooks, Gwynneville, N.S.W.

I'D much rather see a gaily dressed grandmother than a drab one and am determined to still be a modern female in 50 years' time and not an antiquated one. Go to it, you older ladies, and enjoy Dior if that is your desire.

£1/1/- to "Think Young" (name supplied), Rosanna, Vic.

I AM a working grandmother in my mid-forties, and I hope my eight grandchildren regard me as a friend, not as a paragon of virtue as I regarded mine. They were dear, grey-haired old ladies, but absolutely unapproachable as friends. When visiting I had to sit quietly and spoke only when spoken to, and from what I remember it was an ordeal for everyone. I visit, or am visited by, my grandchildren without appointment and am greeted with shouts of joy and bearhugs.

£1/1/- to "Emma" (name supplied), Kurrat Park, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE grass is growing fast now. Every weekend resolute, tight-lipped men are going out to mow lawns.

You notice that I say *men*. Sometimes in advertisements you see beautiful girls in shorts mowing lawns. But in real life lawns are mown by plain-looking males, like myself.

As we have a hard summer ahead, I think it is fair to ask the non-mowing public to help by observing a few simple rules.

One is: Don't talk to the driver of a motor mower.

Last Saturday my mower started quite easily and I was all set for an attack on my record, 53½ min., for doing the lawn.

Then Mr. Hinkler, from up the street, came past and called out something. I couldn't hear him for the noise, so I stopped the motor.

All he had to say was: "Have you got the time, please?"

When I tried to start the mower again it got into one of its moods. I

GRASS FIGHTERS

had to pull the strap four times before it would pop-pop. So I felt a little irritated by Mr. Hinkler.

I am not unsociable by nature. But once the motor mower is going I don't want to be drawn into conversation.



Another tip for the families of mowing men is: Don't leave plastic toys on the lawn.

Also, don't leave tin motor cars, dolls' clothes, tennis balls, boxes used for wickets, bamboo sticks used for sword-fights, comics, bottles, sandals, or scooters.

I got so tired of clearing these things off the lawn that I threatened to mow on regardless if any more were left. Next time I cut a plastic Indian in half (a free gift from a Korny-Bix packet), and since then the lawns have been more tidy.

A word of advice to wives. If you have some bulbs, or mint, or other cherished item that you specially don't want to have mown, tell your husband about it twice.

You can't expect him to take in the warning the first time.

My wife complained bitterly last week because I cut down her bulbs in their prime. But I did not consider myself to blame, as she had mentioned the bulbs to me only once.

Finally, I would like to make this request to the smaller boys: Please don't keep asking for a go of the motor mower.

It is a sad thing about boys: When they are too small to use the mower they want to mow the lawn. When they are big enough to mow it they don't want to.

Doctor's Decision

A short short story

By **CYRIL DONSON**



JAN RITTENDYKE looked up from the workbench and peered keenly at his visitor over the top of his rimless glasses. "The trouble with most folks is that they spend half their short lives chasing wild dreams." Barely five feet tall, he was grizzled like a dried russet apple, but his eyes revealed fire and vigor.

He waved his arm dramatically to embrace the small room. "Take me, my young friend. Here, between these four small walls, you will find all that I possess—materially, that is. Yet I am a contented man. I have a place to eat, sit and reflect—and sleep. Here I have room to indulge my aesthetic impulses to the full."

He gestured at the profusion of carvings, models, paintings. "From these simple things I derive all the adventure I require . . . all the fulfilment a man needs."

Charles Freeman laughed at Jan's controlled enthusiasm. "I only wish I could be so easily satisfied, Jan," he said. "But we are from different generations, don't forget."

Jan inclined his head and his eyes were quizzical. "Pah! The same old excuses. They don't wash, you know."

"Always it is the same. A man says blithely, 'Ah, yes, one day my fortunes will change—you will see—when my ship comes in—then all will be different! What foolishness! It is no use to sit back and expect that one day, by some magic, a richly laden vessel will sail up to one's front door.'"

"You argue that nothing comes without effort?" asked Charles.

Jan slowly shook his grey head. "I argue that great fortune is not worth the effort, however large or small. Life's best reward is the pleasure, the tranquillity, and the satisfaction gained from something well done." He slapped his frail chest impulsively. "It is in here, in the soul, my boy, that a man should store his fortune."

Charles sighed. "Didn't you ever want to go out into the world to seek your fortune?"

"Let me tell you, Charles. When I was a young man like you, I had to work hard. I got little money for my efforts—but I did find contentment. I was forty when the war started—and people began to make plans to leave Holland, trying to get to England before the Nazis came."

"I was working in Amsterdam—carving, painting, putting ships into bottles . . . altogether doing a fine trade with holiday tourists. I lost everything when I came to England."

"If I had spent my life dreaming of fortune—striving for wealth or merely hoping for it—what would have happened to me when the invasion came? Like so many others, I would have felt that I had lost all, and the spirit to shrug off the disaster would have been lacking. But I had stored within me a treasure. I still had my skill, wherever fate drove me—and the calmness of spirit to begin afresh in a new country."

"Are you trying to tell me that every Dutchman who amassed a fortune lost all, then, and hadn't the moral courage to bear the loss?"

Jan smiled. "You are critical, I fear. Perhaps not all, but many of old Amsterdam's rich diamond merchants lost everything. Some could not find the courage to go on living . . ."

Charles lit a cigarette. "Our argument seems to be getting nowhere, Jan." He sat with his broad shoulders hunched.

"I can appreciate your ideas and admire your craftsmanship and spirit, but aren't you being a little unkind? What can be wrong with a man wanting to strike it rich—especially in a case like mine? You know why I want the money."

Jan nodded, his great affection for Charles showing in his eyes. "Forgive me for beating my favorite drum, Charles. Indeed, yours is a worthy reason for wanting wealth. And who knows, one day, perhaps, your ship will come in."

"Then you will advise me, Jan?" Charles' eyes clouded a little as doubt assailed him anew. "Would I be justified in marrying a rich girl—to fulfil my one ambition and run my own home for poor and aged sick people?"

Jan considered gravely. "It is a problem only you can solve,

"Who knows," Jan said, peering over his glasses, to Charles, "one day your ship might come in."

my friend. You do not love this girl? No. And what of her ideas? Will she be ready to sacrifice not only her money but much of your company?"

Charles frowned. "At the moment Sandra pictures me in a lucrative Harley Street practice—but I think she would come round to my way of thinking in time."

Jan nodded. "On the one hand, you express sentiments to help the less fortunate. On the other, you callously declare that in order to achieve your ambition you are ready to marry someone for whom you have no love."

Charles flushed. Jan continued. "And what of Annette? There has been no mention of her."

Charles gestured irritably. "There is no understanding of any sort—"

"We both know that she adores you—"

"But what is more important? My own life—and Annette's? Or the well-being of thousands of needy sick?" He swung around, his face animated. "If I marry Annette—I shall be doomed to be just another doctor for the rest of my days. I'll never fulfil my great ambition . . ."

Charles stood undecided. Then he blurted: "Why don't you say what you're thinking? Why don't you tell me I'm living in the clouds? That's what you think, isn't it?"

Jan continued working. Quietly he replied: "My young friend, what I think is of no importance. Nor, in the end, is what you think now. What is important is that you make the right decision."

Charles left without answering.

The news of Jan's sudden death reached Charles a month later. He was stricken with remorse that he had not found time to visit his old friend. He moved aimlessly about his flat, scarcely able to believe that Jan was dead.

From his mantelpiece he picked up a finely made model of a ship inside a bottle. Absently, in his grief, he caressed the smooth glass. It had been Jan's first and only gift—made with all the loving patience of the craftsman.

"If only I had found time to see him—to give him the joy of knowing that his wisdom had prevailed," Charles muttered. "He would have died a happier man had he known that Annette and I are to marry."

Annette arrived within half an hour of the news of Jan's death.

"Try not to feel so badly. I'm sure Jan understood . . ."

Charles held up the little bottled ship. "I hope so . . . I hope so!" he said fervently.

Annette opened her handbag and gave him a letter. It was addressed to him in Jan's fine handwriting.

"He told me to give this to you on his death," Annette said softly, "if we were together. He made it a solemn condition that I was only to give this letter to you if you had asked me to marry you."

Charles opened the letter and read:

"My young friend, if you ever read this, you will realise that your ship has come in—at last. The ship inside the bottle you have holds a secret I never divulged. It was made by me at the time of the German invasion of Holland."

"Under the plaster sea inside the bottle I hid diamonds worth a small fortune. They belonged to a rich merchant for whom I had done work. I smuggled them to England."

"Unfortunately my client died before he had a chance to reclaim the diamonds. Under an agreement they became my property."

"Take them, my young friend—for if you read this, then you have done the right thing. Now you will be able to fulfil your life's ambition. I think you will find the stones will more than pay for the home you want. Jan."

Charles handed the letter to Annette and, his eyes moist with emotion, stared at the ship inside the bottle.

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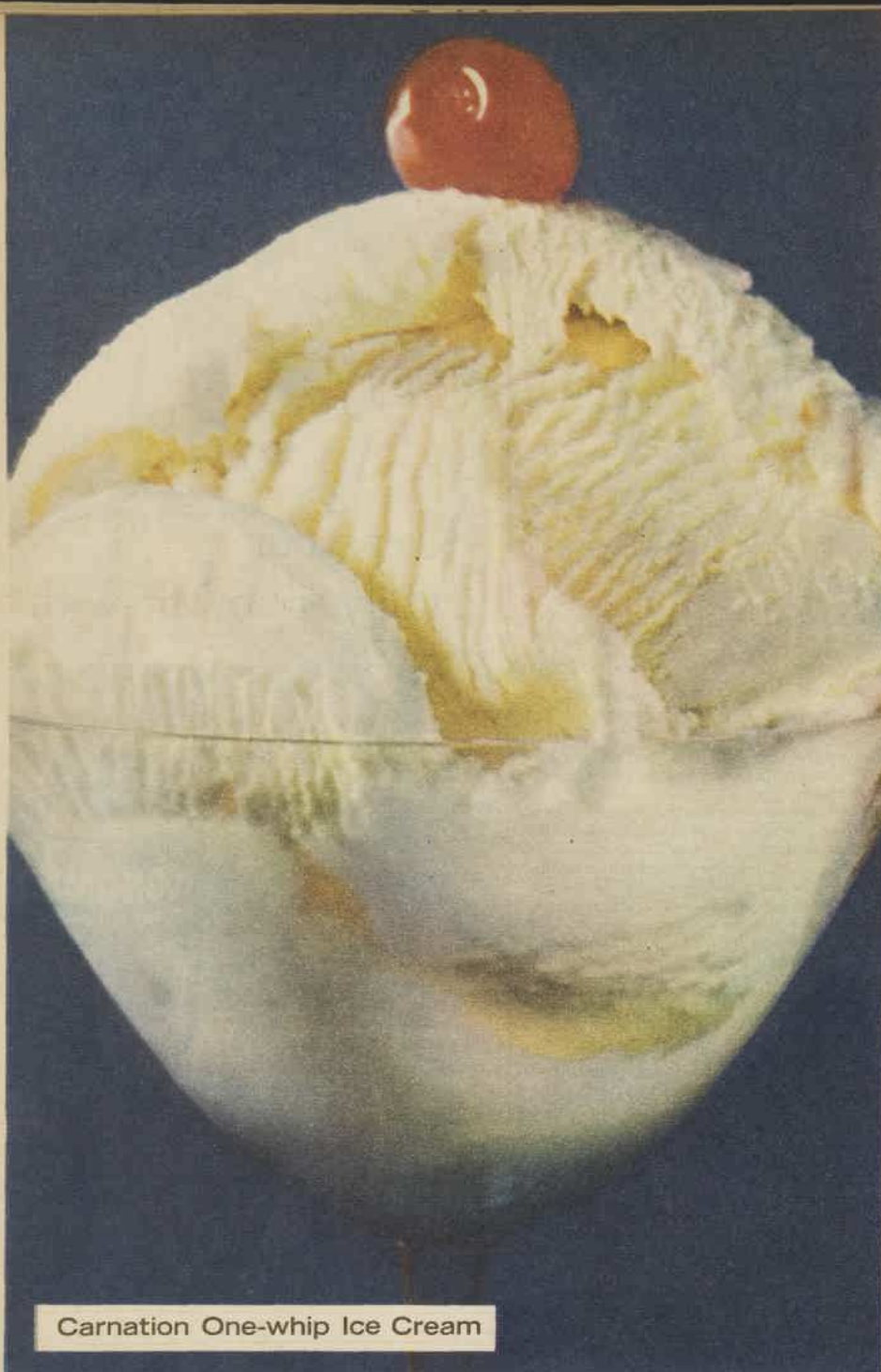
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One-whip Ice Cream

3 rounded tablespoons castor sugar; 1 level teaspoon gelatine; 2 tablespoons water; 1 large can (14½ oz.) undiluted Carnation evaporated milk — chilled; 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Set refrigerator at coldest point. Combine sugar, gelatine and water in a saucepan; stir over low heat until dissolved. Remove from heat. Whip Carnation milk in chilled bowl till thick. Gradually beat in syrup. Flavour with vanilla. Pour into trays and freeze. Makes 2 trays.

Alternative methods eliminating gelatine:

1. After whipping Carnation, add sugar and one well beaten egg.
2. Make enough for one meal only, leaving out gelatine and water. Keep refrigerator at coldest point until you serve.

Pineapple Snow Drift

1 cup crushed drained pineapple; 3 level tablespoons cornflour; 1 cup water; 1 cup sugar; 2 eggs; 1 oz. butter; rind and juice 1 lemon; 1 baked pie shell of biscuit pastry.

TOPPING: 1½ teaspoons gelatine; ¼ cup pineapple syrup; ¾ cup (6 oz. can) undiluted Carnation evaporated milk; ½ teaspoon vanilla; ¾ cup castor sugar.

Drain pineapple, saving liquid. Blend cornflour with a little cold water. Combine sugar and water and bring to the boil. Pour over blended mixture, stir till smooth. Return to saucepan, stir till boils and thickens, cook 2 minutes. Add pineapple and cook till fruit is tender. Remove from heat, add slightly beaten eggs, butter, lemon rind and juice. Cool. Turn into pastry case.

Topping: Melt gelatine in boiling syrup. Combine with remaining ingredients and whip till fluffy, spread over pineapple filling. Chill. Serves 5 to 6.

Coffee Cream Pie

¾ cup sugar; 5 tablespoons cornflour; ½ level teaspoon salt; 1 cup undiluted Carnation evaporated milk — chilled; 1 cup strong coffee; 1 egg slightly beaten; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 1 cooked and cooled pastry shell.

CARNATION TOPPING

½ cup undiluted Carnation evaporated milk — chilled; 1 dessertspoon lemon juice; ½ cup icing sugar.

Blend sugar, cornflour and salt with a little cold milk. Add remaining milk to coffee and bring to the boil. Pour on to blended mixture and stir till it boils and thickens. Remove from heat and stir in beaten egg. Cool. Add vanilla. Turn into pastry shell.

To make the topping, chill milk until crystals form, whip until thick. Beat in lemon juice and icing sugar. Spread or pipe on top of the pie. Serve 6.



LIVING FREE

by
Joy Adamson

Story of Elsa and her cubs

(THIRD INSTALLMENT)

● Dangers now beset Elsa, the Kenya lioness with two worlds — the sheltering camp of her human friends, author Joy Adamson and her game-warden husband, George, and the wild outside territory, where poachers were on the prowl, buffalo, crocodile, and other enemies could be confronted, and a fierce rival lioness held sway. Elsa's cubs, fathered by a wild lion, were growing bigger and shyer of mankind. Now read on:



AN EVENING DRINK. Elsa's three cubs, Jespah, Gopa, and Little Elsa, together at the river.

ONE evening Makedde, one of the Africans working with us, observed vultures circling and, going to the spot about a mile downstream, found the remains of a rhino which had been killed by poisoned arrows.

The poachers had left plenty of footprints. They must have been well informed and known that I was alone with only Makedde to guard the place, for, had George been with me, they would never have dared to indulge in these activities so close to the camp.

On the night of July 8 there was quite a concert, Elsa's lion "whuffing," a leopard coughing, and hyenas howling. The next evening while I was taking tsetse flies off Elsa as she sat in my tent with her head on my lap I was startled by a great roar from her lion. Like a flash she dashed off. The cubs rushed after her, but soon returned and sat looking bewildered outside the tent.

For several days she arrived in camp long after dark, and on July 15 brought only two cubs; Jespah was missing. I was very worried, so after waiting for some time I began repeating his name over and over again till Elsa decided to go upstream and look for him, taking the two cubs with her.

For over an hour I heard her calling, till the sound gradually receded into the distance.

Then suddenly there were savage lion growls, accompanied by the terrified shrieks of baboons. As it was dark I could not go to see what was happening and awaited the outcome feeling miserable, for I was sure that Elsa was being attacked by lions.

She came back after a while, her head and shoulders covered with bleeding scratches, and the root of her right ear bitten through. There was a gap in the flesh into which one could stick two fingers.

This was much the worst injury she had ever suffered.



Little Elsa and Gopa came back with her and sat a short distance away looking very frightened. I tried to put sulphanimide into Elsa's wounds, but she was far too irritable to let me come near her, nor was she interested in the meat which I brought her. I placed the carcass half-way between myself and the cubs. They pounced on it, dragged it into the dark and I soon heard them tearing at it.

I sat a long time with Elsa; she held her head on one side and the blood dripped from her wound. Eventually she rose, called the cubs, and waded across the river.

I could hardly wait till it was light to go and look for Jespah. Next morning, following Elsa's spoor, Makedde, Nuru (another African), and I went to the Cave Rock and were much relieved to find the family reunited.

I was happy to know that Jespah was safe and that I could now concentrate on treating his mother. The wound in her ear was still bleeding profusely, and at intervals she shook her head to drain the cavity. Owing to its position she could not lick the wound, but scratched constantly to keep off the flies; none of this was likely to improve the cleanliness of the wound.

Lurking poachers

All the cubs seemed very subdued, though Jespah licked his mother affectionately.

The boys stayed out of sight while I tried to put M. and B. into the injury, but Elsa was not co-operative, and each time I approached her head she moved away, apparently with considerable effort. Suddenly I was startled to hear voices.

I thought they were probably those of poachers. I had to think quickly. Was it best to stay put? Probably not, for Elsa did not seem to want our company, and might well go off with the cubs and fall into the poachers' hands. I went back to camp, hoping that as she must be hungry she would follow.

I waited anxiously till the late afternoon for Elsa and her family to arrive. I then managed to introduce some M. and B. tablets into the meat which she took from my hand. I thought that if I could get fifteen tablets down her daily there was a good chance that her wound would not go septic. Her ear drooped, suggesting that the muscles had been injured, and she constantly shook her head to get rid of the oozing liquid.

Jespah, who had been the cause of the encounter, was very friendly. He licked me and several times tilted his head, looking straight at me for a long time.

There is a belief that the members of the cat tribe can never look one in the face for any length of time. This is not true of Elsa, and her sisters, or of her cubs. Indeed, I have found that they convey their feelings by the varying expressions of their eyes far more explicitly than we do in words.

After Elsa had settled down for the night a lion began calling. This seemed to alarm her, and she shortly afterwards went off with the cubs.

ELSA'S inadequate bush hideout worried Joy.

Soon afterwards I heard two lions grunting as they cracked the bones of the carcass which was lying in front of George's tent. They spent a long time over their meal, and only went off at dawn when the boys began talking in the kitchen. Then they crossed the river accompanied by the barking of baboons, to which they replied by loud "whuffings." We found the spoor of a large lion and of a lioness.

Elsa kept away for some days. I thought her absence was explained by the presence of this pair who had remained nearby and who the following night grunted round the goat truck.

After Elsa had been absent for four days I became very anxious, for her wound must be a very big handicap to her in hunting, and I was afraid also that the poachers might do her some harm. When on the evening of July 20 I saw vultures circling, my heart sank.

We went to investigate, but all we found was more evidence of the poachers. They had made hideouts near to every drinking place, on both sides of the river.

A week earlier when Makedde had found poisoned arrowheads in a rhino, I had sent a message to the warden of the reserve asking him to send scouts to patrol the area. Now on our return to camp we found that they had arrived, and I was very glad to see them. With our reinforcements we set out next morning to look for Elsa, and arranged that if anyone spotted her they should fire a shot.

Three hours later I heard a report and returned to camp to be told by two of the newcomers that they had seen Elsa and the cubs under a bush on the opposite side of the river, about a mile inland.

She was lying in the shade, and the cubs were asleep. She had seen the men approach, but had not moved. This sounded odd, unless she were so ill that she did not care if even strangers were close by.

Makedde suggested that we should take some meat to her, but not enough to satisfy her hunger, and so tempt her to come back to camp. As we approached her lie-up I signalled to the men to stay behind and called to her.

Cubs "polish off" meat

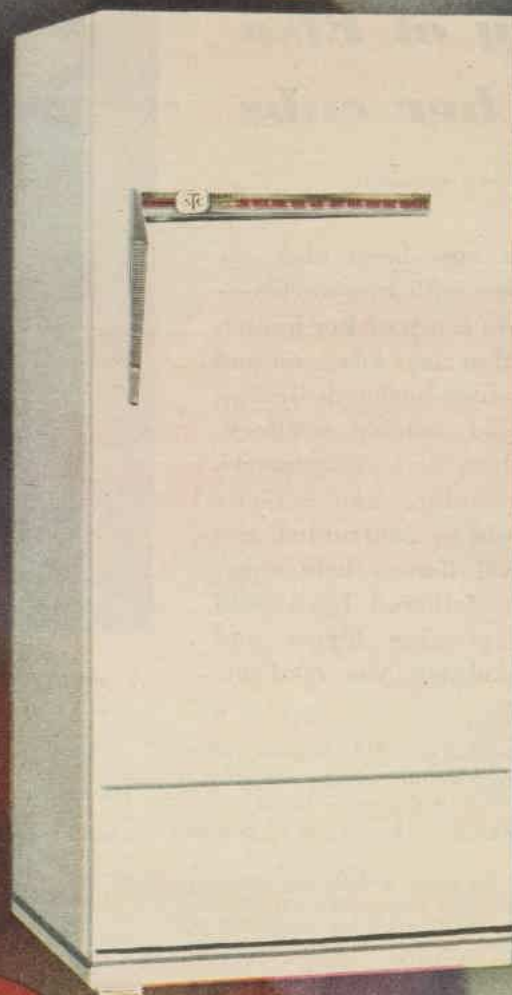
She emerged, walking slowly, her head bent low to one side. I was surprised and alarmed that she should have settled in such an exposed place where she could easily be seen by poachers. I noticed that her ear had gone septic and was discharging pus; she was obviously in great pain, and when she shook her head, as she did very often, it sounded as if her ear were full of liquid.

Besides this, both she and Little Elsa were covered with blowflies. I was able to rid Elsa of hers, but the cub was far too wild to let me help her. Meanwhile, she and her brothers fought over the section of carcass we had brought them, and soon there was nothing left for Elsa but polished bones. She looked on resignedly, and certainly gave the lie to the well-established legend that lionesses gorge themselves and let their cubs go hungry.

Jespah thanked me for his meal by licking my hand with his rough tongue. I tried to induce Elsa to come back to camp, but, as she did not move, went home without her.

Continued on page 39

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LIVING FREE "Elsa gone"

Continued from page 37

By now I had been three weeks alone in camp, and George was overdue. I wished he would return soon, for when his tent was occupied the predators never came near the meat which was tied up close to it. In his absence wild lions prowled round the camp every night, and, although Makedde and Ibrahim could have used their rifles if an emergency arose, I was nervous about the safety of the boys.

At last George arrived and was greeted by the roars of a strange lion. Hearing that Elsa had not been seen for several days, he decided to go and look for her, and he was also determined to try to scare off the strange lion and his fierce lioness who had often injured Elsa.

We knew her and her mate quite well by now; at least by voice, and we were also familiar with their spoor. They ranged along the river for about ten miles. Of course, they shared the country with other lions besides Elsa, but she was the only one who kept permanently to the vicinity of the camp.

The fierce lioness had lived in this region long before Elsa, but we did not know what Elsa had done to displease this disagreeable beast. We were pretty sure that she had not competed for the attention of her mate, but had kept strictly to her own young lion. Perhaps Elsa had interfered with her hunting, or her territorial claims, or perhaps the creature was just bad-tempered.

Anyway, we were sure now that she had chased Elsa and the cubs over the river and toward the poachers, and that she and her mate had, for several days, taken over the Big Rock in our vicinity.

Tracking on the far side of the river, we eventually found the cubs' pug marks leading into a large group of rocks which we called the Border Rocks, as they were at the boundary of Elsa's territory, but by then it was too dark to do anything except go home.

Roars from hoarse lion

When we returned next morning we found the fresh spoor of a lion and a lioness superimposed upon the cubs' imprints. We were full of hope until we saw that the spoor led so far away that it was unlikely to have been made by Elsa.

Next day we searched upstream on the far side of the river. As we approached a baobab tree we heard the sound of startled animals bolting and the Toto (an African boy) caught a glimpse of the hindquarters of a lion and of three cubs which could have been Elsa's.

George and I followed their tracks for some way, but we were puzzled; if they were Elsa's family why had they rushed away from us? On the other hand, was it likely that there was another lioness about with three cubs of around the same size as Elsa's?

Next morning we returned to this place, and after two more hours' tracking we heard the agitated barking of baboons and simultaneously the roar of a lion. He was very close to us.

His voice was familiar to us, for we had often heard it at night. He sounded hoarse and the boys used to say that he must have malaria.

George proceeded to stalk him, and we came so close that I was nearly deafened by his next roar. Suddenly I caught sight of his hindquarters only thirty yards away, and the boys actually saw his head and mane.

It is most unusual for a lion to roar at eleven in the morning. This one was evidently calling to a lioness, whom presently we heard replying from the direction of the barking baboons. Hoping it might be Elsa, we by-passed the hoarse lion and had a good look round, but saw nothing.

Finally, tired and thirsty, we sat down and made tea. We discussed the two possible explanations of Elsa's disappearance. Rather than stay in camp and risk being mauled by the ill-tempered lioness, she might have decided to share the hazards of the hoarse lion's life, whose spoor might have been the one we found the previous day.

That was an optimistic solution to the mystery; a pessimistic alternative was that Elsa had died of her septic ear, and that the cubs had been adopted by a pair of wild lions.

We spent the next two days covering the boundaries of Elsa's territory, partly on foot and partly by car.

We searched on an average for eight hours a day. We learned nothing of Elsa, but a lot about the poachers. We

WILDEST of the cubs, and the only "girl," Little Elsa often climbed trees.



"HOW DARE YOU DISTURB US?"
Gopa was the most jealous cub.

destroyed many of their hides and in one found a bit of rope which I had often used to fasten the wicker gate of my tent enclosure.

Indeed, we saw so much evidence of their activities that George decided to send immediately for an anti-poaching squad, and determined that as soon as he could he would establish a permanent game scout post on the river.

George left in the last week of July, and I continued to search for Elsa, and the next morning, walking with Makedde along the car track towards the Big Rock, traced the spoor of a single lion who had evidently come towards the camp; I saw also the imprints of pointed shoes, which Makedde recognised as identical with those which he had seen near the piece of rope in the poachers' hideout. Both spoor were superimposed on the tyre marks of George's car.

Plainly the poachers were keeping an eye on our movements, and, no doubt, having heard George's car go off, had next morning come to reconnoitre. How disappointed they must have been to discover that I was still in residence.

It was very hot, and, after several hours of tracking, Makedde and I sat down to rest.

"Where is Elsa?"

My spirits were very low. It was now over a fortnight since the fierce lioness had attacked Elsa, and, except for the occasion when the game scout had found her in the bush, she had not been seen, nor had there been any trace of the cubs.

I was particularly worried, because during the time in which I had observed Elsa's wounds, instead of healing, their condition had grown worse. In such a state, could she, I wondered, hunt and provide food for herself and for the cubs? Also the presence of the poachers provided another and perhaps even more serious cause for anxiety.

Feeling miserable, I asked Makedde whether he loved Elsa. He looked startled, but replied warmly: "Where is she that I could love her?" This made me even more depressed.

Makedde, watching me, scolded more angrily: "You have nothing but death in your mind, you think of death, you speak of death, and you behave as though there were no Mungo (God), who looks after everything. Can't you trust him to look after Elsa?"

Encouraged, I got up and went on with the search; but two days passed without bringing any result.

On the evening of the sixteenth day since Elsa and the cubs had disappeared, after lighting the lamps I poured myself a drink, and sat in the dark straining my ears for any hopeful sound. Then suddenly there was a swift move-

ment, and I was nearly knocked off my chair by Elsa's affectionate greeting.

She looked thin but fit, and the wound in her ear was healing from the outside, though the centre was still septic. Plainly she was very hungry, for, when the boys came towards us with the carcass I had asked for, she rushed at them.

I yelled, "No, Elsa, no." She stopped, obediently returned to me, and controlled herself until the meat had been attached to a chain in front of the tent, then she pounced on it and ate voraciously.

She seemed to be in a great hurry, gorged herself on half the goat and then withdrew out of the lamplight and cunningly moved farther away till she finally disappeared in the direction of the studio.

I was immensely relieved to know that she was well, but where were the cubs? Her visit had lasted only half an hour and I waited long into the night, hoping that she might return with them to finish off the goat. As this did not happen, I eventually carried the remains into my car to save them from being eaten by predators and went to bed.

At dawn on August 1 I was woken by the miaowing of the cubs, and saw them crawling close to my thorn enclosure. I called to the boys to bring the meat and joined Elsa, who dragged it into the bush near the river.

I sat under a gardenia bush close by waiting my chance to introduce some medicine into Elsa's meat, to help her septic ear heal. I was relieved, but puzzled, not to see a single new scratch on her or the cubs, though they must have hunted during all these days when they were absent from camp.

The cubs growled, snarled, and cuffed at each other for the best bits of meat. Living in the bush had certainly made them become more wild, for now they were constantly on the alert for suspicious sounds, and nearly panicked when some baboons barked.

Dressed her wound

The two little cubs were shyer than ever, and were frightened if I made the least movement, but, to my surprise, Jephah came up to me, tilted his head on one side with a questioning look, licked my arm and plainly wished to remain friends.

As I watched them I humbly remembered Makedde's reprimand for my lack of faith—a happier family one could not wish to see.

In order to try to discover what they had been up to during their long absence I had asked him to follow the spoor which Elsa had made when she had arrived in camp.

I dressed her wound while she was too sleepy to object to the treatment. When it got dark I went to the tents to hear Makedde's report.

He told me he had traced her to the limit of her "territory" and that there, on some rocky outcrops, he had found not only her pug marks and those of the cubs, but also the spoor of at least one lion, if not two.

This probably explained how she and the cubs had been fed, and also accounted for her strange behaviour when she was surprised by the game scout and us, for her reactions were typical of a lioness in season.

It may seem odd that this solution had not occurred to us, but as Elsa was still suckling her cubs we had not expected her to be interested in a mate. We had accepted the general belief that wild lionesses only produce cubs every third

JESPAH, the boldest cub, sometimes forgot to retract his claws when playing with Joy. On the other hand, he made many attempts to be friends with her.



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7424. — Typical French chic is seen (above) in the slender pants and back-buttoned tunic blouse. Chic, too, is the mixture of stripes and plaids. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: pants 2½yds. 36in. material, tunic blouse 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



5995. — Little-boy play-suits are a popular resort fashion on and around Californian beaches. This one in pink cotton has a shirtwaist top and short shorts. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



7422. — Italian-designed resort separates (right) to wear prettily and in cool comfort through wilting summer days. The top is sleeveless and collarless, the skirt has unpressed pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 8, 1961



7426.—Capri beach dress (left) shows all the wit and gaiety of Italian-designed resort wear. The dress bares one shoulder. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. striped material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/.



7423.—Bare-shouldered short-cut sun-dress (right) is designed and made in France. The bodice is front-buttoned, the skirt juts fullness from a whittled waist. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/.



7425.—Short tunic dress worn over knee pants is a flourishing fashion on the French Riviera. The design (above) is in bright contrast colors. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: tunic 2½yds. 36in. material, pants and contrast for tunic binding 2yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



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Dress Sense

- These two one-piece designs are chosen for the many young readers who have written requesting a paper pattern for a cool, easy-to-make cotton dress.

FURTHER details of how to order the patterns are under the illustration.

Here are some other fashion problems and my replies:

"My husband and I would like to know the correct attire to wear to a formal 4 p.m. wedding."

You should wear an afternoon dress and hat and gloves. Strictly speaking, your husband should wear a morning suit, dove-grey cutaway coat and trousers, and a grey wool double-breasted waistcoat. However, dressing has become less formal. A single- or double-breasted lounge suit, white shirt, and dark tie is now accepted as correct — even when members of the bridal party are in morning suits.

"Would silk print be suitable for a summer coat? I have already made an afternoon frock in the same print."

Yes, it would. The dress-and-matching-coat ensemble has made a spectacular leap into fashion.

"What type of slip should I wear under a dress with a tight-fitting, elongated bodice? The slip I have makes the dress look wrinkled around the waist."

A petticoat slip with a smooth-fitting long torso top will eliminate any bunchiness at the waistline.

"Is the chemise or sack frock still in fashion?"

A beltless, waist-skimming dress with a gently curved fit is this season's version of the chemise. The silhouette is princess and back-fastened and has a high collarless neckline. The dress is often finished with two large patch pockets.

"Please tell me the newest suit design for summer."

Several lines are quite new, but the suit with an easy-fit jacket and flared skirt is the most frequently seen shape in summer fashions. Worthy of note: Designer Chanel has revived the bolero jacket, plus an all-round pleated skirt.

By **BETTY KEEP**



DS462: Striped dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. **DS463:** Sleeveless one-piece in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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A mother's story

"Tomboys teach a lesson"

● My own childhood was not happy. It was spent in near poverty and shared with five other children. This need not have caused unhappiness, but we had parents whose lives were spent in violent quarrels, separations, and, to them, blissful reunions.

MY teenage years were mostly occupied with dreams of having a daughter of my own. Someone to receive all the love and attention I had missed.

In due course she arrived, during the war while her father was away serving his country.

It wasn't the triumphant arrival I had planned for her. But, in common with most mothers, I still remember the almost spiritual moment of love, tenderness, and completeness when I first held her in my arms, which crowded out any disappointment caused by her father's absence.

Jeanne was the great age of three when her father first saw her and became her devoted slave. Three years later we left our homeland and came to Australia.

With the adaptability of the very young, Jeanne settled down almost at once in her new home.

It was harder for us, older and set in our ways, we clung to the old customs of our homeland.

Jeanne was a pretty child, and we took care that her manners as she grew older were perfect.

By
"Migrant Mother"

We sent her to dancing school — something I had longed for as a child but never had — and she hated it.

She also attended music and elocution classes, which she equally detested because her playmates did not go.

For her own good, as we thought, we insisted that she continue with these subjects, even though it was a drain on our slim finances.

Carefully we screened her from the tomboy element apparent to us in our neighbors' children. We were congratulated on the way she spoke, behaved, dressed, and never looked grubby.

"Aloof"

We were never congratulated on the way she held herself aloof even from us, her own parents. As she grew up she grew farther away, until she was almost a stranger.

Jeanne was clever, too. Exams were passed easily and we had great hopes of a university career for her.

In her quiet, aloof way she had other ideas. On her six-

teenth birthday she informed us that she wanted to join the women's branch of the Navy.

Her father and I refused to even consider the idea, and Jeanne, refusing in her turn to continue at school, took a secretarial course and eventually an office position.

Home life was now full of tensions with our daughter rebelling against every suggestion. She refused to accompany us on any outing or to participate in anything we had planned.

She spent most of her time next door, mixing with the tomboy element and listening to rock-n-roll records, which her father would never allow her to play at home.

Then came a session of late nights — quarrels between father and daughter, and myself trying to act as peacemaker and quarrelling with them both.

This child of ours had nothing in common with the carefully planned blueprint we had drawn up.

At long last, having worn down our resistance to breaking point, Jeanne got her own way. A few months ago she joined the Navy.

She loves the life, the company, and everything about it.

The house is deadly quiet without her, even though her presence in it was never noisy.

In the quietness I reflect, and I realise that she was never allowed to be naturally boisterous. In fact, she was never allowed to be natural.

Without her I can see the home as it must have appeared to her — a sterilised cocoon without real inner warmth.

Next month she is coming home on leave.

Somehow our letters have brought us closer together again. Her last one asked if she might bring a friend home.

Big welcome

We agreed, delighted that she should wish to bring someone home.

When they arrive I hope they will find us ready to receive them with understanding as well as love.

There will be more gaiety and less quiet orderliness. More tolerant love and less pride of love. The tomboy element which has crept into our awakened affections will be waiting to greet them.

We are being given a second chance, and we shall all be completely happy — probably for the first time.

● The writer, who wishes to be anonymous, wins £20 for her article on coping with a family problem.

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Aquamarine...the classique of all
floral fragrances by

Revlon



Above: Revlon's Aquamarine Eau de Toilette, Aquamarine Lotion for hands and body, Fragrant, lasting Aquamarine Soap.

At left: Revlon's Aquamarine Tale, Aquamarine Shampoo, Aquamarine Lotion Deodorant.



Metrecal

the pleasant new way to lose weight and avoid regaining it

**Now in liquid form,
ready to drink**

Now it is easier and more convenient to control your weight with Metrecal. You simply open the can and pour a 225 calorie meal. Metrecal Liquid was developed to meet the same exacting nutritional standards as Metrecal Powder.

Metrecal was introduced in the United States more than two years ago and has since been successfully introduced to countries all over the world. Metrecal has been available in Australia since December, 1960. Its aim:

To provide a judicious method of weight control, incorporating sound nutrition, appetite satisfaction, and convenience.

Metrecal is a scientifically balanced food that makes possible accurate control of calorie intake while providing all the known essential nutrients required for a sound reducing programme: and Metrecal contains no drugs or appetite depressants.

Metrecal has the flexibility to meet the needs of the individual user. For rapid weight control, Metrecal may be used as the total 900-calorie daily diet. On this complete programme, the average weight adjustment is $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. a day. To control weight more gradually and to maintain a desired weight, Metrecal may be used for only one or two meals a day, or as the total diet on selected days of the week.

Why Metrecal is distinctive

Many factors set Metrecal apart. These include: the new concept — the measured calories of Metrecal provide for the first time in one product the means to achieve your desired weight through accurate control of calorie intake.

PROVEN BY EXPERIENCE—Metrecal has been used successfully by millions of people throughout the world to control weight.

QUALITY OF PRODUCT—The ingredients of Metrecal are meticulously chosen and manufactured to the most exacting pharmaceutical standards.

RANGE OF CHOICE—Metrecal is available nationally from your chemist in both powder and liquid form, in a selection of sizes and flavours.

What Metrecal can do

Overweight persons control weight through the use of Metrecal simply because they take in fewer calories than are required to maintain weight. Most important: they control weight safely; they quickly look better, feel better, without resorting to complicated schedules or complex calorie counting. The diet is easy to follow, since little if any hunger is felt after the first day or so.

How Metrecal is available

Metrecal is available nationally in both liquid and powder. The liquid is in handy 8-ounce cans, ready to drink. Each can contains an individual 225-calorie meal. Available in Chocolate, Vanilla and Butterscotch flavours.

The powder is in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cans and economy size $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cans. One half-pound of powder, mixed with water, provides the total daily diet in the 900-calorie programme. Available in Plain, Chocolate, Butterscotch and Orange flavours.

The importance of the physician in problems of weight control

Individuals who are grossly overweight, those intending to diet for a long period of time, and persons with medical disturbances should always have their physician's approval before undertaking a weight control programme. **Indeed, it is wise for any person contemplating weight reduction to consult his physician.**



Metrecal Liquid in 8 fl. oz. cans costs only 3/9.
Metrecal powder in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. cans costs 12/6 (enough for 4 beverage meals). Metrecal Powder in $3\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Economy can costs 77/- and saves you 10/6.



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(A DIVISION OF CHARLES McDONALD HEAD (JOHNSON) PTY. LTD.)
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The most convenient way to control weight. Simply open, pour and drink, at home or at work.

Continued from page 39

year, because in the interval they are teaching the young of the last litter to hunt and become independent.

Could Elsa have returned more quickly than we expected to breeding condition because of the food we had supplied? Certainly at seven and a half months the cubs could have survived on a meat diet, and obviously she could not know that we were only staying on so as to treat her wounds and help her to get fit and able to teach her cubs hunting.

At about nine that evening Elsa and the cubs came from the river and settled themselves in front of my tent and demanded their supper. As the remains of the meat were still by the gardenia bush, I called to Makedde and the Toto and asked them to come and help me drag it in. I collected a pressure lamp and we went down the narrow path which we had cut through the dense bush from the camp to the river.

Makedde, armed with a stick and a hurricane lamp, went ahead, the Toto followed close behind, and, carrying my bright light, I brought up the rear. Silently we walked a few yards down the path. Then there was a terrific crash, out went Makedde's lamp, and a second later mine was smashed as a monstrous black mass hit me and knocked me over.

The next thing I knew was that Elsa was licking me. As soon as I could collect myself I sat up and called to the boys. A feeble groan came from the Toto, who was lying close to me holding his head, then he got up shakily, stammering, "Buffalo, buffalo."

At this moment we heard Makedde's voice coming from the direction of the kitchen; he was yelling that he was all right. As we pulled ourselves together the Toto told me that he had seen Makedde suddenly jump to the side of the path, and hit out with his stick at a buffalo. The next moment the Toto had been knocked over, and then I had been overrun.

What had happened when Elsa and the buffalo met face to face none of us will ever know. Luckily the Toto had no worse injury than a bump on his head, caused by falling against a fallen palm trunk. I felt blood running down my arms and thighs, and was in some pain, but I wanted to get home before examining my wounds. This incident certainly belied the popular belief that a lion, however tame, becomes savage at the scent or taste of blood.

"Grand little wild lion"

Elsa, who had obviously come to protect us from the buffalo, seemed to realise that we were hurt, and was most gentle and affectionate.

By the beginning of August, Elsa had become increasingly co-operative, but her son Jespah did not follow her example; every day he became more obstreperous. For instance, Elsa never interfered with our flock of goats, but Jespah now took too much interest in them.

One evening when Nuru was herding them toward my truck, he made a beeline for them, rushed through the kitchen, passed within a few inches of the devout Ibrahim, who was kneeling on his mat absorbed in his evening prayers, dodged between the water containers and round the open fire and arrived at the truck just as the goats were about to enter it.

There was no doubt as to his intentions, so I ran and grabbed a stick, and, holding it in front of him, shouted, "No, no," in my most commanding voice.

Jespah looked puzzled, sniffed the stick and began spanking it playfully, which gave Nuru time to lift the goats into the truck. Then Jespah walked back with me to Elsa, who had been watching the game. Often she helped me to control him, either by adding a cuffing to my "noes" or by placing herself between the two of us. But I wondered how long it would be before, even with her support, my commands and my sticks failed to have any effect.

Jespah was so full of life and curiosity and fun; he was a grand little wild lion, and a very fast-growing one, too, and it was high time that we left him and his brother and sister to live a natural life. While I was thinking this he was chasing after the other cubs, and in doing so tipped the water bowl over Elsa, giving her a drenching. He got a clout for his pains and then she squashed him under her heavy, dripping body.

It was a funny sight and we laughed, but this was tactless and offended Elsa, who, after giving us a disapproving look, walked off, followed by her two well-behaved cubs. Later she jumped on the roof of my Land-Rover and I went to make friends again and apologise.

The moon was full and in the sky the stars sparkled brilliantly, and Elsa, her great eyes nearly black, owing to her widely dilated pupils, looked down at me with a serious expression as though saying: "You spoil my lesson." For a long time I remained with her, stroking her soft, silky head.

George had now joined me and brought the anti-poaching team with him. This consists of a sergeant, a lorry driver, and game scouts, all Africans. The team is sent wherever its services are most needed and therefore operates all over the North Frontier District. The first thing George wanted them to do was to find some man belonging to the tribe on the far side of the river who would be willing to supply information about the poachers and any other illegal activities which might endanger the lives of wild animals.

A most effective bush telegraph operates throughout the N.F.D., based on the services of "informers," who so far from feeling ashamed of their profession have come to regard themselves almost as auxiliaries of the Game Department. Indeed, informing is an accepted practice and without informers it would be impossible to control poaching over such a vast area.



Penfolds Mantillo
Flor Sherry
Full, soft wine
with medium
dry-sweet flavour.



~~~~~TIMES~~~~~



~~~~~CHANGE~~~~~



Penfolds Mantilla
Cream Sherry
Light, sweet wine,
deliciously smooth
and creamy.



~~~~~BUT~~~~~

Penfolds  
SHERRIES

~~~~~ARE ALWAYS IN GOOD TASTE~~~~~


"I had never seen Elsa in such pain"

The informer is well rewarded for accurate information, because he incurs great risks.

Yet, in spite of the services of these informers, poaching is difficult to put down, firstly because the culprits, far from being deterred by the prison sentence, rather welcome being provided with food, clothing, and shelter in return for work which makes a break in the monotony of tribal life; secondly, because being recognised as a poacher is regarded as a proof of an enterprising and plucky nature.

Now the anti-poaching team was established we had every intention of leaving Elsa and her family to look after themselves. Her wounds were more or less healed and we wanted the lions to lead a natural life.

But when the scouts returned we found that we had to change our plans. They brought in some prisoners and an informer told George that the poachers had determined to kill Elsa with poisoned arrows as soon as we left the camp.

We realised that as the drought increased, so would the poachers' activities, and however efficient the anti-poaching team might be it would be impossible for them to prevent Elsa, if unfed by us, from hunting farther afield and risking an encounter with the tribesmen.

Lions in bed—funny sight

Obviously, if we stayed on, the cubs' education in wild life would be delayed and they would probably get spoilt, but it was better to face this than risk a tragedy.

One evening the tsetse flies were particularly active, and Elsa and her two sons rolled on their backs inside my tent trying to squash their tormentors. In doing so they knocked down two campbeds which were propped up against the wall.

Elsa lay down on one of them and Jeshpah on the other, while Gopa had to be content with the groundsheet. The sight of two lions killing in bed, while far from our ideal picture of Elsa's family returned to a wild life, was comic enough.

Only Little Elsa stayed outside: she was as wild as ever and nothing would induce her to enter the tent, so she at least appeared my conscience.

One afternoon when we were on the riverbank with Elsa and her cubs I had a good chance of examining her wounds, and I found that although I had given her plenty of sulphamamide they had not yet healed.

During the next days she came into camp every afternoon and I dressed the wounds.

When she was better, she and the cubs came along the river with us on a "croc" hunt. Then we had another example of the way in which she could apparently order the cubs to stay put and be implicitly obeyed.

She scented a buck and stalked it unsuccessfully; meanwhile the cubs remained as still as though they had been frozen to the ground and there was never a question of their interfering with her hunt, though later they were lively enough splashing in the water and climbing trees. This they achieved by hooking their claws into the bark and pulling themselves up; sometimes they got as high as ten feet above the ground.

THERE was truly a "Garden of Eden" atmosphere about life around the precincts of the camp, for the animals who shared this territory with us had got so used to our presence that they often came very close without showing alarm.

There was the bush buck ram who came every day while we were having our lunch for his drink in the river opposite the studio. He browsed not only the greenery off the bushes but also a quantity of dried leaves off the ground, and sometimes he spent as long as an hour within sight of us and remained unconcerned even when we talked or moved about.

Then there was the water buck family, consisting of two males, three does, and three youngsters, who, when they were together, would allow us to come quite close, but were much shyer if we came upon one of them when it had got separated from the herd.

The baboons were, of course, our oldest friends. Indeed, we had lived side by side for so long that we no longer paid any attention to each other unless something unusual happened. At this season the drought was so great that they started digging up the juicy roots of the reeds which grew on the rocks in the river.

One old male was the pioneer in this enterprise. He took possession of a boulder on which a lot of reeds grew. He pulled up these and then began to dig energetically for their roots, often kneeling down to bite them off. Sometimes he had to knead the hard soil between his hands until it was loose enough for the roots to come out. Then he carefully peeled off their outer skins and stuffed them into his mouth. He was so accustomed to seeing us that when I filmed or sketched him from a distance of about twenty yards he scarcely bothered to glance at me.

I spent three days sketching the baboons. When they had scratched their little island to rock level they abandoned it and went down river to some rocks close to a sandbank. Nearby lived a crocodile, which I knew well and had often unsuccessfully tried to shoot. Now I saw him stretched out to his full length of about eight feet only a short distance from the baboons.

I got my rifle and stalked him, but just as I came within range the baboons gave the alarm, and when next day the same thing happened I began to wonder whether they were acting as lookouts.

Many birds are used by animals as sentinels, and the giraffe often acts as a watchtower for zebra and antelope, but I was surprised that baboons, whose young are so easy a prey to crocodile, should help a "croc."

A crocodile has as good a right to his life as any other beast, but he endangers the existence of all creatures in his neighbourhood.

Birds were as much a part of camp life as beasts. A pair of hammerkop storks whom we had known for many months were frequent visitors to the studio. They lived close by and daily we used to see their top-heavy heads bobbing into the muddy pools left during the drought by the diminished river.

There was also a splendid pair of Hadada ibis, whose long wailing call had become a motif in our life. A less tame

RELAXING during one of their many fishing expeditions together are Elsa and George Adamson, the author's husband.



visitor was a large picturesque Goliath heron, who frequented the rapids.

I never tired of watching all these creatures and every day brought its surprises.

Even now, as I am typing these words, a troop of some fifty baboons is pacing along the bank opposite me. In the middle of them are three bush buck, a ram, a doe, and their fawn. They seem to have joined the troop for safety and are not in the least concerned when a baboon brushes past them.

No scene could be more peaceful or farther removed from the generally accepted picture of baboons tearing small animals to pieces. I thought that, if it were not threatened by the poachers, wild life here would be ideal, for even the fierce lioness is much less of a danger to Elsa than these men. In any case, she is a natural part of bush life; so are feuds between lions.

That evening Ibrahim arrived with a new lion-proof Land-Rover I had recently ordered. He also brought the mail, and I settled down to read an article about Elsa in the "Illustrated London News." She was described as a world-famous animal. This was gratifying, but at the moment poor Elsa was tilting her head in great pain.

When she joined us in the studio next day she was still very distressed, not that this prevented her from disciplining Jeshpah with a series of well-aimed clouts when, intrigued by the clatter of my typewriter, he teased me.

Poor Jeshpah, he still had a lot to learn, not about the wild life which is his, but about the strange world which is ours and which he showed so great a wish to investigate. One night, for instance, I heard him apparently very "busy" in George's tent. How "busy" I only discovered next morning when I noticed that my field-glasses were missing.

Plans for a film

Eventually, I found bits of their leather case in the bush below the tent. They bore the imprint of Jeshpah's milk teeth. Close by lay the glasses, and luckily, by some miracle, the lenses were intact. Yes, there was no doubt that Jeshpah could be a nuisance, but he was irresistible and one couldn't be cross with him for long.

At eight months he had now lost his baby fluff, but his coat was as soft as a rabbit's. He had begun to imitate his mother and to wish to be treated by us as she was. Sometimes he would come and lie under my hand, evidently expecting to be patted, and, though it was against my principles, I occasionally did so.

He often wanted to play with me, but though his intentions were entirely friendly I never felt sure that he might not bite or scratch me as he would his own family. He was not like Elsa, who controlled her strength on such occasions, for he was much closer to a wild lion.

We were both very interested in observing the different relationships which Elsa's cubs were developing toward us. Jeshpah, prompted by an insatiable curiosity, had overcome his earlier inhibitions, mixed with us and was most friendly, but allowed no familiarities.

Gopa quite often made use of the tent when the tsetse were most active, and it was on these occasions that I noticed how jealous he was. For instance, if I sat near Elsa he would look long and scrutinisingly into my eyes with an expression of disapproval and made it extremely plain that she was his "Mum" and that he would prefer me to leave her alone.

One evening I was sitting at the entrance of the tent while he was in the annexe at the far end and Elsa lay between us watching both of us. When Gopa started chewing at the tent canvas I said as firmly as I could, "No, no." To my surprise he snarled at me, but stopped chewing. A little later he took up the canvas again, and though my No was answered with another snarl he again stopped.

So far all the cubs responded when we said no, although we had never enforced our prohibition with a stick or anything else which could frighten them.

For some time we had been corresponding with David Attenborough about making a film of Elsa and her cubs for the B.B.C.

He and Jeff Mulligan were coming from London and we were to collect them from the nearest airstrip on September 13.

We had had previous suggestions for filming her, but these we had refused, fearing that the arrival of a large film unit might upset her. The coming of only two people was much less worrying, but even they would need constant protection.

We hoped to provide for their safety at night by making one sleep in my lion-proof Land-Rover, which was driven into a large thorn enclosure; our other guest's sleeping quarters were to be a tent rigged up on a lorry, which also stood in the enclosure. Another tent would serve as dressing-room, bathroom, laboratory, and equipment store.

The night before their arrival, soon after we had gone to bed, we heard a lion roaring upstream and observed that Elsa at once left the camp. Next morning George called me early to his tent and there I saw Elsa in a terrible state, her head, chest, shoulders, and paws covered with deep, bleeding gashes. She appeared to be very weak, and when I knelt beside her to examine her wounds she only looked at me. We were very much surprised, for we had not heard any growls during the night and were quite unaware that a fight had taken place.

When I began to try to dress her wounds Elsa struggled to her feet and slowly dragged herself toward the river, obviously in great pain. I went at once to mix some M. and B. tablets with her food, hoping to counter the risk of sepsis in this way, since any external treatment was obviously going to hurt and irritate her. When all was ready I spent twenty minutes looking for her, but could find no trace of her.

Then I had to start off to meet our guests, leaving George to search for the missing cubs. It was the worst moment to have visitors, let alone film producers, and I feared that they might have no chance of doing any work. I greeted them with this depressing news and soon realised that we had been more than lucky in finding two such animal lovers as David and Jeff. We arrived in camp at lunchtime and found George, who had just returned from a fruitless search for the cubs. While our guests settled in I went to look for Elsa and found her under a thick bush near the studio. She was breathing very fast and lay quite still as I wished the flies off her wounds.

I went back to camp to get water and to mix the M. and B. tablets with her meat. When David saw my preparations he offered to help, and walked with me to the studio carrying the basin of water. I made him put it down a short distance from Elsa and then I took over.

Poor Elsa, I had never before seen her in so much pain. She made no effort to raise her head, and it was only when I lifted it that she began to drink; then she lapped for a long time. After that she ate the meat, but made it very plain that she did not want company, so we left her.

Since there was nothing more we could do for Elsa, George and I set out to look for the cubs on the other side of the river. We walked, shouting all the names by which we address Elsa and also calling Jeshpah. Finally, behind a bush, we caught sight of one cub, but as we approached it bolted. In order not to frighten it further we decided to go home and hope that the cubs would make their own way back to their mother.

Fierce lioness on prowl

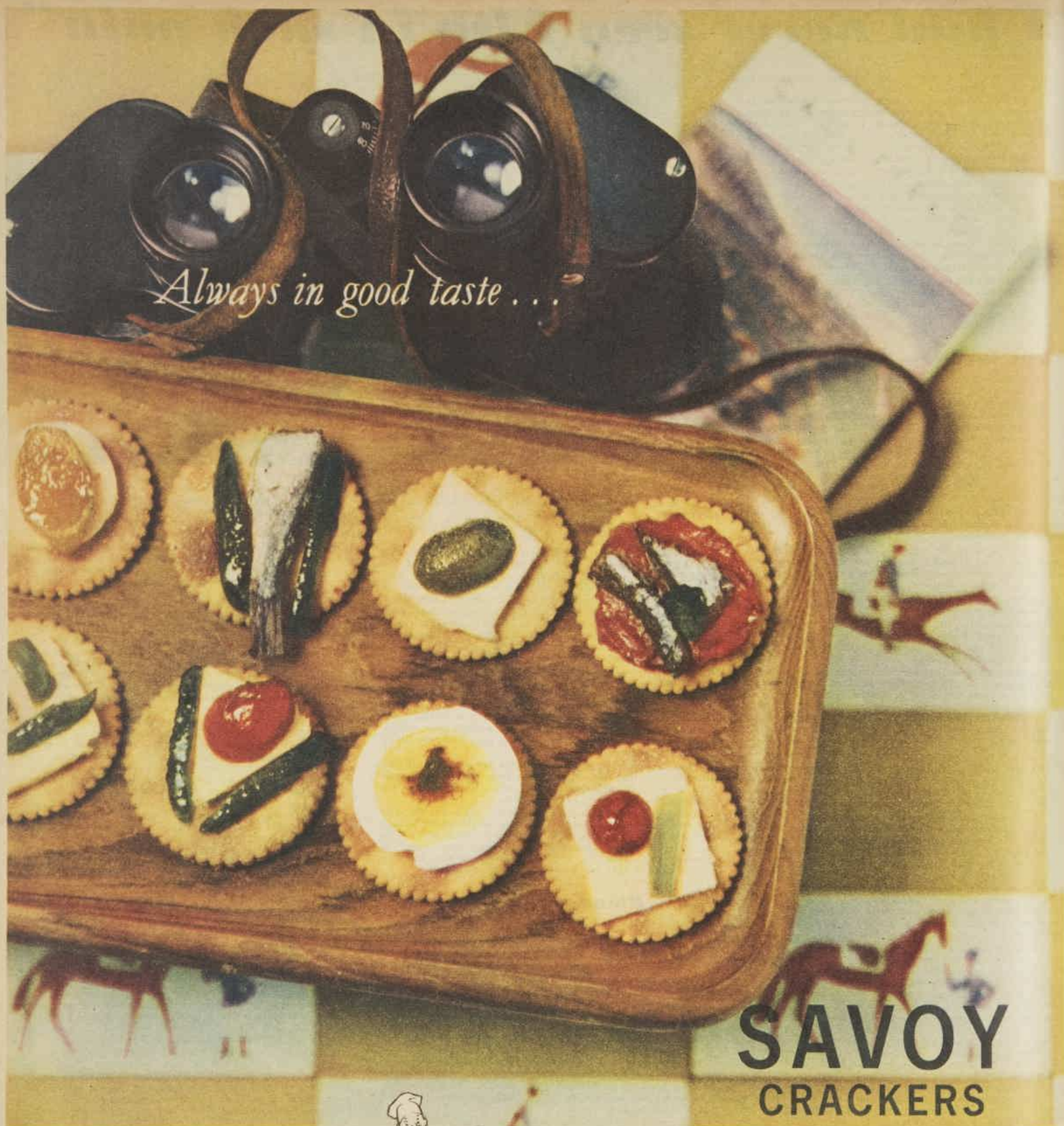
Jeshpah was the first to do so; about six in the evening he crossed the river and rushed up to Elsa; then we heard another cub miaowing from the far bank. Elsa heard it, too, and dragged herself to the riverbank and began calling to it. It was Gopa, and when he saw his mother he swam across.

I provided some meat, which the little lions devoured, but Elsa would not touch it. While Jeshpah and Gopa were eating we took our guests for a stroll along the river and were much surprised on our return to find Elsa on the roof of the Land-Rover, which was parked in front of our tents.

We had our drinks and our supper within a few yards of her, but she took no notice of us. We remained anxious about Little Elsa, until some time after we had gone to bed George spotted her coming into the camp.

Soon after midnight the family moved off, and a little later we heard the roars of the fierce lioness. During the following day Elsa kept away, and we knew why, for George saw the fierce lioness on the Big Rock. That night we again heard her roaring.

Continued on page 49



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"Elsa posed beautifully"

Continued from page 47

We were very worried about Elsa, so as soon as it was light George went upriver to try to find her, while I went in the opposite direction accompanied by Makedde, Nuru, and a game scout; we carried water with us in case we found her.

We picked up Elsa's spoor half a mile beyond the Border Rock, which was farther than we had ever known her to go. I began calling, and presently she came out from behind some rocks.

She reconnoitred the neighborhood to see whether all was safe, and then the cubs appeared. They were terribly thirsty. I could not pour the water out quickly enough, and I had some difficulty in avoiding getting scratched and in preventing the plastic water bowl from being torn out of my hands.

When we started for home and rejoined the boys, who had stayed behind, both Elsa and Jespah sniffed very suspiciously at the game scout. He followed my advice and stood absolutely rigid, but his face betrayed less ease than his action suggested.

Assuming that there would be no opportunity of filming the lions till late the next day, we spent the morning photographing hyrax on the rocks. We returned hot and exhausted to a belated lunch and then went down to the studio, where camp beds had been put out for us so that we could enjoy a siesta.

The beds were set out in a row; mine was on the outside, David's in the middle, and George's beyond his. Jeff was some way off loading the cameras.

Soon I fell asleep, but woke up very suddenly to find a wet Elsa sitting on top of me, licking me affectionately and keeping me a prisoner under her immense weight; simultaneously, David took a leap over George and went to join Jeff. Between them they quickly got the cameras working. Elsa made a bound on to George, greeted him affectionately, and then walked in a most dignified manner up to the tents and settled herself inside one of them.

She completely ignored the presence of our guests and behaved in the same way later in the evening when we were having our drinks. She had been inside a tent with Jespah, and, coming out, passed within six inches of Jeff's feet but did not take the slightest notice of him; so far as she was concerned he might not have been there.

Next morning we followed her spoor and found her sleeping halfway up the Whuffing Rock. As we did not wish to disturb her we went home and only came back after tea. This time we took with us a sufficient number of cameras to take films from every angle.

"Nervous of Africans"

We were very lucky, for she and the cubs could not have been more obliging and posed beautifully on the saddle of the rock. Finally, Elsa came down, and this time she greeted all of us, including David and Jeff, by rubbing her head gently against our knees. She stayed with us until it got dark and we went back to camp, but the cubs, possibly made nervous by the presence of strangers, stayed on the rock.

Although Elsa had not seemed upset by being filmed, I wondered whether she would come for her evening meal. Lately, if even one of her favorite boys was visible, she had kept away from the camp. I need not have worried; just as I was going to explain to our guests that she might very well not turn up, I was nearly knocked over by her stormy greeting. The fact that she appeared confirmed my impression that while she had become much more nervous of Africans she did not seem in the least suspicious of Europeans.

On the following afternoon we again filmed Elsa on the rock and had further proof of her friendliness toward David and Jeff: this time she brought the cubs to play with us. I was most interested to observe that Jespah reacted just as

Elsa used to when she was a cub; he knew at once whether someone liked him, felt a bit nervous of him, or was really frightened, and treated him accordingly.

David, I am sorry to say, he singled out for stalking and ambushing, and most of his time was spent trying to dodge Jespah. It was a great pity it was too dark to get a film of this game.

On their last evening our guests said good-bye to Elsa while she was sitting on the Land-Rover; they shook her paw and I felt that she had become more to them than a mere film attraction. I was most grateful to both David and Jeff for all the tact and kindness they had shown while making their film.

One morning in the last week of September a tribesman came to ask for help in chasing away two lions which had killed a water buck near his home. I sent out two scouts with him. So far as they could discover from examining the spoor, the lions had spent one night at their kill and had afterwards gone ten miles away to a hill which was their usual lair.

White socks "send" Jespah

I was rather pleased to know that the tribesmen should be aware that there were other lions in the neighborhood as well as Elsa so that they would not necessarily blame her if any of their livestock were attacked.

Billy Collins, the London publisher, and I wished to discuss the sequel to "Born Free," my earlier book about Elsa.

I went to Nairobi to meet him, and on our drive back was happy to find that he did not seem to have developed any resentment against Elsa or fear of her in spite of her peculiar behaviour toward him during his last visit. I had hoped to arrive in camp before she turned up, but, in fact, we did not get in till supper-time and found the family in front of the tents eating. I was a little apprehensive, but Elsa welcomed us both in the most friendly fashion and then returned to her dinner. We spent the rest of the evening within a few yards of her, but she paid no attention to us.

George told us that during the nights of October 7 and 8 a lion had roared close to the camp. That night as soon as we had gone to bed Elsa left the camp, perhaps to join him.

It was very hot indeed and the bush was depressingly dry,

so that even the studio, which is usually cool, was oppressive when we went there next morning and started our work. Although we were much distracted by baboons, antelopes, and various birds, we achieved a lot, and it was not till after tea that we went to look for Elsa. We did not find her on our way out, but as we were returning to camp along a little game path I suddenly felt her and Jespah rubbing themselves against my legs.

Elsa treated Billy just as she did us, but Jespah was greatly intrigued by his white socks and tennis shoes. Crouching low and hiding behind every available tuft, he prepared to ambush him, but we intervened, so eventually he became disgusted at being thwarted and went off and joined the other cubs. Elsa spent the evening on the roof of the Land-Rover.

Next morning she woke me up by licking me through my torn mosquito net. How had she got into my tent? I was worried in case she might also have tried to visit Billy, and shouted to him. He replied that Elsa had only just left him. At this moment the Toto arrived with my morning tea.

Seeing him, Elsa stepped slowly off my bed and moved to the wicker gate of the thorn enclosure. There she waited until the Toto pushed it aside for her, then she walked out sedately, collected the cubs, and they trotted off toward the big rocks.

I dressed quickly and went with some apprehension to find out how Billy had fared. When I saw him grinning at me from inside the wired sleeper I felt better. He told me that Elsa had squeezed her way through the wicker gate of his enclosure, which we had barricaded with thorn, and had then jumped on to the Land-Rover. Only when she realised that she couldn't get at him had she gone off to visit me.

She had never paid the slightest attention to David Attenborough or to Jeff, who had slept in the same position. The only people whose beds she insisted on sharing were George's and mine, so I interpreted her behaviour toward Billy as a great compliment. I don't know whether he felt the same about it.

NEXT WEEK: Elsa's story concludes—and all the cubs turn wild.

(From "Living Free," by Joy Adamson, published by Collins and Harvill Press, London.)



FAST-GROWING cubs sometimes spent up to 24 hours in the Adamsons' camp. The Adamsons didn't want to tame the cubs—but they didn't want three hostile lions about, either. It was a problem to consider.

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Out of my hands...

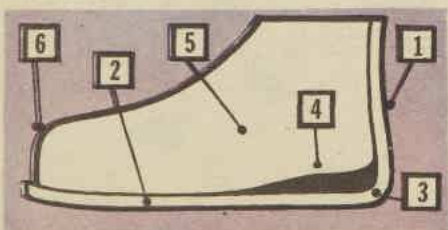
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JJ21

Seen in the bush

AUSTRALIAN

NATURE



ABOVE: A Potoroo (*Potorous tridactylus*) in a cave. This is one of the many smallish marsupials (pouch-bearers). Picture was taken by Mr. John Bain, of Lindisfarne, Tas.



RIGHT: Short-nosed Bandicoot (*Isoodon macrourus*), shown here with babies, digs for and feeds mainly on subterranean insect larvae. Picture by Mr. R. W. Nicol, of Brisbane.

● These animals vary in habitat. The Short-nosed Bandicoot is plentiful in coastal Queensland, often in the canefields. The Potoroo is now more frequent in Tasmania than it is on the mainland. The Swamp Wallaby's favorite haunts are the damp scrubby gullies and swamps of east and south-east.



LEFT: Swamp Wallaby (*Wallabia bicolor*) can bound through swamps and thickets at surprising speed. Distinguishing features are the heavy build, stout blackish tail, and shaggy coat. Picture by Mr. N. Chaffer, of Roseville, N.S.W.

*Just released
for your Christmas
Feast*



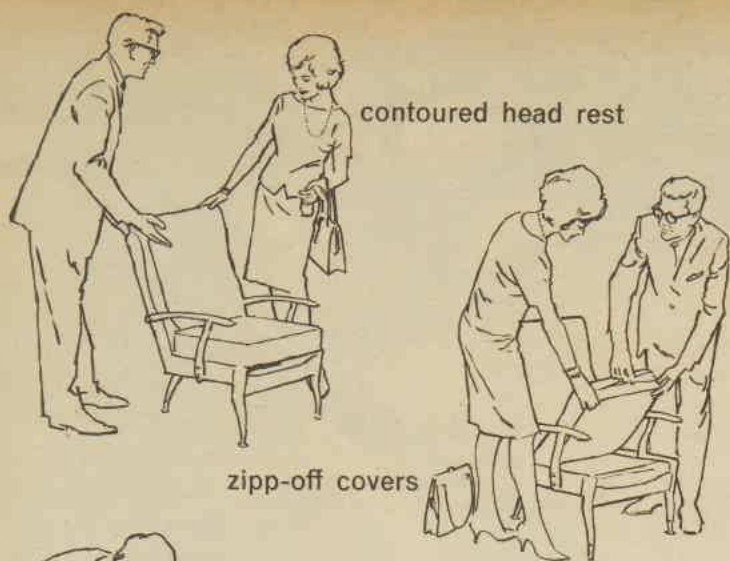
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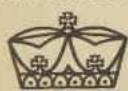
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W6/61

PARENTS' VISITS

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Little Wayne Spon beamed at his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Spon, from his cot in the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children in Camperdown, Sydney. He was only five months old and the daily visits of his parents were the highlights of his young life.

WHEN I visited the hospital Wayne had been a patient for five days and on every one of those days his father had travelled from Toukley and back — a distance of about 140 miles — to see his son.

The Royal Alexandra and the Royal Children's Hospital in Melbourne are two of the few hospitals which allow parents unrestricted daily visiting, and neither Mrs. Diane Spon nor her husband wanted to miss daily contact with little Wayne.

Mr. Spon came to Sydney after finishing work in a power station and either returned to Toukley the same night or stayed overnight and started back at 4 a.m. in time for work.

His wife and their other son, three-year-old Gary, planned to stay in Sydney until Wayne was well.

I met Mr. and Mrs. Spon at midday when he had made a special journey to the hospital to discuss Wayne's case with doctors.

"It's a good thing being able to come in any time, especially when you're worried about a sick child," said Mr. Spon.

"I don't mind how much I travel as long as I can see him."

Authorities at both hospitals believe that unrestricted visiting by parents should be introduced into all children's hospitals.

Among their reasons for thinking so are:

- That most children, but especially babies, recover more quickly when parents come in every day. They are happier, more secure in their relationships, and more co-operative.
- That the nursing staff welcomes the more frequent and closer contact with parents, which gives them an opportunity to discuss the patient's case.
- That parents can often be helpful in feeding the child, often saving much of the time of nurses who could be doing other important skilled jobs.
- That the constant visits enable the parents to see just how much is done for their children and how hard the nurses' load can be.

The hospitals have allowed almost unrestricted visiting since 1954 and over the years have gradually relaxed the rules until today parents can go in any time to a public ward.

"Open go" for parents

It is not absolutely necessary at the Alexandra, but it does help in the organisation of a patient's routine if the parents tell the ward sister when they propose to come again.

At the Royal Children's in Melbourne, the only restrictions placed on visiting hours are during rest periods and, as the hospital is a teaching one, during medical students' rounds. Otherwise parents have an open go.



● Mrs. Marie Jarman, living in Newcastle, stayed in Sydney while her son Philip was in hospital in order to visit him every day, as allowed by the hospital authorities, who say the visits help.

TO HOSPITAL HELP SICK CHILDREN



● Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Spon visited their son Wayne every day when he was in hospital recently.

Many of the "old guard" in children's hospitals have held — and many do still maintain — the view that daily visiting upsets the child and upsets the hospital routine.

However, none of the nurses or sisters at the Alexandra any longer hold this view.

As the superintendent explained: "It is just a matter of organisation. Routine certainly is not interrupted here. Anyway, the child definitely benefits, and that is the most important thing."

"Only parents are allowed to come in any time. General visiting by other relatives and friends is still restricted to Sunday afternoon."

"However, we did strike one small problem under the new regime. That was with the child who doesn't get a daily visitor."

"About 20 per cent. of the children in here come from the country and it is simply not possible for their parents to make daily visits."

"Some of these children would get upset or restless to see the other children in wards being visited by parents."

"So we try to supply 'substitute' parents on

visiting days. Perhaps a grandparent, a close relative, or a friend of the child who 'stands in,' or we even get a stranger to come in and talk and comfort the child."

A ward sister told me: "Our visitors during the day are not always mothers. It's surprising how many fathers manage to take time off from work somehow to come in."

Both hospitals are now in the process of taking another big step forward in dealing with the psychological as well as the medical welfare of sick children, providing facilities for mothers of very sick children to live in.

The Royal Alexandra has already widened its "live-in" system for mothers, and in the new wing, to be completed soon, there will be accommodation for 16 children—and for three mothers to live in.

There has always been limited accommodation, both at the Royal Alexandra and at the Royal Children's, for mothers who are breast-feeding babies.

But the new accommodation at Alexandra provides for three completely self-contained units where the mother will live in completely with the child. There will be a private bedroom for the mother, fully equipped with washing and toilet facilities, and a shower.

"Live-in" system

During the day she will share a sitting-room with the other two mothers.

When the authorities are able to build new wards or modernise existing ones they hope to provide similar living-in facilities for some mothers in every ward unit.

"Mothers who live in will be chosen on medical grounds," said the superintendent, "where it is desirable for the mother and very sick child to be kept together."

More than ten years ago the Royal Children's Hospital in Melbourne widened its living-in system for mothers to include those living at a long distance from the hospital.

At present there is a charge of 4/6 a day for such mothers, which includes all amenities but not meals. These are obtained at the hospital canteen at reasonable charges.

Since the introduction of the scheme the rate of discharge of patients has been accelerated . . . at present the average bed-stay at the hospital is 9.1 days.

When the new Royal Children's Hospital is opened in Parkville, Melbourne, in mid-1963 it will have what is hoped will be the perfect set-up.

A link between two wings, each with 27 beds, will house a complete unit for living-in mothers with 12 beds, a sitting-room, and full amenities—including a laundry—and with canteen services available.

In the patients' wings there will be a waiting-room for parents with a playground adjoining where they may play with their children. There is also to be a blocked-off area for distressed parents.

The wings are to be divided into six-bed units with glass partitions so that anxious parents may see their children from the waiting-room even if at that particular moment they cannot be with them.

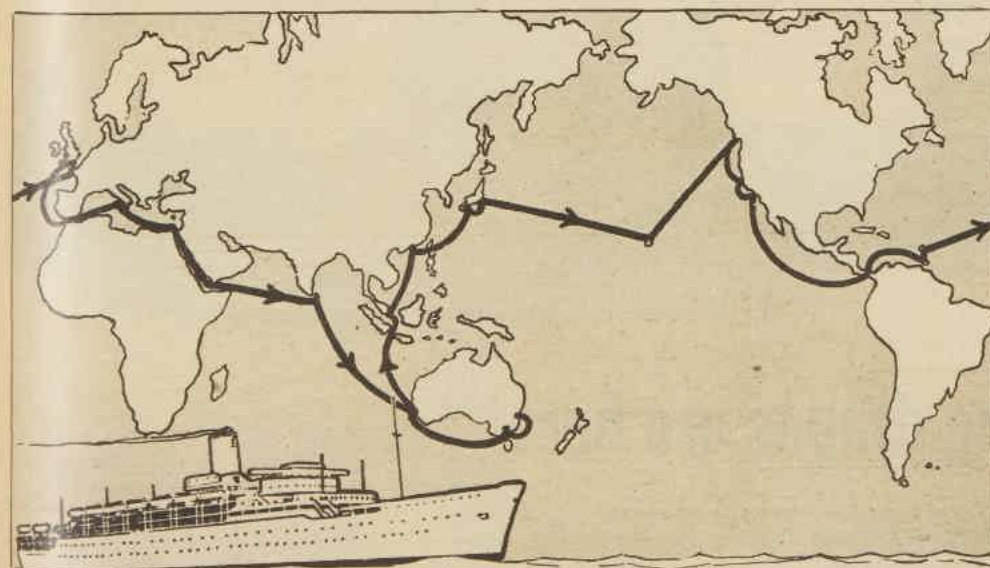
Of the 27 beds on each side three will be single units for special treatment where the mother will be able to sleep in the room with her baby.

Each will have a bathroom attached, while nearby will be full hostel facilities for the living-in mothers.



● Mrs. Marie Campbell, of Eastwood, a Sydney suburb, came each lunch-hour to read to her son Edward, in hospital at the age of six. All pictures were taken at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney, where parents are allowed daily visits.

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Burlington ready-to-hang drapes

Fully guaranteed by Burlington House

Prices slightly higher in country areas.

Hints for housewives

● These hints sent in by readers will help to save time and trouble in your daily household round. Each one wins £1/1/- prize.

COVER poached eggs with a cheese or parsley sauce and breadcrumbs, dot with butter, and brown quickly under the griller for variation when cooking breakfast. — Mrs. M. Brett, 5/19 Boronia Street, Kensington.

To clean a plastic shower curtain, lay it on concrete, hose lightly, and sprinkle with

a detergent. Scrub with a long-handled broom, rinse, and hang to drip-dry. — P. Salmon, 24 Tottenham Street, Balgowlah.

Place a small piece of frozen perfume or toilet deodorant in the dust-bag of the vacuum-cleaner to perfume the whole room pleasantly. — Mrs. A. Langdon, 28 Amiens Street, Gladesville.

Put dampened, rolled-up clothes into a plastic bag and

place in the refrigerator. They will not dry out or mildew no matter how long they are left before being ironed. — Mrs. M. Gibbons, "Cloon," Narellan Road, Moss Vale.

Water potted maidenhair fern with cold tea to keep it beautifully green and healthy. — Mrs. L. M. Wilton, 75 Sproule Street, Lakemba.

Soak a piece of cotton-wool in peroxide and apply to blood-stains on men's collars when a spot occurs after shaving. Rub very lightly and the blood will disappear immediately. It saves changing an otherwise clean shirt. — Mrs. T. Thomson, 18 Wigram Road, Austinner.

Encase the base of hanging fern baskets in plastic — a piece the size of a rain hood is sufficient. It conserves moisture, thus ensuring better growth, and prevents constant dripping on to interior verandahs and patios. — Mrs. N. Rand, 14 Turner Street, Newcastle.

Sift a little icing-sugar over scones before putting in the oven for a sweet brown crust. — Mrs. N. Todd, 30 Chapel Street, Marrickville.

If you are going on holidays, put a small container with a few drops of oil of lavender in each room. This prevents any musty "shut-up" smell and discourages moths. — Mrs. A. J. Crawford, Alara, Congewoi, via Paxton.

When frying fish, sprinkle a little curry-powder into the pan to improve the flavor and color. — Miss A. Whitmore, 84 High Street, East Maitland.

A good way to keep bathroom mirrors from becoming misty with steam is to rub soap on the mirror, allow to dry for a couple of minutes, then rub off with a soft, dry cloth. — Miss M. Wearne, 8 Mulgray Avenue, Maroubra.

On wash day, hang socks on a wire coat-hanger with clip-on pegs. They are easily taken off the line and hung

in the laundry if not quite dry. Leave pegs on hanger ready for next time. — Mrs. M. McDonald, 23 Thompson Road, Revesby.

Before ironing a cloth with fringed edges, first run a comb through the fringe. — Mrs. E. M. Llewellyn, Flat 3, 36 Dangar Street, Armidale.

A good tip to remember when packing or storing away finely pleated skirts is to pull them through discarded nylon stockings with foot cut away. This ensures the pleats being kept in position. — Mrs. M. Tarlington, Camden Estate, Menangle.

When using two, or even four, strands of wool while knitting, thread each strand through a four-holed button. This prevents tangles and makes the knitting much easier. — Mrs. G. Robinson, 9 Adelaide Street, Bondi Junction.

Don't shell young peas but wash the pods well and drop into a pot of boiling salted water. As they boil, the pods will burst and come to the top, the peas going down to the bottom. Then skin the pods off the top. This is much quicker than shelling the peas, and the flavor is better. — Mrs. P. Stevens, Union Road, Penrith.

If you have a useful hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each one published.

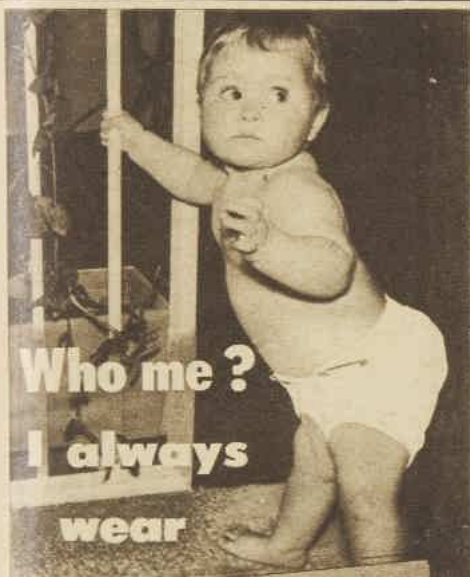
COLLECTORS' CORNER



● Our expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe answers a reader's question about a handsome antique chair in her possession.

COULD you give me some information about this chair I own, please? It is hand-carved in a heavy wood of dark toning and is upholstered in deep green velvet. — Mrs. C. W. Holm, Campbelltown, N.S.W.

Your chair (shown at left) is oak and is late 19th century. In England toward the close of the last century there was a vogue for oak furniture reproduced in the 17th-century manner (or Jacobean, as it is called).



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I always
wear

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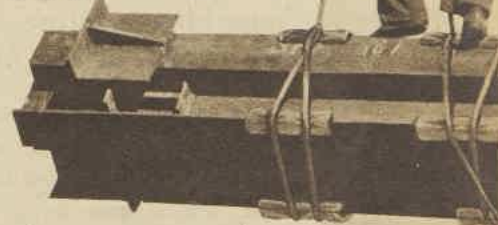
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WHEREVER YOU ARE

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HAPPY WANDERERS

GARDENING

Whether they sprawl or creep or spill or climb, there are many kinds of garden roamers and runabouts that help greatly to give form, color, and texture to the scene.



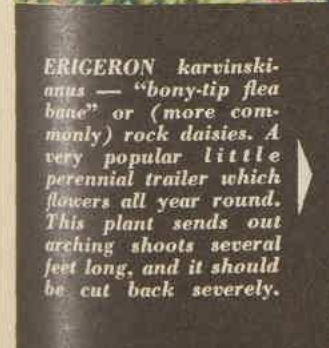
VERBENA venosa. This attractive violet-colored verbena with feathery leaves forms a looser, brighter mass than other types, and is easily grown from cuttings. Though a perennial, it is not very hardy and is liable to die during a severe winter.



CONVOLVULUS mauritanicus. A charming miniature Morning Glory with blue flowers which open in bright sun and close toward evening. This perennial is specially attractive on a bank or wall where it sends its long-flowering stems trailing down for many feet.



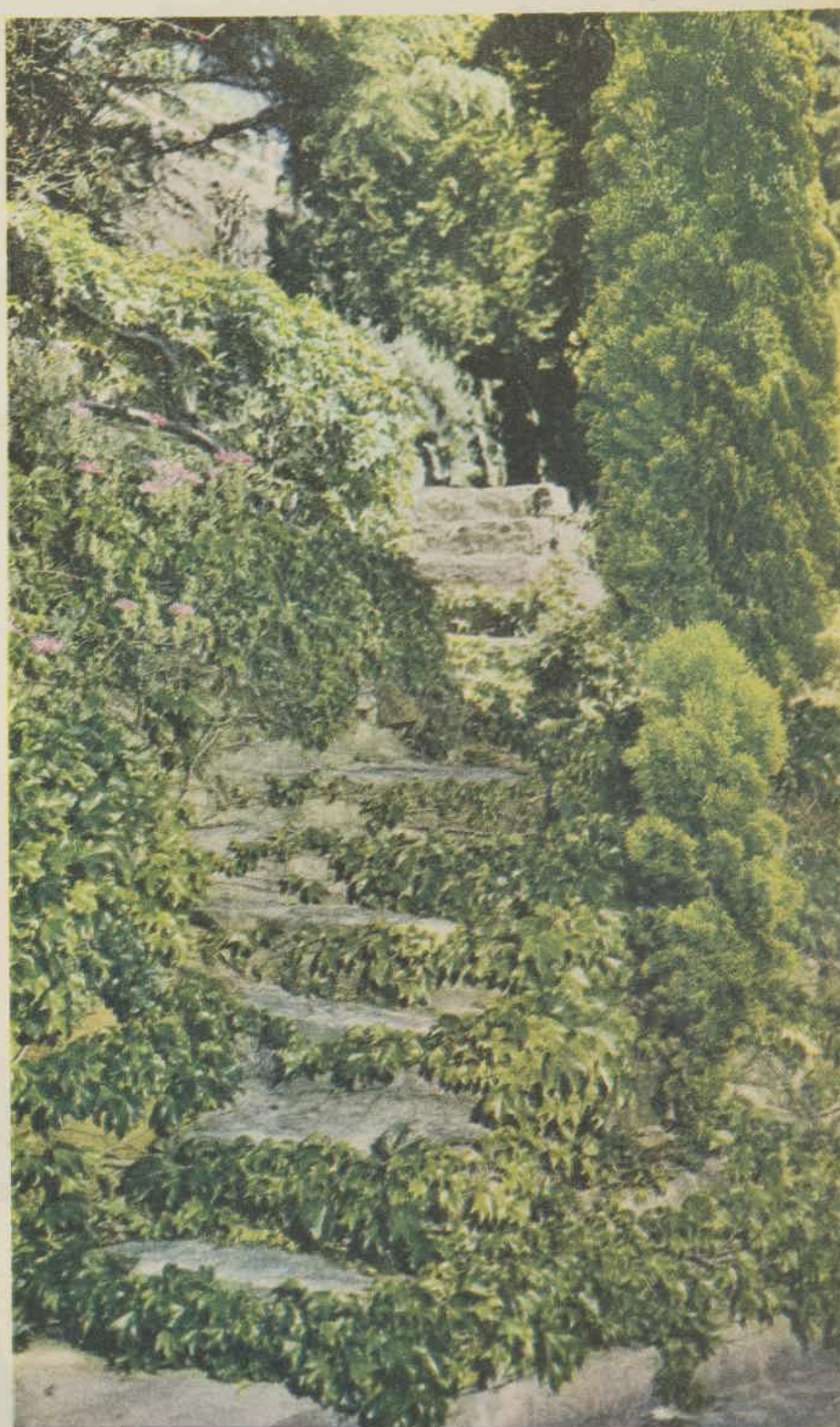
SCHIZOCENTRON procumbens ("trailing lasiandra" or "creeping fuchsia"). This is a dainty perennial from Mexico and likes a sunny position. Grows from root divisions and seeds readily. Covered in summer with brilliant red-violet flowers about an inch across.



ERIGERON karvinskianus — "bony-tip flea bone" or (more commonly) rock daisies. A very popular little perennial trailer which flowers all year round. This plant sends out arching shoots several feet long, and it should be cut back severely.



VIOLA odorata ("Coeur d'Alsace"). This cyclamen-pink, heavily perfumed creeping violet is perfect for shady rock crevices. It flowers so heavily that the leaves are almost hidden. Obtainable from mountain nurseries.



VIRGINIA CREEPER (*Ampelopsis velutina*) makes a cascade of green in Mrs. Arthur Davis' garden at Cammeray, N.S.W.

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Get Kraft Cheddar in the 8oz., 1lb. or family-size 2lb. packets. Also in 1oz. portions.



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KK303

Happy wanderers

Continued



BRILLIANT COLOR in a rockery border edging the lawn of Mrs. B. Levers' home at Avalon Beach, N.S.W. It's made up of low-growing *Mesembryanthemum chamberlainii* and purple verbena (*V. erinoides*). Both need a sunny position. The verbena can be propagated easily by pegging laterals.

● Some trailers and creepers are known best for their decorative foliage, but many are covered with flowers for exceptionally long periods, giving a dependable splash of color.

A FEW, including *Vinca major* and *minor*, the *convolvulus* family, and *Vittadinia triloba*, are inclined to get out of hand after a few years and need to be controlled by cutting back or drastic thinning out.

Among the most decorative trailers are the **MESEMBRYANTHEMUMS**, but remember when ordering these that many are of stiff, upright habit. The trailing varieties are fairly strong growers, used mainly for spilling over high walls or banks.

Those which trail only a yard or so include *M. chamberlainii* (bronze flowers that turn violet-cerise as they age), *M. violacea* also sprawls. Its rich purple blooms are abundant in winter and early spring.

The variety *Dorothy Russell* has silvery mauve flowers and silvery foliage. A fine red variety with cream centres is also obtainable, and another has rich marigold-colored blooms in spring.

GARDENING

VERBENAS are famed for their lasting bloom and fragrance. Two of the perennial types are *Verbena chamaedrifolia* (medium-sized heads of brilliant scarlet), and *V. erinoides* (deep purple striped with white). Both sprawl well and are suitable for rockery edges or banks.

The common **VIOLET** (*Viola odorata*) spreads widely in a few years, but is not a trailing plant in the true sense. It does best in semi-shade where the soil is acid.

The New Zealand trailing **FUCHSIA procumbens** is a low-growing creeper suitable for shady rockeries or basket-culture. It also does well in troughs in bushhouses. The yellow and green flowers are followed by red berries. It blooms in spring. This plant deserves greater recognition as it's a lovely species.

For a dry bank or rocky spot where "nothing will thrive," try **ARABIS alpina** and give the phrase the lie. It has a profusion of tiny white flowers in spring and grows to about 9in. in height.

CERASTIUM tomentosum prefers a sunny rockery. There it quickly spreads into a dense mat of silvery foliage and produces innumerable tiny white flowers. It will bloom through spring and summer if regularly watered.

CONVOLVULUS mauretanicus is one of the few of this family that are true trailing plants and not vigorous climbers. It produces masses of blue flowers for months. Save some seed pods occasionally, as this variety often dies after a couple of years in the open garden.

COTULA haastii is a prostrate plant with feathery leaves. It does well in crevices of crazy paving or on the edges of rockeries.

AUBRIETIAS, although very vigorous sprawlers or trailers, make fine rockery-edge plants after a few years. They grow densely and should be trimmed regularly to curb their long trailing laterals. There are several colors—purplish-crimson, mauve-pink, brilliant purple, and pink. They do best in cool climates or in shady positions in warm areas.

SCHIZOCENTRON procumbens is better known as *Heeria elegans* (for which many people may be thankful). This is a distant relative of the *lasiantha*. There is another climbing variety

known as *Tibouchina laxa*, which has violet-purple flowers in winter. This is suitable for making attractive pillars—it is a weak climber.

LOTUS peltorhynchus is a handsome trailer with silvery-green foliage and brick-red, pea-shaped flowers. It does well for covering banks, or spilling over walls, or covering rocks or boulders. Blooms during spring and summer.

OENOTHERA rosea is a delightful subject for covering rugged rockeries. The growth is prostrate, and the flowers are large and pink, and most attractive. They appear in spring and summer. This plant is liable to sucker and should be set out where it can be controlled.

SILENE maritima is a spreading plant that produces white flowers most of the year. It self-sows freely and once introduced is always in the garden. Does best in a sunny position.

VIRGINIA CREEPER (*Ampelopsis veitchii*) is a vigorous climber often used for house-wall decoration, smothering old buildings, covering fences, or brightening up pergolas. The foliage colors well in autumn. A small-growing variety, *A. lowii*, is suitable for hanging baskets or for decorating pillars or low walls.

—Reg Edwards.



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BIX**

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SERVE THESE FOR SUPPER

● During the next few weeks there will be many occasions when families and friends will gather for a pre-Christmas evening party. This feature gives ideas for food and drinks which will help to make any supper party a success.

MOST of the recipes in this feature are for savory dishes, but for those who like sweet foods we include a few cakes and biscuits. There are also recipes for dishes which will store well—thus catering for the unexpected guests who drop in during the summer months.

The recipes, unless stated otherwise, are sufficient to serve 10 to 12 people. All spoon measurements are level and the standard 8 liquid ounce cup measure is used.

TROPICAL SAUSAGES

Two pounds chipolata sausages, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 large tin pineapple pieces (drained), parsley.

Fry chipolata sausages in hot fat until browned and cooked through, turning frequently; drain and allow to cool. Place sausage and piece of pineapple together on skewers or small cocktail sticks, stand aside until just before serving time. Reheat in moderate oven, serve on hot platter, garnished with parsley.

DILL SQUARES

One loaf sliced bread, butter, 2 large dill pickles (if not available, use tinned cucumber slices or fresh cucumber slices soaked in lemon juice and sugar), 2 cups finely chopped corned beef (or any luncheon meat desired), $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fruit chutney, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce.

Cut crusts from bread slices, toast on both sides until nice golden brown color. Spread lightly with butter, top with slice of dill pickle or cucumber. Combine in basin the finely chopped meat, chutney, tomato sauce; mix until well blended. Place small mound of mixture on top of each savory. Grill under hot grill until piping hot.

MOCK PIZZAS

Two dozen square savory biscuits, 3 onions, (sliced thinly into rounds), 3 large tomatoes (skinned and sliced into rounds), salt, pepper, oregano, 1 packet cheese slices (cut in squares).

Place slice of onion and tomato on top of each savory biscuit. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, oregano, and top with cheese square. Just before serving, cook under hot grill until cheese melts and browns lightly or bake in moderate oven a few minutes. Serve piping hot.

SEAFOOD TREASURE

One pound bacon rashers, water, 4 onions (finely chopped), 2lb. tomatoes (skinned and chopped), salt, pepper, rosemary, 3lb. shelled prawns, buttered toast.

Cut rind from bacon rashers with kitchen scissors or sharp knife. Place in small saucepan, add some water to cover. Bring slowly to boil. Pour off water, chop bacon roughly. Saute bacon in frying-pan in its own fat until crisp; remove, drain on absorbent paper. Add onion to pan, saute lightly. Mix in chopped tomatoes and simmer, stirring occasionally, until pulpy. Season with salt, pepper, rosemary to taste. Fold in bacon and prawns, reheat. Serve in individual ramekin dishes with toast fingers.

SURPRISE CHEESE DISCS

One roll garlic-flavored processed cheese, 1 roll bacon-flavored processed cheese, 1 roll Swiss processed cheese, red cocktail onions, stuffed olives, gherkins, pretzels.

With small knife or apple corer, remove centre from cheese rolls, making sure not to break sides. Pack centres with various ingredients such as cocktail onions, olives, and gherkins. Wrap in aluminium foil or greaseproof paper, chill. Serve cut into diagonal slices on wooden platter. Surround with fancy pretzels.

A T T R A C T I V E
array of savory
buffet foods (at
right) includes
tropical saus-
ages, mock
pizzas, dill
squares, seafood
treasure, sur-
prise cheese
discs, avocado
velvet, crystal
drops and com-
pany ham dip.

ITALIAN meat
balls with spag-
hetti are always
a firm favorite
at buffet parties.
Provide a pile
of plates and
forks and let
your guests help
themselves.



CRYSTAL DROPS

One large tin devilled ham paste, 1 cup thick, sour cream, salt, pepper, dash tabasco sauce, 1 cup white grapes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. round, savory biscuits.

Spread thin layer of ham paste on each biscuit. Combine in bowl the sour cream, salt and pepper to taste, season with little tabasco. Spoon a little mixture on to each biscuit, top with a grape half.

COMPANY HAM DIP

One packet cream cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour cream, 1 tin mushrooms in sauce, 1 cup chopped, cooked ham, salt, pepper, chopped chives or parsley, various savory biscuits or bread sticks.

Cream cheese well, gradually add sour cream. Fold in contents of tin of mushrooms and chopped ham. Season to taste with salt, pepper. Pile into bowl, top with chopped chives or parsley. Serve with savory biscuits or bread sticks.

ITALIAN MEAT BALLS WITH SPAGHETTI

One and a half pounds of minced steak, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sausage mince, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread-crumbs, 1 egg, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons fat or oil, 2 cups tomato puree, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon tomato paste, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1lb. spaghetti, boiling salted water, chopped parsley.

Combine in basin the minced steak, sausage mince, garlic, onion, breadcrumbs, egg, salt and pepper; mix well. Mould into small balls with wetted hands. Heat fat or oil in large frying-pan, fry meat balls until browned all over. Drain off fat or oil and add tomato puree, vinegar, paste, oregano, Worcestershire sauce. Season with little salt and pepper. Cover and simmer 20 minutes. Meanwhile, cook spaghetti in boiling salted water 15 minutes, drain, and rinse in warm water. Pile into heated serving-dish, top with meat balls and sauce. Sprinkle with chopped parsley if desired.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY -- November 8, 1961



By

LEILA C.

HOWARD,

OUR

FOOD

AND

COOKERY

EXPERT

AVOCADO VELVET

Two ripe avocados, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 teaspoon oil, salt, pepper, 1 lb. cottage cheese, potato crisps or potato-flavored savory biscuits.

Skin avocados with stainless-steel knife; cut in half, remove seed. Place in small bowl, mash with fork. Season with lemon juice, oil, salt and pepper to taste, chill. Just before serving time, cream cottage cheese and gradually add the chilled avocado mixture. Taste and, if necessary, season. Spoon into chilled serving-bowl, surround with crisp potato chips. Guests dip their biscuits or crisps in this mixture.

OLIVE BITES

Two dozen stuffed olives (stuffed with either red pepper or anchovies), 4oz. cheddar cheese (grated), 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch dry mustard, 3oz. melted butter, 2 tablespoons milk, few drops tabasco sauce, parsley.

Sift together into bowl the flour, salt, and dry mustard. Mix into stiff dough with the melted butter, milk, tabasco, and cheese. Using teaspoon of dough for each, shape dough round olives, completely covering them. Arrange on greased oven-slide, bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

DE LUXE OYSTERS

Half pint cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar or lemon-juice, dash cayenne pepper, 2 bottles oysters (use smoked variety if desired), 2 dozen savory biscuits or bread rounds.

Whip cream until thick, fold in salt, pepper, Worcestershire and tomato sauces, cayenne, and vinegar or lemon juice. Cover, chill until just before serving time. Drain oysters, chill. When required, spoon little savory cream on each biscuit or bread round and top with oyster.

CHINESE PRAWN BREAD

One loaf sliced bread (cut into 2in. squares), 2 eggs (beaten with 2 tablespoons milk), 1 onion, 1 teaspoon soy sauce, 4 water chestnuts, 1 lb. raw prawns (shelled), salt, pinch monosodium glutamate, breadcrumbs, hot fat or oil for frying.

Mince peeled onion, chestnuts, and prawns finely (or chop finely); season with salt, soy sauce, and monosodium glutamate. Dip bread squares in beaten egg and milk mixture, then spread with prawn mixture. Re-dip in egg, then in breadcrumbs. Deep fry in hot oil or fat, prawn side down, until golden brown. Serve hot.

CANAPES DE PESCADITO

Three ounces butter, 3oz. flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup finely chopped Brazil nuts, 2 tablespoons minced green pepper, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup tuna (flaked), toast cut into triangles, strips of green pepper and Brazil nuts for decorations.

Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, salt, pepper, and gradually add milk. Cook over low heat until thickened and smooth, stirring constantly. Add Brazil nuts, green pepper, onion, Worcestershire sauce, and tuna. Spread on toast triangles, grill slowly about 5 minutes. Garnish each canape with green pepper and nuts. Serve hot.

FRUIT CUP PUNCH

Eight teaspoons tea, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 2 cups lemon juice, 2 cups cold water, 1 cup strawberries (tinned, frozen, or fresh), 1/2 medium-size pineapple, 1 large banana, 1 1/2 pints chilled ginger ale, 2 oranges.

Pour boiling water over tea, infuse 5 minutes. Strain into medium-sized bowl. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Then add cold water and lemon juice; chill well. Cut pineapple into small cubes, slice banana thinly. Peel oranges and cut up small. Pour tea mixture into punch bowl, add chopped fruits and strawberries. Lastly add chilled ginger ale. Serve in punch cups with cocktail picks for spearing fruits. Serves 20 glasses.

PARTY FRUIT PLEASER

Four oranges, 4 apples, 4 bananas, 1 large tin pineapple pieces, 1 cup sugar, 1 bottle each lemon and fruit cup cordial, 1 bottle gin, 8 bottles lemonade, 6 bottles soda water, 3 bottles ginger ale, crushed ice, 1 box strawberries, 4 passionfruit.

Peel and chop oranges, bananas, apple; cut passionfruit in half, remove pulp. Combine in large basin with pineapple pieces, juice from tin, and sugar; allow to stand. Mix together the lemon and fruit cordials, gin, and 2 bottles lemonade. When ready to serve add ginger ale, soda water, and remaining lemonade. Mix in ice, fruit, and strawberries. Makes 80 glasses.

RUM BALLS

Eight ounces stale sponge or plain cake crumbs, 3oz. ground almonds, 3oz. chopped walnuts, 6oz. castor sugar, 1 tablespoon rum, 3 tablespoons strained apricot jelly (made by heating 2 tablespoons apricot jam with 2 tablespoons water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice until well mixed together), chocolate icing, 1 packet chocolate nonpareils or 1 cup toasted coconut.

Mix crumbs, nuts, and sugar together, add rum, apricot jelly; mix well. Shape into small balls with hands; chill 3 hours. Coat with thin chocolate icing; roll in nonpareils or coconut.

PINEAPPLE MACAROON CAKE

Three ounces butter, 4oz. castor sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1/2 cup pineapple syrup, 1/2 cup milk.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy; add egg-yolks, beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with pineapple syrup and milk. Pour into well-greased ring-tin, spread topping over mixture, bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

Topping: Two egg-whites, pinch salt, 1/2 cup castor sugar, 1/2 cup desiccated coconut, 1-3rd cup crushed pineapple.

Beat egg-whites with pinch salt until mixture holds in peaks, add sugar gradually, beating until sugar has dissolved. Fold in coconut and well-drained pineapple.

Continued on page 63

YOU and SEPPELTS VINEGAR CAN WORK WONDERS



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REAL VINEGAR IS MADE FROM GRAPES

LESSON 35: By Leila C. Howard

Cookery Course

CHRISTMAS GUIDE, Part 2

poultry, meats, and ham

THIS lesson tells how to prepare and cook the main course of poultry, meat, and ham that are traditional for the Christmas dinner.

POULTRY

PREPARING AND COOKING

Turkey: Choose bird weighing over 9lb. because proportion of bone to flesh is too great in smaller birds. Wash, dry, and stuff with forcemeat and/or seasoning, allowing $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 cup for each lb.; pack lightly to allow for expansion; truss. Bake in moderate oven. (See chart.) Basting is unnecessary if turkey is well greased or if breast and legs of bird are covered with greased aluminium foil or kitchen paper. Turn occasionally; remove covering to allow bird to brown for last 40 to 50 minutes; turn bird breast side up for last 20 to 25 minutes.

To Test For Tenderness: Press drumstick with fingers, fleshy part should feel soft; leg joint should give readily when moved up and down.

Chicken: Wash well. Pack cavity lightly with seasoning; pack crop lightly until breast is plump. Pull skin backwards over neck, fasten firmly; skewer or sew vent slit. Tie legs and secure wings.

Brush with melted fat or place bacon across breast. Wrap in greased paper or aluminium foil. Place on one side in baking-dish with small quantity fat. Bake in moderate oven, allowing 30 minutes per lb. for small birds, 20 minutes per lb. for larger birds; turn half-way through cooking time. Tear wrapping back, cook breast side up for last 15 to 20 minutes to brown.

Duck or Goose: Singe off pin feathers over flame, wash well. Fill with prepared seasoning. Truss, wrap in greased paper or aluminium foil. Place in baking-dish with small quantity melted fat in base. Bake on one side, turn half-way through cooking time. Remove wrapping, bake breast side up for last $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, basting frequently.

TO TRUSS BIRD

Place bird breast side up on board, legs facing you; hold fine white string in both hands over leg joints. Bring string under legs, cross over at top to form figure 8. Carry string along section of each leg close to body, flip bird over so wing section faces you, and bring the string under each wing joint. Pull tight, knot, and cut string. Bend wing tips on to back and tuck skin flap under string.

MEATS

PREPARING AND COOKING

Pork: Choose loin or leg with fine-grained, pinky-white flesh and firm white fat. Have butcher cut away chine bone from loin to make carving easier. Wipe surface with damp cloth. Score skin at $\frac{1}{2}$ in. intervals, using sharp knife. Brush with oil, place fat side up in baking-dish. If meat thermometer is available, insert in centre, avoiding bone. Bake uncovered in moderate oven, allowing 30 to 35 minutes per lb. or until thermometer registers 185deg. F., brushing occasionally with hot oil or fat. Cracking should be brown and crisp, not hard and dry.

Veal: Choose loin, boned rolled shoulder, joint, or fillet cut from leg. Wipe meat with

damp cloth, rub with cut lemon. If to be seasoned, fill pocket and tie or skewer; or spread seasoning over boned shoulder, roll, and tie securely. Insert meat thermometer if available. Place in small quantity fat in baking-dish. Bake uncovered in moderate oven, basting frequently to keep surface moist; or place strips of pork fat or fatty bacon on top.

HAM

Choose a half or whole leg ham; or a pumped or smoked leg of lamb or hogget which is cooked as a half-ham.

Baked Ham: If strongly cured soak 12 hours; scrub rind, rinse well. Roll 2lb. unsweetened scone dough to barely $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Mould around ham, covering completely. Place in thickly greased baking-dish, bake uncovered in slow oven. Allow 15 minutes per lb. for hams of 12lb. and over; 20 minutes per lb. for hams under 12lb.; 25 minutes per lb. for half-hams. Test with fine steel knitting-needle $\frac{1}{2}$ hour before end of cooking time. When tender strip off paste and rind. Cover ham with brown sugar combined with little mixed spice and stick with cloves. Cook $\frac{1}{2}$ hour longer, basting 2 or 3 times with cider, apple, or orange juice.

Boiled Ham: Soak several hours in cold water, drain, dry, and scrape. Place in large vessel with tepid water to cover. Add fresh herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), 4 or 5 peppercorns, blade of mace. Bring slowly to simmering point, taking at least $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Simmer gently until tender, allowing 35 to 40 minutes per lb. Leave to cool in water.

Large hams can be cooked in a copper. Place in copper, cover with cold water, add herbs, etc. Bring slowly to boil, simmer gently $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 hour. Turn off heat, cover copper with sacks, newspaper, and old blankets to keep in heat. Keep ham covered thus until cold. Remove skin, rub ham with mixture of breadcrumbs, sugar, and ground cloves.

SEASONINGS, STUFFINGS

The amounts below may have to be increased, depending on size of bird or meat.

BREADCRUMB SEASONING

For Chicken, Veal, Pork, Duck, Goose: Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 1 chopped onion; saute 2 or 3 minutes. Mix with 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh herbs (thyme, marjoram, rosemary, sage, etc.), salt, pepper, and 1 egg-yolk or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

FORCEMEAT

For Turkey, Duck, Goose, Veal: Combine 1lb. lean minced veal or sausage mince, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. chopped ham or bacon, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 small chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon chopped thyme or marjoram, pinch nutmeg and grated lemon rind, salt, pepper. Bind with beaten egg and milk.

SAUCES

APPLE SAUCE

For Pork, Duck, or Goose: Peel, core, and slice 6 tart apples, cook until soft with 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 tablespoons water, pinch salt, squeeze lemon juice, nut of butter. Beat.

BREAD SAUCE

For Chicken or Turkey: Combine 1 cup hot milk, 4 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion or chives, 1 dessertspoon melted butter, pinch grated lemon rind, pepper, salt. Beat until smooth.

TABLE FOR POULTRY, PORK, AND VEAL

| ITEM | WEIGHT | NUMBER OF SERVINGS | TIME FOR COOKING | OVEN HEAT |
|---------------|-----------------------|--------------------|--|-----------|
| Turkey . . | 10 - 12lb. | 12 | 20 mins. per lb. $3\frac{1}{2}$ - 4 hrs. | Moderate |
| | 12 - 14lb. | 16 | 18 mins. per lb. 4 - $4\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. | Moderate |
| | 14 - 18lb. | 20 - 22 | 15 mins. per lb. $4\frac{1}{2}$ - $5\frac{1}{2}$ hrs. | Moderate |
| Chicken . . | $3\frac{1}{2}$ - 4lb. | 5 - 6 | 20 - 30 mins. per lb. $1\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. | Moderate |
| Capon . . . | $3\frac{1}{2}$ - 4lb. | 5 - 6 | 20 - 30 mins. per lb. $1\frac{1}{2}$ - 2 hrs. | Moderate |
| Duck | 4 - 5lb. | 5 - 6 | 25 - 30 mins. per lb. $1\frac{1}{2}$ - 2 hrs. | Moderate |
| Goose | 7 - 8lb. | 8 - 9 | 20 - 25 mins. per lb. $2\frac{1}{2}$ - 2 hrs. | Moderate |
| Pork | 6 - 8lb. (leg) | 8 - 10 | 30 - 35 mins. per lb. $3\frac{1}{2}$ - 4 hrs. | Moderate |
| Pork | 4 - 5lb. (loin) | 6 - 8 | 20 - 30 mins. per lb. 2 - 2 hrs. | Moderate |
| Veal | 4 - 5lb. | 5 - 6 | 30 - 35 mins. per lb. $2\frac{1}{2}$ - 3 hrs. | Moderate |

NEXT WEEK: Seasoning with herbs



How fast is a Glacier?

Very much slower than a tortoise! Those lovely New Zealand rivers of shimmering-ice slide seawards at a mere inch or so per hour. Plenty of time to see them, walk on them, fly over them! Plenty of time to see all the beauties and wonders of compact New Zealand, the inexpensive overseas holiday. Up-to-the-minute services transport you comfortably, modern hotels welcome you warmly. Come on over next Autumn. You'll love it. See your travel agent now, or the N.Z. Govt. Tourist Bureau, Sydney or Melbourne.

NEW ZEALAND next autumn

Come on over

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Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 week treatment 4/6

Curlypet

SERVE THESE FOR SUPPER

(Continued from page 61)

CHRISTMAS FUDGE SQUARES

One cup icing-sugar, 1 tablespoon cocoa or drinking chocolate, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup powdered milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup glace cherries, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup coconut, 2 cups crushed corn or rice cereal, 1 tablespoon sherry, 1 cup white shortening.

Combine in large bowl the sifted icing-sugar and cocoa, powdered milk, currants, sultanas, raisins, cherries, walnuts, coconut, corn or rice cereal, and sherry. Melt white shortening over low heat, pour over dry ingredients; mix well together. Press into greased shallow cake-tin, chill until firm. Cut into small squares for serving.

LIPTAUER CHEESE SPREAD

Eight ounces cream cheese, 3 tablespoons sour cream, 4oz. butter, 2 anchovy fillets (finely chopped), 1 sliced onion, 1 dessertspoon prepared mustard, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon caraway seeds, 1 teaspoon capers, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, savory biscuits.

Cream together the softened cheese, sour cream, and butter in basin. Add anchovy, onion, mustard, paprika, caraway seeds, capers, salt; beat until smooth; chill. Use as spread on savory biscuits, bread rounds, or friend croutons. Garnish with sprinkling of paprika, parsley sprigs, or rolled anchovy fillets.

CLARET CUP

One bottle claret, 1 cup sliced or shredded pineapple, 1 orange, 1 lemon, cracked ice, 1 bottle sweet sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange squash cordial, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped crystallised ginger, sprig mint, 2 large bottles lemonade.

Mix wines, orange cordial, ginger, and pineapple; stir well. Add sliced orange and lemon, bruised mint. Stand 2 or 3 hours just before serving, add lemonade and ice. Provides 25 glasses.

COFFEE CRYSTAL CAKE

Cake: Four ounces butter, 4oz. castor-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup strong black coffee, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins, 2 tablespoons coffee crystals.

Topping: One-third cup flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 tablespoons coffee crystals, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup biscuit or cake crumbs.

Grease tin, ring-tin, sprinkle bottom and sides with coffee crystals. Cream

butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add vanilla and eggs one at a time. Fold in sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt alternately with black coffee, then add chopped raisins. Spoon mixture into prepared tin so as not to dislodge crystals.

Combine flour, butter, brown sugar, coffee crystals, and biscuit or cake crumbs; rub together with fingers until mixed. Sprinkle over top of cake. Bake in moderate oven 50 minutes. Stand in tin few minutes before turning out on to cooler.

This cake is best cut the day after baking. If stored in airtight tin it keeps well.

Reader's dessert recipe wins £5 prize

THIS week's prize of £5 is awarded to Mrs. M. Cutts, 70 Woodline Crescent, Ryde, N.S.W., for her recipe for a delicious Continental ice-cream dessert.

All spoon measurements are level.

CASSATA

One large tin evaporated milk (chilled), 2-3rds cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon vanilla, 1 dessertspoon gelatine (dissolved in 1 tablespoon boiling water), 2oz. melted chocolate, 2 tablespoons raisins, 2oz. glace pineapple, 3 glace apricots or 2oz. maraschino cherries, 1 cup day-old sponge cake-crumbs, 1 tablespoon sherry, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream, 1 egg-white, 1 tablespoon sugar, almond essence, 1oz. toasted almonds.

Whip evaporated milk until thick, gradually add sugar, dissolved gelatine, and vanilla. Pour half into refrigerator tray. Stir melted, cooled chocolate into remaining mixture, pour into another tray. Freeze until firm. Chop fruits, sprinkle with half sherry, add remainder to cake-crumbs. Whip cream, beat egg-white in separate basin until stiff, gradually add sugar. Combine cream, meringue, fruit, cake-crumbs, almonds; flavor with almond essence. Line basin with foil, spread chocolate ice-cream on base of basin, make slight hollow in centre. Fill with cream mixture. Freeze until firm. Spread over the vanilla ice-cream, press down firmly. Cover with foil; freeze until firm. Turn out, cut into wedges and serve.

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Fabulous Foodarama by Kelvinator gives you this true home freezer, separately insulated and refrigerated. It holds 68 lbs. of frozen food and is refrigerated on all five sides for faster, more efficient freezing. Unlike the frozen food chest of an ordinary refrigerator you can safely store foods here for months at a time. It's just like having a supermarket in your kitchen.

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

• These delightful floral motifs in red and green are from our Iron-on Transfer No. 203G.

The price of the pattern is 2/-.

The pattern for the attractive apron below, with scalloped hem and waist-band, is also available. It requires 1yd. 36in. material. Price of pattern is 2/6.

The complete set of transfer and pattern is available to our readers for the price of 4/6.

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Exciting refrigerator-home freezer that never needs defrosting!

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Exclusive Kelvinator Cyclic Defrost is the world's finest method of fully automatic defrosting! It's an efficient, continuous never-ending cycle of refrigeration and defrosting that does not allow frost to build up within the refrigerator.

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Home Plans Service

● The lovely split-level home on this page belongs to Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Drake, of Eastcote Rd., North Epping, N.S.W.



ATTRACTIVE exterior of the split-level house of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Drake, of North Epping. It is brick veneer with a tiled roof.

It is set among gum trees on a rocky, sloping site. Mr. and Mrs. Drake wanted a block of land with a distinct slope, because they had always been interested in split-level houses.

"We wanted the effect of looking down on the living-room," said Mr. Drake. "We've achieved this in our home, which is adapted from Plan No. 807."

The Drakes' 11.6-square home was much altered from

the basic design (see original floor plan below).

The plan has been mirror-reversed and the positions of the bathroom and laundry changed.

The original plan was on one level, but the Drakes have dropped the living-room down with two steps from the entrance hall.

Heavy exposed beams cross the ceiling of the living-room and there is a large open fireplace with a built-up hearth and fuel box beneath.

These alterations to the basic plan cost Mr. and Mrs. Drake only £16/16/- at our Home Planning Centre at Anthony Horderns in Sydney.

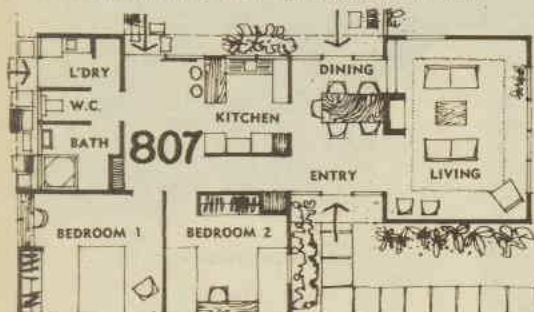
"We're very satisfied with our home," said Mrs. Drake. "We wanted so many features that when we were originally looking for a house to buy the agent said we hadn't a chance of finding one with all the things we wanted. He advised us to build. So we did."

The Drakes' house is red-brick veneer at the front and wide, white-painted weatherboards at the back ("a terrific saving"), with the large front chimney built of a sandstone-colored brick.

The house has two bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes. A sunroom at the back of the house will eventually become a third bedroom.

"We decided to have 8ft. ceilings to help cut costs," said Mr. Drake.

"Recessed spotlights in the ceilings do away with low-hanging light fittings. The living-room has a higher ceiling, which makes the room look bigger."



ORIGINAL FLOOR PLAN (mirror-reversed for easier identification) shows compact design of this 11.6-square house.

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turn away, for her voice had grown strangely hoarse and halting. "Zack, I'm sorry. I feel as though I'm falling apart," she told him gravely. "I—I guess I'm not used to drinking at noon. Maybe I'd better go."

"Go? You're not going anywhere, Ann!" Zack said. "Not just yet." He leaned forward toward her urgently, his powerful hand on her wrist, his thumb moving over its pulse, his words commanding. "We can't see each other again. You know that, Ann! We didn't count on this. This is the only day, the only hour. Don't leave me now!"

"Please stop," she begged. "We'll go some place, any place, where we can talk. There's so much to say. Our time's so precious, so short."

"We can't," she said. "Why not? Why not?" She struggled fiercely to give him a rational answer, a thousand reasons decent and moral and sane, a single explicit reason for never being alone. Why not, why not? Her throat ached so with the effort to speak that she could say nothing. Her mind was pink-clouded by his closeness, drifting, confused. "I don't know," she whispered finally.

Zack ordered creme-de-menthe frappes and asked for the check. He seemed to have suddenly withdrawn, which frightened Ann more than his compelling closeness. What if she never saw him again? What if it was over—over now?

"I'm sorry you're upset," he said. "We should have known. The first time we looked at each other we should have run. I only intended a lunch, a drink of two. But I guess you're right."

"We can't sit here," she faltered. "If we could go some place."

He smiled warmly. "Of course we can't. We can't waste the little time we have! We're entitled to it, aren't we? Ann? I'll never call you again."

"They sat motionless for a while, like figures suspended in space, while time whirled past, speeding, wasting."

"Ann, give me your hand," Zack presently said, and it crept obediently into his, and she felt a small, cold, metal thing fold into her fingers. It was a key.

"We'll talk in my room. The number's seventeen-five," he answered firmly, his hand still over hers. "It's all right, believe me. I'll meet you there."

She could not believe it. She lifted her glass and sipped through the little straw, her eyes staring into the drink, and tried to press down the flush of color rising over her cheeks.

"Please, I can't," she whispered. "I couldn't! Take it back!" But her fingers seemed fused around the key and Zack had moved his hand away.

SHE was instantly conscious of the other diners, certain someone would see her return the key—in fact, had seen it placed in her hand. It turned from cold to hot in her palm and she was afraid to drop it into her purse for fear someone would notice.

Zack stood up and gave her a last look across the table, studying her hair and her mouth and her shoulders with piercing awareness, and she felt full desire, as though she would rise by sheer magnetism into his arms.

He turned abruptly and walked across the room in an ordinary way, leaving her alone.

She knew she would follow him. She had probably known it since early that morning, when she lay in bed; since last night; indeed, since yesterday noon, when the phone had rung. She not only knew she would follow him, but was appalled to find she could hardly wait.

The first time we looked at each other we should have run. Now it's too late.

Ann picked up her purse and left the table. She went into the hotel lobby and wandered through the arcade of shops, looking into windows and seeing nothing, and finally she stopped at the magazine stand.

A few commonplace words exchanged with the saleswoman restored a sense of normality and she skimmed through a magazine.

Then she crossed the lobby to the elevators, walking with purpose, wearing a conscientious frown, as though Aunt Edna, in town from Buffalo, was waiting impatiently upstairs for Ann's arrival.

She nodded to the elevator boy in a distant way. Her heart was pumping with smothering speed. Where does he think I'm going, the elevator boy? Hotels have rules. Does he know? What if he asks me who—no, he wouldn't dare! Hurry, hurry. Please let me off.

"Thank you," she said to the boy as she left, drawing attention to herself, and thus assuring him of her virtue.

Continuing . . . WOMAN IN BLUE

from page 24

She tried to steady her trembling; a chambermaid was coming down the hall. A dumpy, sad little woman, pushing a linen cart, her keys swinging, she assumed the proportions of an advancing ogre, and Ann had never been so terrified in her life. Which way to turn to find Zack's room? Where would it be—to the left or the right?

For heaven's sake, Ann, take one or the other, and take it resolutely, as though you knew where you were going. She turned right, in order to pass the maid and not be followed by her, and turned right again at the end of the corridor.

But this was a mistake, for the painted numbers revealed that the room she sought was to the left. So Ann had to cross the main corridor

again and she had the unshakable feeling that the chambermaid was looking at her with suspicion.

She found the room at last and knocked, in case he was already there, but received no answer. She entered the room, closing the door swiftly behind her with a tremendous sigh.

The room was small and dim, the only window facing on the sooty well of a court, and the shade half drawn. It was not a suite with chintzes and French pastels, a proper place for talking. It was a commercial-hotel bedroom, with a glass-topped desk, an armchair, and a tailor-made double bed, from which Ann averted her eyes.

A man's heavy pigskin suitcase

stood in one corner, and on the desk a toilet case lay open, a rather personal sight, and in the small, white-tiled bathroom she would doubtless find a razor and a toothbrush and strange little vanities she had no right to see.

The enchantment began to ebb away, though she struggled to sustain it. If Zack would only come! When she lighted a cigarette, dizziness assailed her; all her muscles ached.

Well, I'm here. I'll wait till he gets here, she thought. I don't have to stay.

She sat in the rough-textured armchair, forcing herself to be still. Her ears strained for the sound of his footsteps. I—I can't stand much more of this, she thought anxiously, her hands

gripped together. Where is he? What if he doesn't come? What will I do then? A startling question struck her: Why am I here?

An unexpected wave of nausea overtook her, and she pushed it down; but it flowed back again, and with it a worrisome little finger of pain.

"Oh, no," she breathed. "Please Ann, please don't. Not now. You don't get sick very often. Please, not now!"

She got up and walked back and forth across the room, leaning slightly forward to ease the pressure, growing more and more frightened, more tense, more full of pain. She shook out a clean handkerchief and wiped her forehead, wiped her palms.

Why am I here? she wondered. Whatever made me come? Here, in this stranger's room, alone, deserted. Where are my blue-and-white bedroom, my writing-desk, my own front

To page 68

Dickies TOWELS for everybody

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I have a friend whose two-year-old son for the past 11 days has absolutely refused any meals except, when hungry, a glass of milk and a peanut-butter sandwich.

THIS strong-willed baby is looking remarkably well, but his mother has a peaky look and is beginning to lose weight.

When my children were small nothing worried me so much as my failure to get into them, each day, what all the child-care books said they needed in the way of proteins and carbohydrates and fats and vitamins.

K. was the worst sufferer, of course, being the eldest.

I used to zigzag unhappily between Views A and B.

View A (child-care books) was that she would suffer lifelong physical disabilities as a result of malnutrition.

View B (child-psychology books) was that she would suffer lifelong emotional difficulties because I'd tried to wheedle her into eating and made it clear that I minded one way or the other.

The greatest comfort I got was when I poured out my troubles to the doctor who still looks after our children.

He said: "Nuts! She looks happy enough, she's a good color, she's growing and putting on weight, so what are you worrying about?"

He then went on to explain his own particular theory about what constituted a balanced diet.

His was the practical view (he and his wife had brought up a family of six) and what he said was this:

"Obviously, the ideal thing is if you can give them a balanced daily diet, but kids are monsters, so what you aim at is balancing their diet over a longer period—say a week."

Toddlers choose balanced diet

HE then went on to tell me about some experimental feeding of 50 two- to three-and-a-half-year-olds in an orphanage.

For three months, at mealtimes, the children were let into a room where a long line of kindergarten-height tables was spread with dishes of all the foods the children should eat — meat, eggs, butter, milk puddings, vegetables, fruit, bread, cereals, soup, and so on.

The staff, who formerly had spent their time trying to shovel mixtures of this and that into reluctant little mouths, now remained in the room only as observers, making a careful note of what each child ate and how much.

Some of the children ranged about eating a bit of everything they could see; others would stick to one dish, eating perhaps nothing but butter at one meal, milk pudding at another, vegetables at the next, and perhaps back to butter again at the next.

But at the end of the first month, when all the statistics were assessed and added up, it was found that all the children were balancing their diets quite adequately.

In the second and third months, when they'd got used to a free choice and no pressure from adults, they were balancing their diets over a much shorter period—in fact, eating each day pretty much what they were supposed to need.

Children are bigger nowadays

UNFORTUNATELY, you couldn't work that scheme in a private household — there'd be too much waste.

But I found my doctor's views reassuring, and I stopped worrying so much when there were days when K. wouldn't eat certain sorts of food.

By the time Diana got to the self-willed stage I'd got a bit more sense, but not enough.

I gave up wheedling in favor of bribery.

D. was a milk-hater who had to be bribed with colored milk—pastel shades at first, darkening gradually to a hideous purple and a revolting shade of green that made her glass of milk look like a deadly slug of poison.

After a while the novelty of that wore off and she behaved exactly as though it was poison.

Then I was trapped—I had to think of something new.

The next step was to put something in the bottom of the mug—a boiled sweet or a preserved cherry or a tiny piece of chocolate. This game had strict rules—fingers and spoons were barred—so the milk had to go down before the prize was won.

By the time poor old Mike was born I had more sense and less time to spare. Nobody wheedled him, nobody tried to bribe him, and nobody worried unduly if he was occasionally not particularly hungry for one meal. Result: a hearty appetite and very few pernickety dislikes.

I saw somewhere the other day that the average Australian five-year-old is now one and a half inches taller and four pounds heavier than the average five-year-old was twenty years ago.

And the average 15-year-old is two stone heavier and four inches taller.

It looks as though the average child is managing to get a pretty adequate diet.

Salty brainwave from Mike

BRIGHT idea of the week came, surprisingly, from Mike.

Perched in his usual place on the sink and giving me an incoherent account of a cricket game (played by 21 duds, no-hopers, books, fogs, and Mike), he was watching me salt the steak on the griller and then cluck around searching for the kitchen pepper-shaker.

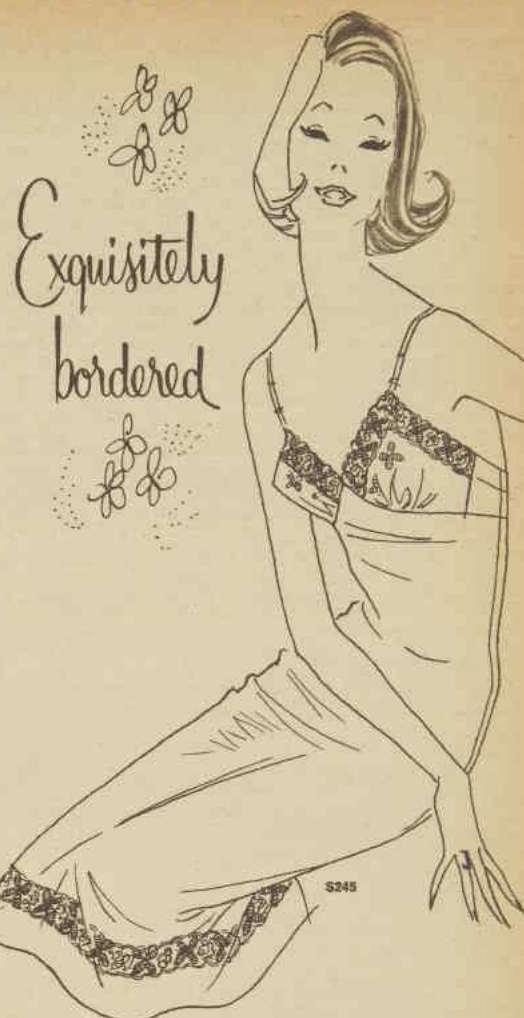
"Gee, Mum, you're mad!" he said. "You must walk 1000 miles a year for nothing."

He dived into the kitchen cupboard where we keep useless odds and ends, came up with a huge old china salt-shaker that has lost its mate, and filled it with a mixture of table salt, celery salt, pepper, and garlic salt.

By this time he was getting carried away by the idea and we had to restrain him from adding curry powder, mustard, and cinnamon.

The mixture is just right for seasoning grills and it can live beside the stove to save searching and walking.

Mike is so pleased with his brainwave that he insists on having his school lunch sandwiches seasoned from this shaker, which is quite a good idea.



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door? Where are my children? Are they thinking of me? Are they safe? Is my telephone ringing? Oh, where is Ben? Where is Ben?

Desire had wildly fled on the tide of increasing pain; the image of Zack had bleakly vanished; and now she collapsed on the edge of the bed.

"Get out of here. Get out right now," she commanded herself. "Pretend you never came. You were out of your mind."

But she found, with complete surprise, that she could not stand up.

She heard a knock on the door; a key turned in the lock. A short-statured, heavy-set man came in—where had she seen him before?

He gave her a wide, eager smile and lunged toward her, lifted her violently against him, reaching behind her with one hand to pull down the shade. This was the final furtive gesture—the shade pulled down, the

shameful acknowledgment of what they intended. Ann pushed him away and fell back on the bed. "Zack, I'm sorry," she gasped. "I'm sick. Don't touch me. This terrible pain—just keep away."

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"I think my nerves. I had a spell like this once before."

"You mean it? Not just begging out?"

"I mean it, I mean it!" Ann cried. "I can't get up!"

"Ann, for heaven's sake!" — Zack's voice broke — "you have to! No, you don't. Sit still." His face was grey. "Have you ever had anything wrong with your heart?"

"No, it's nerves, I told you!"

He sat down heavily.

Continuing . . . WOMAN IN BLUE

from page 65

"Zack, if you'll help me down stairs."

"We can't," he barked. "Can't leave a hotel room together. We both know people. If anything happened! Try to relax. Try to be calm."

"If you'd take my arm, I could lean on you."

"We can't call a doctor," he said. "Just let me think. The last thing I want is to cause you embarrassment."

"I don't care!" Ann announced shrilly. "All I want is to get out of here without anyone seeing!"

"Of course we have nothing to

hide, but scandals are made of nothing. We can't leave here together, believe me, Ann. We can't take a chance, you know that."

"I'll tell you the only way. I'll tell you how it's best. I'll go first, get out of your way, take my bag. And after you've rested, you follow along. You'll feel better then. We'll save the unpleasant possibility — see what I mean?"

She could feel her face turn white, the sweat on her upper lip like frost. She stared at him, incredulous. He couldn't mean it! He was walking out! He was going to save himself! He's scared, she realised, and wanted to laugh. My hero! Oh, you poor little man, you're all I deserve!

Zack evaded her eyes, hurried into the bathroom, and clattered open the medicine cabinet.

He packed articles into his suitcase, yanking furiously at the zipper.

I'm stronger than he is, Ann decided. Maybe I've got more at stake. I have to get downstairs. It isn't only me. It's Linda and Benjie. It's Ben.

She stood up slowly, bracing herself on the edge of the bed. So far, so good. She believed that, with tremendous effort, she could safely reach the lobby. She had to do it. She steadied herself and walked to the door.

Zack watched her helplessly. "Can you make it now?" he pleaded.

She gave him a final look, her mouth awry, and left the room.

She wasted no time on chambermaids now or the strangers she passed; she concentrated only on walking, carrying the pain inside her like a fiery coal in a teacup, holding it tight so it didn't spill and destroy her. Ring the bell, march into the elevator, hold the rail in case you fall. But you mustn't fall. All right, march out into the lobby. Oh, this beautiful, spacious, public meeting place, this roar of talk and laughter, this crowd—a place where one can become faint or even die.

Only a short distance now to the waiting taxis. "Watch the step there," the driver said. "You O.K., lady?"

"Tired," she answered and sat back, breathing deeply, and closed her eyes. Once in a while the driver turned and asked her how she felt, and after fifteen or twenty minutes, cruising along the parkway, there was no doubt about it: the pain was drifting away. There was only a tedious ache where the fire had been and her body felt peaceful.

She entered a house that seemed distantly remembered, as though she had returned from a long journey. She was overwhelmingly tired.

In her bedroom she undressed slowly and crept into bed. Presently she heard the back door slam and the children's voices and Ben's footsteps on the stairs, but she lay still.

BEN made a low sound of surprise when he reached her bed. He touched her here and there, as a doctor does. Then he went to the window, where he leaned, looking out and lighting his pipe.

He stood there a while, smoking, and Ann watched him silently, through slanted lids. He seemed somehow new, as the house had seemed, as though he had changed a little through the day. She saw the tall, clean shape of his body, the firm, lined serenity of his face, the steady blueness of his eyes.

How have I lost him through the years she wondered. My only love! How can I find him again? Maybe he doesn't even know I need him. Does he still need me? How many times have I proved my excellence as a mother at his expense? How many times has he proved his sufficiency as a doctor by shutting me out? We could begin by sharing our jobs a little, if that's the only way we can be together.

The children were clambering noisily up the stairs. They halted at the door.

"What's the matter with Mummy?" Benjie asked.

"Who's gonna feed us?" Linda demanded.

"Your mother's worn out," Ben said crossly, leaving the window. "The matter with your mother is probably me. She's so damned competent, I've let her alone. Now I'm edging in."

"Well, gee," Linda wailed, "can you cook a can of soup?"

"As soon as I make a couple of phone calls," Ben promised. "I'm taking your mother with me to Boston tomorrow, so I have to find a sitter."

"Get Mrs. Parks," Linda begged.

"You may see a lot of Mrs. Parks from now on," Ben said, nudging them down the hall. "While I see a little more of your mother. It's time."

Ann was almost asleep. The blue-and-white curtains ruffled gently on the summer evening air, the sweet sound of laughter came up the stair-well, the good smell of toast, and she overflowed with gratefulness just to be here, safe, miraculously spared the loneliness she had sought, held by the firm embracing bonds of love.

When she awakened, Ben was leaning over her bed, his hand on her forehead. "That's my girl!" he said softly, stroking her hair. "How do you feel now, Ann? Did you have a good sleep?"

Ann reached out her arms to fold him close. "I had a dream." She smiled. "I was looking for you."

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from page 31

great horde of admirers and none of them even suspecting that you'd go for anything so down-to-earth as ice-cream. They're all searching for you in the Nectar and Ambrosia Bar!"

"Do they have that, too? Nectar and ambrosia?" she asked in wonder.

He laughed. "You name it—they have it. Turkish baths, dancing rink, plastic surgery, observatory, aquarium with live squid. This is Xanadu."

She shuddered.

"Don't you like it?"

"No. Do you?"

"That," he said with a lopsided little grin, "is a very delicate question."

"I'm sorry—you probably work here or something."

He looked at her intently as though wondering how far he could trust her. Suddenly she knew what she had been missing since she had arrived here. Other people had looked at her, too. But none of them had looked as though they cared what went on inside her.

LOOKING terribly nervous, he leaned toward her. "House detective," he mumbled.

She looked at him with wide eyes. "Do you carry a gun?" He shook his head thoughtfully. Then suddenly explained: "Today is my day off."

Then he commanded: "Now tell me why you don't like it here and perhaps I can help."

She thought for a moment. Why did she loathe it so much? Was it really the business and the easiness of it all, or was it the constant thought that her mother was watching and waiting, hoping that she would "meet someone." No, it wasn't only that.

"What sets me," she volunteered suddenly, "is that nobody does anything. I mean, they sit playing cards for high stakes, and gossiping, and watching each other to make sure their own clothes are more fantastic than anybody else's."

"What would you like them to do—hunt for wild boar?"

She shrugged her shoulders uncertainly. "You'd think people would at least enjoy themselves, wouldn't you?"

"And they don't?"

"No. They don't even use the swimming-pool."

"That's a terrible thing," he said in a shocked voice. "Not come the swimming-pool?"

"You're laughing at me."

He smiled. "Not really. I just can't understand what you're doing here. You don't have to stay. Why not leave?"

"You don't know my mother. She's made up her mind and every half-hour away from here

would represent a wasted —" she broke off. "I mean—"

She stared at him in confusion. How could she have been so indiscreet?

"Does it really worry you that they won't use the swimming-pool?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, glad to be back on safe, impersonal ground. "It seems so unnatural."

"If you'll come along for a short walk I'll show you something more amazing."

Slowly she followed him out into the blistering Florida sun. Side by side, they walked along the elaborately laid-out Byzantine mosaic path, past the sweeping curves of the farthest sundecks of the hotel.

He led the way up some steps and abruptly they were faced by the dazzling white of the sand and the ocean. She gasped at the endless, desolate stretch of it. "Isn't it lovely?" she sighed. "Miles and miles of it!"

"Notice anything peculiar?"

"No."

He flung his arm out in a wide sweep. "No people. This entire strip is reserved for the exclusive use of the guests of the Xanadu and the whole lot of them are clustered around that crazy swimming-pool."

"A whole beach . . ."

"Just for you," he said, as though he was making her a present of it.

"Thank you," she smiled. "I don't even know your name."

"Jonathan."

"Thank you, Jonathan. I'm Elizabeth."

"Yes. It suits you," he said.

They walked right to the water's edge and looked out to sea. "I'd love to have a swim—it looks so blue . . ."

"Why don't you?" he invited.

She looked down at her playsuit. "Not quite dressed for it."

"Why don't we arrange to meet here again this afternoon—say about three?" A little smile grew up around his eyes.

"Of course," he said gently. "Your mother would miss your company—that's understandable."

She couldn't bear his tactful kindness. Another gentle word and she'd be sobbing on his shoulder, telling him how utterly miserable she was.

Angrily she looked at him. Why couldn't he own a sausage factory or make millions in oil? Why did they always have to be dull people with red faces?

"Do you like being a detective?" she asked.

He said, "It has its moments."

"A job like that wouldn't have much future, would it?"

This seemed so unlike her that he was speechless for a moment. Then he rallied.

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full of fun and energy

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younger looking than ever

YOU—proud of
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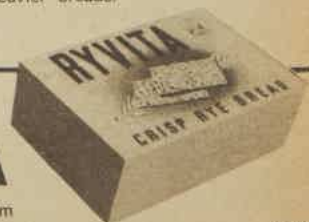
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Make your daily bread

RYVITA

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YR719



"All right, who's the wise guy who yelled 'Whoa?'"

"No. No glowing prospects."
 "That's what I thought," she sighed. "I'm sure you could do much better for yourself," she said severely, struggling against the gentle feeling rising up in her every time she looked into his eyes.
 "Oh, definitely," he agreed. "Maybe I will one day. But for the time being I've decided to be the house dick. Can't chop and change all the time, you know, just because a pretty girl would like me to turn into a tobacco baron or something."
 She flushed. "I didn't mean it like that."

He grinned. "You're all right. Just keep a sense of proportion."
 That was easier said than done. How could anybody keep a sense of proportion in this place? Elizabeth could almost hear her mother's voice — "A detective, darling? ... I'm sure there must be more suitable young men about."

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Sadly she smiled at him. For a moment she wondered whether she could quite deliberately ignore that moment when she still had the strength not to fall in love, or whether she was already becoming cool and calculating like her mother.

Possibly it was a little childish to fall in love with a man merely because he wasn't a millionaire. One had to be realistic.

Eagerly she began: "Yes, that would be—" and then, again, she could hear her mother's voice — "Swimming out on the open beach . . . where nobody, but absolutely nobody, can see you? Darling, what a waste!"

"No, I don't think I'd better. You see . . ."

"Yes, I see," he said tonelessly. "It would represent a waste of valuable time, wouldn't it?"

The shock of it must have been clearly visible in her eyes as she stared at him. And to think that she had actually wanted to weep because of the kindness she thought she had discovered in him, and now he was using her small slip of the tongue as a weapon.

"That's being unfair," she protested. "Is it?" he said. "Can't you face up to the fact?"

"What fact?" she asked dully, feeling defeated.

"That you are using the Xanadu as a hunting-ground and hotel per-

sonnel don't quite qualify as worthwhile game."

Sharp tears of fury blurred her eyes as she gasped at him: "You're quite horrible. To think I imagined that you were kind and understanding! You've met so many squalid people in your sordid profession that you can't tell . . . I never want to see you again . . . I'll report you to the management . . ."

All the most ridiculous threats rose up in her, and none of them was big or satisfying enough to make her feel clean and self-confident again.

And through it all he stood there, smiling a funny frozen kind of smile. Finally he said: "Well, haven't you forgotten something?"

"What?" she asked.
 "You didn't slap my face."

"If that's all that's worrying you," she flashed, "I'll be happy to oblige." Almost without knowing what she was doing, she felt her flat hand make contact with his cheekbone.

The stunned look on his face made her realise the enormity of what she had done, and, trembling and completely confused, she raced back toward the hotel.

Lunch was an ordeal. She couldn't eat, and blamed the strong sun for her lack of enthusiasm. All she wanted was to be left alone.

All the time the memory of the hurt look in Jonathan's eyes told her that her behaviour had been unforgivable.

A thick sheet of glass seemed to cut her off from the world. She smiled mechanically and regretfully announced that she would not be able to go into the sun again today and made her escape.

An hour later, having wept for thirty-five minutes and then spent the rest of the time bathing her eyes, she could stand the solitude of her room no longer and, hiding behind a huge pair of sunglasses, she prowled around the unexplored parts of the hotel.

After all, a place that had a skating-rink and live squid surely ought to offer some sort of suitable distraction. The live squid, particularly, seemed to fit in with her dark thoughts.

As she turned the corner she came to a small lift that she had not noticed before. She decided to ignore the notice that said "Private."

Once inside she realised that there were no pushbuttons, the doors merely closed behind her and the small cubicle sped upwards. The doors slid open and she stepped out. She looked about her, astonished at the tasteful design of the furnishings. All she had seen of the Xanadu so far had been gaudy, expensive, and frantically eye-catching. Now she found herself in the quiet apartments of someone with impeccable taste and judgment.

ELIZABETH stood and looked about her incredulously. A man's voice behind her said: "You seem to be lost, young lady."

Elizabeth whirled around. "I'm sorry," she stammered. "I was looking for the live squid."

Disbelief showed in the man's face and he brushed his hand over his smooth grey hair.

"Live squid? Up here?"
 "I must have got into the wrong lift . . ." Elizabeth said.

"It's these ridiculous sunglasses," he said severely. "You young people are well on the way to breeding a blind generation, do you know that?"

She took them off and he smiled approvingly.

"That's better."
 There was something friendly and reassuring about his smile.

"Why do you particularly want to see the slimy brutes, anyway?" he wanted to know.

"They just fitted in with my mood," she said.

"Hm." He looked at her. "I'm sure we can find you something more cheerful to look at. Come along," he said over his shoulder and he entered one of the rooms.

The exquisite decoration in the foyer continued, and the whole effect was so soothing that Elizabeth let out a sigh.

"What was that for?"
 "This place is so beautiful — it makes the rest of the hotel look like a cake with too much icing-sugar."

"It's what the customers want, so we give it to them."

"Good heavens — does it belong to you?"

"Only half of it," he said modestly. "But you'd like my nephew — the other half belongs to him, and he hates it so much that he has to be dragged here by force twice a year for board meetings." He gestured at the pale grey color scheme. "All this good taste is due to him."

For a moment she gave herself to the dream of meeting the remarkable nephew and then reality crashed in on her again. By now, surely the detective would have delivered his report on shady characters among the hotel guests.

Her mere presence in the owner's private suite was enough to confirm any story he might tell.

"I'd better be going," she said. "Having trespassed . . ."

"Nonsense. Always enjoy chatting with the guests — especially the pretty ones. And now I come to think of it, you had a problem. Something to do with a squid?"

"It doesn't matter any more."

"Of course it matters. Come on, now

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PRESENTING A NEW CONCEPTION IN SUNGLASSES

NEW DESIGN FOR STRENGTH

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT

NEW CONTINENTAL STYLING

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Model 124: Jet Black, Morocco Tan, Stone Grey 47/6

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Model 303: Black, Poppy Red, Iris Blue, Ranch Mink, Bone Pearl (all with ornamental trim in anodised gold) 42/6



Model 304: Peony Red, Azalea Pink, Larkspur Blue, Maize Gold, Bone Pearl 42/6

REVEL



Model 902: Black on White, Blue on White, Grey on Pink 32/6



THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY

if it's a lovers' quarrel it's always a good idea to get the man's angle." "It's not a lovers' quarrel!" she said and blushed. "I wish it was," she added hopelessly.

He looked at her attentively. The quality of kindness in that look reminded her so strongly of the way Jonathan had looked at her in the morning that the memory made her throat contract. "Please don't ask me anything more, and let me go," she pleaded.

"Nobody's making you stay," he said amiably. "But I do wish you'd tell me what's the matter."

"All right," she said. "You'll probably find out about it, anyway. Your house detective will report it." "Not jewels," he said with a weary smile. "I'm willing to listen to anything but jewel robberies, planned or executed."

"No," she said impatiently. "It's worse. Gold-digging. Mummy brought me here specially to catch a rich husband. She's invested in a fortnight's holiday here the way other people buy stocks and shares." "He roared with laughter."

"It's not meant to be funny," she said in a little voice. He calmed down. "My dear girl, is that all that's worrying you? Gold-digging . . . What do you think fifty per cent of the other guests are doing?"

"You mean lots of people do it?" "Of course." They looked at each other. Then she said: "If there's nothing special about it, why do you think he got so upset about it? I mean if it was just routine."

"Who got upset?" "Jonathan. I mean — your detective." The man blinked and suddenly looked puzzled. "Suppose you tell me the whole story?"

"Well, I met him in the drug-store and I could tell right away he wasn't an ordinary guest," Elizabeth began. She lived through the whole of that morning again, leaving nothing out, not even the part where she had slapped Jonathan's face.

During the second half of her recital her host decided to turn to the window and kept his back to her so that she could not see his face. He seemed to be looking through a telescope.

Finally he turned around. "And what will you do the next time he asks you for a date?"

Elizabeth looked dumbfounded. "But he won't ask me again — not after that." "You'd still like him to, even though he called your bluff, wouldn't you?" She thought a moment. "If — but he won't. If — he did, then I'd go to meet him. I don't care what anyone says. Being a detective isn't anything awful, is it?"

"An honest detective is our modern equivalent of a knight in shining armor," he assured her. Then he beckoned. "Come and have a look through this."

She stood beside him at the telescope and let him adjust it for her. The whole width of the beach was spread out like a dazzling snowscape immediately below them. A solitary figure in swimming-trunks was sitting on the sand gazing out to sea.

"Is that your knight in shining armor lazing on my beach?" Elizabeth nodded, too excited to speak. Then, with an odd little streak of loyalty, she said: "It's his day off, you know."

"I see. Well, why don't you make the most of it before he comes on duty and starts reporting you?" "All right, I will, then."

She walked to the door with quick steps. "And thank you — that really was much better than live squid."

"Just stop wearing sunglasses indoors — you'll see things much clearer," he said.

She called in at her room on the

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way and slipped on her swimsuit under its matching skirt. Then she set off for the beach.

He did not hear her until she actually sat next to him. "Hello," she said.

"Hello," he said. "I'm sorry about this morning. That was unforgivable."

"I deserved it. No employee of the Xanadu has the right to talk like that to the guests. I ought to be grateful that you didn't report me."

"I brought my swimsuit this time. What's the water like?" "Wet."

"Are you going to make me do all the work?" she asked in despair. At last he faced her. "And what's brought on this change of climate?"

Has Mummy approved hotel personnel as an O.K. category?" She clenched her fists and turned away from him.

"Elizabeth?" She could not turn round yet. "Yes?" she said shortly.

"Are you all right?" "No, I'm not all right." She looked at him over her shoulder. "We could go on like this for the whole fortnight — one of us apologising and the other playing hard to get."

There was a reluctant chuckle. "All right, you win. The water is beautiful and I'll race you in."

Within seconds they were splashing side by side in the clear water, and

then there were only their two heads above the blue sparkling surface.

"Miles and miles, and it's all ours," Elizabeth jubilated. "Will you come tomorrow?"

"Yes." "Even if Mummy disapproves?" "Yes. Yes. Yes."

"Elizabeth — you've still got your sunglasses on." "So have you!"

"You ought to meet my uncle," he laughed across the water. "He's got a thing about sunglasses and always says we'll breed a blind generation."

"He says what?" Elizabeth forgot to tread water in the sudden realisation and promptly sank below the surface. When she came up again, she tore off her sunglasses and re-

peated: "What is it your uncle says?" "For Pete's sake, what does it matter what my uncle says!"

Instinctively he looked up toward the top floor of the hotel, where some bright object was reflecting the sun.

"That ridiculous telescope!" he exploded. "Wouldn't you say telescopes are much worse than sunglasses?"

"Yes," she said solemnly, looking at him with new eyes. Of course — it was quite obvious. They looked alike. They were alike. It was something about the eyes — a sort of kindness.

"Jonathan . . ." How on earth was she to tell him?

"Elizabeth . . ." He swam closer and held her hand.

They smiled and both took a deep breath. And then, as though they had rehearsed it for a long time, they both said together: "There's something I ought to tell you . . ."

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Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

from page 32

"When you want to put your flaps down press the knob on top and pull the lever up. You'll hear it click twice. Then your flaps are down. They slow your plane, and you'll need them when you're landing. Try them on the straight and level. Let them down, feel how the nose drops a little, and the controls feel heavier. With the flaps down you'll need a little more pressure on the stick to keep her flying level. Try it, and call me up. Over."

"While I'm still circling?"

"Yes, don't leave your circle while you're doing it. Now put your flaps down, and keep that nose steady a foot below the horizon. Over."

"O.K. I've got it," Janet's voice answered after several seconds.

"Now take the flaps off. Don't do it till I tell you. Press the knob on top, and let the lever down gently and steadily. Don't just let it go, or she'll fall right out of your hand. Let it down steadily, and watch the nose. The aircraft will sink a little. O.K. Are you ready? Now ease that lever down and take off flaps. Over."

"Flaps off," she said after a second or two. "Flying level now, only I seem to have lost some height."

"What is your height?" he said. "Over."

"A thousand feet."

"That's all right," he said. "Get back to fifteen hundred, call me when you're there, and we'll put you through the last bit of the course." He covered the mouthpiece for a minute, looked at Peter and said: "Have I forgotten anything?"

"Brakes and rudder-bar," Peter said.

"I haven't forgotten them, we'll do them on the flight to Weeringbrimalli. What?" he said into the mouthpiece. "Repeat, please. I didn't hear you properly. Over."

"Fifteen hundred feet," Janet's voice said again.

"Fine. Now I want you to keep circling, and follow every direction I give you immediately I give it. I can see you part of the way from here, and I want to check how quickly you can follow out instructions. Any questions? Over."

"You're not going to make me do anything I haven't done before? Over," she said, and she was edgy with the fear that he might ask her to perform some impossibility, like a turn to the right.

"No, no new tricks," he said. "But when you're landing it's important that you follow instructions quickly. We'll try it out now, while you're at a nice safe height. Give me your altitude again. Over."

"Fifteen hundred feet, and circling."

"Keep circling the whole time. Close your throttle, lower your flaps and give me your altitude when your airspeed's steady."

There was a perceptible pause and he sweated through it. He could imagine her difficulty in following instructions, watching the indicator and coping with the microphone as

well. When her call came, giving him her altimeter reading, he flew her hard for six or seven minutes, using flaps and throttle, calling for constant checks on her altimeter and her speed.

There were moments, when she was responding well, when he thought he would be able to get her safely down; and moments when her responses were slow, inept, and panicky, and he knew it was quite impossible. Twice he brought her down quite low over the landing-ground, made her climb again from a few hundred feet, and grumbled at her because she didn't respond quickly enough when he gave the word to open up the throttle.

He noticed how cautiously she climbed away each time, but he didn't interfere with that. She was frightened of lifting the nose steeply, frightened of stalling the wings, and he was content to leave her with that. The only time she would need to pull the stick right back was when she was about to touch down, and he explained that to her, how she would hover, hover, hover and then pull the stick right back into her stomach and stall the plane a few feet above the ground, so that it sank gently on to its tricycle undercarriage.

AS he described it making it sound so soft, so simple and easy, he found his own pulse racing with anticipation of that fearful moment, when he would have to direct her, without seeing her, when he would rely, for her life, on three things—on the quickness of George Donovan's judgment, on the telephone-radio link between them, and on the speed with which the frightened girl could understand and follow his directions.

He'd been tempted, he was still tempted, to throw the final responsibility of the landing on to George Donovan. It was, after all, the logical thing to do—George would be on the aerodrome, he would have her in sight, he was hooked in to the telephone-radio link and could speak directly to her.

But against all that he knew that a last-minute change of voice and personality and technique might weaken what confidence she had, unsettle her, make the difference between success and utter disaster. He was mortally afraid of that moment of final responsibility, but he was more afraid of loading it on to someone else.

He glanced at the clock and saw that it was already eleven-thirty, and realised that nothing more that he could usefully teach her would be as valuable to her as a quick release from any more strain and waiting.

"Janet," he said into the mouthpiece of the telephone. "Climb back to two thousand feet, and circle there. I'm proud of you—you're flying like a veteran. I've got to speak to Dave now for a moment, and give him a chance to call up his people if he wants to. Give me a minute. Don't bother about the radio any more until you hear me call you by name. Over."

He waited for a second, but she didn't acknowledge. Then he spoke again. "Dave? Can you speak?" he said and waited.

At the Base, Dave Jordan moved across, still wearing his headphones, and took the telephone mouthpiece away from the speaker of his set. "O.K.," he said, "I can speak to you through this, and hear you through the earphones of the monitor."

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words, short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Do you want to make a general call?"

Dick said.
"Well — how much longer do you need?" Dave asked.

"A quarter of an hour in, and five to land," Dick said. "You'd better make that call, and make it snappy. I'll talk to George while you're doing it. Get us back together the instant that you can."

Dave leapt for the telephone-earpiece to radio-microphone connection, tore off the muffling cotton-wool, and began to unwind the wrappings.

In all the listening homesteads people had frozen for a moment, hearing only one side of the conversation, and thinking that the link had broken down. Then, before they could work out what had happened, Dave's familiar voice came through the speakers of their sets — "Seven X-ray Zero. Seven X-ray Zero. Flying Doctor Base, calling all stations. Any urgent medical calls? If you have an urgent medical call, come in at once, please."

He waited a moment, praying that no calamities had happened during the morning, that no child's temperature was soaring, that no heart had failed, no bone had broken, no woman given way. Then he spoke again: "No transmissions in the next twenty minutes, please. No transmissions at all. No transmissions," signed off, and began the rewrapping and muffling of the ear-piece and microphone.

In the air Janet heard the medical call go out, and she thought a little wryly: "Surely I'm the one who needs a doctor?" Dick had feared that the break would mean a let-down in tension for her and a building up of her fear, but she was glad of the rest, and any breaks, any hold-ups, any circumstances at all which could delay for her the moment of attempting to land the plane.

SHE was tired, more tired than she could ever remember having been before in her life, and even the instant, aching tiredness was useful to her—since it helped her to push into the back of her mind the dread of what lay ahead. Just to go on circling and circling in the quiet air was enough, enough — all that anyone could expect of her.

Ahead of her, she knew, was the moment she had dreaded all her life—a moment when her own life would depend entirely on herself.

Part of her mind played with the idea that there was nothing odd about that, that sooner or later that moment came for everyone. But another part of her mind knew that wasn't true. If you were lucky you could live a whole life—ninety years—without meeting that one moment when the whole world dropped away, and whether you lived or died depended on yourself.

And always she had known that she wasn't to be trusted in that moment, that some failure of determination would make her deny that extra ounce of purpose that made people cling with bleeding fingers to a bare rock face, struggle against impossible water odds, leave up immovable weights to free themselves. Something in her, she knew, would die or would lie down, before the moment of challenge really came. She would refuse that extra ounce of purpose, until the second when it was too late.

So she was content to circle — she was almost happy. She could hear Dick's voice, talking, pausing, talking. Then another unfamiliar voice came on, faded for a moment, and then came on again, saying: "That's all clear. I'll give you 'correct' and 'round-out' or else 'no,' and then I can give you the reasons for it as she climbs away."

"Right," she heard Dick say. "I'll put her round once at least to locate her landmarks. Then we'll see."

At the aerodrome at Weeringbrinalli quite a crowd had gathered. Each man, turning his bicycle or car toward the aerodrome had spread the story that some girl was up in a plane and couldn't fly it. Women had come out from the shops and from the houses and walked together across the paddocks to the aerodrome, arguing about the likelihood of the rumor. When they got there and saw the fire-truck and the ambulance it seemed there might be enough truth in the story to make waiting worth the while, and anyway it was pleasant in the sun.

As he finished talking to Dick Garnett, George Donovan beckoned his mechanic back to him. "She'll be over here in a quarter of an hour," he said. "Get hold of the cop and get him to

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clear the place. He'll have to get this mob right off, right back beyond the fences. If she gets it down she may be anywhere. We don't want anyone within a hundred yards."

At Brinalli Downs, Dick Garnett glanced at the clock again, drew toward him the list of landmarks Peter had compiled from the others' recollections and looked out through the gap in the side wall to where the men were standing on the gravel drive.

"You'll have to shut up or get right out of the way," he said. "I don't want any noise round here for the next quarter of an hour." No one had made an unnecessary sound there in the last half hour. His irritable tone expressed nothing more than his need

to work off on someone else the intolerable strain which must not be allowed to color his voice while he was speaking to Janet. Those who listened to him understood the need and accepted it.

He was fighting three things actually, though the strain was paramount. But he had to carry guilt, too — it was his unbelievable carelessness which had put the girl and the plane into the air — and a sense of loss. He had seen how things were going, had known beyond any possibility of doubt that somewhere between the take-off from Brinalli Downs and the departure time of the train from

Weeringbrinalli, Janet had been going to tell him that she had reconsidered everything and decided against their marriage.

An hour ago, before the accident, he had been confident that he could charm her out of it, repair the damage, put things right again. Now, no matter how things went, there would be no time for that. With part of his mind, while he waited for Dave Jordan to repair the link between his telephone and the plane, he was examining the idea of the psychologists that there are no such things as accidents, that everything is done on purpose and serves some purpose of the doer's.

He couldn't make it make any sense at all. How was an accident of this sort useful to him? To put it in its

plainest terms he had lost by it his girl, and probably his aeroplane as well. He pushed the thoughts from his mind and bent again to the mouth-piece of the telephone. "Janet," he said, "are you receiving me? Come in at once. Over."

There was a moment's pause and then he heard her voice and knew that Dave had re-established the link. "Receiving you. Over," she said.

"Can you hear me clearly? Every word? As clearly as you could hear me earlier? Over."

"Receiving you as clearly as ever," she said. "What time is it?"

"Just after half-past eleven. Now listen very carefully, don't try to cut in till I've finished speaking. We're going to send you off to land at Weeringbrinalli. There are good reasons for this. This landing ground's

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VENCAT THE WORLD'S BEST CURRY

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

from page 73

"This is a large body of water, close to a mile wide. Can you see it? Over."

"I can see it now," she said. "Keep it on your left and skirt it. Don't cross it. You should be flying right along beside it."

As he stopped speaking Sylvie's voice came on the line. "Estimated two miles west of Pearson's place," she said.

"I can see a house now, or some sheds or something, over on the left," Janet's voice said.

"Don't veer toward it. Hold your line," he said, knowing how any landmark in the featureless country seemed to reach out and gather in an inexperienced pilot. "Are you alongside that mile of water yet?"

"Level with it," Janet said. "Don't let it trick you when

"Don't feel like that," he said. And yet, why not think like that? She wasn't an idiot—how else could she think? "This is not going to be very hard. You can do it all right. Everyone's got to make their first solo landing."

"You're doing yours the hard way, but you'll manage it. And at least you've got a few of us to help you. Think of old Orville Wright—he was truly on his own the first time. Over."

"If you said Orville Wright, then it's not fair comparison," she said, and he was overjoyed to hear the hint of a smile in her voice. "He had a thing about flying I definitely haven't got. I can see that clearing now well ahead of me, but it's

to be able to see a bit of a hill, miles away from you. It's bare of timber at the top, and it should be slightly to your right. It won't look very high from that altitude. Over."

"I can see it now," she said. "I think I can. Yes. It's been burnt. It's dead ahead of me."

"That's it," he said. "It should be on your right. Bring the nose gently round, and don't let it fall away, until you've got that hill standing at one o'clock. Over."

"Reported over Seventeen Mile Bore," Sylvie's voice announced. For a moment the words threw him completely. If she was there she was so far off her course . . . but she couldn't be there, there hadn't been time, it wasn't possible. If there was any plane over the bore, if they hadn't imagined it, then it meant that someone else was stooging round and might come in to land on Weeringbrinalli just when they wanted the sky clear for her. He could do nothing—George would have to deal with that.

"Check your height and speed," he said. "Report back if there's any change in them. Over."

"No change," she said. "There are more clearings now. Not so many trees. I can see sheep occasionally. And a huge mob of kangaroos."

"They don't make much of a landmark," he said. "Fly straight and level now, and keep that sun high on your left-hand side. Did you ever ride a billycart when you were a kid? Over."

"Yes, I used to. Why?"

"Remember how to steer it?" he asked. "Right in front of you are the rudder pedals. Rest your feet lightly on them. Both feet at once, lightly. Don't be scared of them. Now when you're on the ground, you're going to keep the plane rolling straight by using these. If you want to steer her left, use left pedal. If you want to steer her right, right pedal. Just the same as a billycart. Now check your nose, keep watching it, and put a very gentle pressure on your left pedal. Now let it come up. Did you see how the nose swung slightly to the left? Over."

"Yes," she said nervously. "I hate this. I'd rather leave the nose just where it is."

"Try it two or three times," he said. "First to the right, and then again to the left. Straighten out again between your movements. Gently, very gently. Over."

He knew he was taking a risk in making her move even fractionally from her proper line, but she had to understand the rudder-bars before he let her come down.

"I've done it," she said. "And I think I'm back on course. There's something—a homestead—right in front of me."

"Head straight for it," he said, and as he finished speaking Sylvie's voice reported: "Over MacPherson's now."

"Make a right turn now, to two o'clock," he said. "Turn now, at once. To two o'clock. Have you done it? Over."

"Just turned," she said. "There's a track below me or a road."

"Ignore that," he said. "Fly straight the way you're heading. The sun's to the left and slightly behind you now. In less than a minute you should be over a wide clearing in the trees, with stockyards in it. Can you see it? Over."

"No," she said. And then her voice rose with fright. "I turned left, turned left, not right. What'll I do?"

"Don't panic. Are you sure of that?" he said. "Over."

"Yes, I'm sure." "Then ease the stick gently to the left, gently, gently, not very far. Keep it there and keep circling till you pick up the

homestead once again. It might take you a few minutes. Don't worry about it. Over."

He closed his eyes, trying desperately to remember how long it was between the wrong turn and her telling of it, how long she'd been flying south-east, how sharp a turn she had made since, whether her circle was wide enough to bring her back over the house.

"I can see it, I think," her voice said. "No . . . yes I can, I can, yes, it's the same house."

"Don't leave your circle, keep circling, keep circling," he said. "Can you, from that height, pick the front of the house from the back? Over."

"I don't know," she said. "I can see the three iron water-tanks."

"The water-tanks are at the back of the house," he said. "Keep circling. Circle till you can come across the house from front to back. Ignore the track. The sun will be high to the left behind you. Don't follow the track. Come across the house from front to back, and in one minute you should pick up the clearing and the stockyard. Over."

Over."

JANET said: "Over the house now," and Dick, listening, prayed that she was going over it in the right direction.

"Circling over MacPherson's house," Sylvie's voice announced. Surely, by now, she must have sighted the stockyards, if she was flying south-west. But if she'd crossed the wrong way, from back to front of the house, if she was flying north-east . . .

"Stockyards under me," Janet's voice said.

"Good girl," he said. "Now you're crossing fairly open country. There'll be a lot of water lying there. Ahead of you the scrub comes down on the right. Skirt that. Keep just within the cleared margin. You've got about six miles of that to fly. Keep over to the right margin of the clearing and you'll be on your course. Now listen. On the instrument panel in front of you is the engine key. DON'T TOUCH IT. Can you see it? Over."

"Like the ignition of a car?" she asked. "Yes, I can see it."

"That's it," he said. "When you're on the ground, switch that off. Not until your wheels are on the ground. Don't touch it until then. As soon as they are, switch it off immediately. Did you follow that? Over."

"I followed," she said. "When I'm on the ground I switch the motor off and steer the thing by using the rudder-bars. Is that right?"

"That's right. I'll remind you as you land. Now one more thing. The brake lever is underneath the instrument panel. It's a red lever with a black knob. Like the hand-brake on a car. Can you see it? Over."

"I've got it."

"Don't touch it now. You want that when you're on the ground," he said. "You're going to touch down at forty-five or fifty miles an hour. When you do, turn off your motor, steer with your rudder-bars, and pull your brake lever gently, a little bit at a time, a little bit of brake and then a little more, till you're stationary. O.K.? Understood? Over."

"Understood," she said. "I'm coming to the end of the clearing now."

"Check your height and speed," he said. "Let me hear them. Over."

"Speed a hundred and twenty-five and height eighteen hundred."

"Check your nose against the horizon and get your speed back to one hundred and twenty," he said. "Keep flying straight and level over the trees and begin looking left. You

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



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it bends away at the far end. Fly straight on. You're holding your course beautifully," he said. "Now there's nothing to look out for for a little while. Pick a spot on the horizon and aim yourself at it. The sun should be high to your left still. Check your altimeter and your airspeed now. Dead ahead of you, within a couple of minutes, you should see a very wide clearing with a road running through it. Call me up as soon as it's in sight. Over."

"Sighted far east from Booborowie," Sylvia reported.

"Don't stop," Janet's voice said anxiously. "Keep talking to me, Dick, it helps. Over."

"Don't worry, I'll keep talking," he said. "I've got to stop every now and then, so you can get a word in if you want to. Any questions now? Over."

"No questions," she said. "I've just got this awful feeling that a few minutes from now I'm going to be dead."

on my right," she said.

"If it's well ahead, you've got time to correct," he said. "Try to fly right across the centre of it. Over."

"Left of centre," she said a moment later. "I couldn't make it. Sorry."

"Ease your stick right to one o'clock and hold it there till I give you the word," he said. This was where trouble might begin, when he tried to estimate the degree of deviation from her course, and counter it. "Straighten up now," he said. "Check your instruments."

"I've lost a hundred feet."

"That's all right. Stay where you are. But do watch that nose every time you move the stick. In a minute now you ought

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

should be able to see Weeringbrinalli there very soon. Don't worry if it takes you a minute or two. It's quite a town—you won't be able to miss it. Can you see it yet? Over."

"Not yet," she said. "The trees are thick again and the sun is . . . yes, I can see it," she said. "But it's miles away."

"About five miles," he said. "You can't miss it now. Just head for it. You'll be over it in a very few minutes. Take up a left-hand circle over it."

His body was humped over the telephone and his eyes closed in his efforts to shut out from his mind everything but the sights that would be under Janet as she went into the circuit over the aerodrome. He must, he knew, keep her there for a few minutes until the layout and the landmarks were clear to her and beginning to be familiar.

There were things yet that he must tell her, he knew; and there were things he longed to tell her, to say to her, before she cut the throttle and put the plane irrevocably down. But he fought off the desire to speak personally to her, to speak of anything but navigational needs. Anything else might weaken her concentration and resolve, anything spoken now would help no one but himself.

He was aware of Peter somewhere behind him in the room and aware that Peter had withdrawn himself a little, quite deliberately, to make plain that no personal issues were, for either of them, any longer involved. It was as clear to him as though Peter had spoken the words that nothing now was at issue among the three except the preservation of Janet's life. "Janet," he said, "are you over the town? Are you circling? Over."

She was over the town, and she was surprised how much comfort the sight

FROM THE BIBLE

• "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

(Authorised Version)

• "I have not come to invite virtuous people, but to call sinners to repentance."

(New English Bible)

—Luke 5.32.

of it had brought her. Beneath her she could see the long ribbon of the road running east and west, level and straight into the far distance, and then the few houses were slipping away from her and she was over paddocks clothed with the sudden exuberance of green that follows flood rains in those dry red soils.

She moved the stick to the left, and as the plane came round she saw the railway station pass underneath her like a tilted toy, and she had time to think as she reached for the microphone and pressed its button: There's no train there, I really have missed it this time. "I'm over the town and circling," she said. "It looks frightfully . . . small." It was not that the town seemed small so much as that it looked so neat, so tidy, so foursquare, and so safe. She could see the regular dirt roads, the regular tin-roofed houses, the regular backyards with none of their litter showing at her altitude, and the regularly spaced pepper-trees whose soft green spreading growth broke the bareness and muffled the dust of the roads within the limits of the town itself.

"Right. From now on use your radio only if you have to," Dick's voice said. "Sit comfortably and try to get relaxed in your seat. Hold the stick gently, don't get too tight a grip on it. Try to relax—you'll fly her better if you're sitting comfortably and not tensed up. Check your seat-belt now and be absolutely certain that it's holding you firmly. When you've done that, give me your altitude. Over."

"Still at eighteen hundred feet," Janet's voice said, and her tone was even and fairly confident. "My seat-belt is firm."

"Keep circling and put the nose slightly down so that you're gradually losing height. Don't break your circle, but keep coming down a little until your altimeter shows fifteen hundred feet. While you're getting there keep looking out and I'll point out to you the places where you are going to make your turns. After you cross the town, on the far side of it, a little out from the last houses, you'll see a very big building like a factory. Mostly corrugated-iron. That's the meatworks. Call me up when you've located it. Over."

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

from page 74

"Coming round to it now."

"Keep your circle. From there, when you're turning, you will fly a straight leg west over a church with a tower on it, with the river immediately beyond. Can you locate it? Over."

"I can see it, but I'm wide of it."

"You won't be when you turn and fly a straight leg down to it. You'll fly across the church and turn immediately, as you cross the river. Then you'll fly a short leg south to the main runway of the aerodrome, turn ninety degrees on to it, and you're down. Keep circling and watch those turning points as you go round. Make certain that you know where to look for them. Any questions? Over."

"I don't think so," she said. "Only

. . . I'm getting horribly frightened."

"That doesn't matter," he said. "Being frightened doesn't matter. Make something of it, make it work for you. In a minute I'm going to make you do one set of turns, flying level, over those three points. Then we'll bring you into land. I'll give you every move you have to make as it is necessary."

"The one thing you have to remember all the time, is that if I give you the word 'THROTTLE' you've got to push that throttle right in, lift the nose, take-off flaps, and climb away and back to fifteen hundred feet. That's the one thing you've got to be

sure about. There'll be no time for delay if I give the word. You've got to get that throttle full on instantaneously and begin to climb away. O.K.? Is that understood? Over."

"Yes, understood," she said. "Please, Dick, go through it just once more. Tell me everything I'm going to have to do. Over."

"All right. What's your altitude? Over."

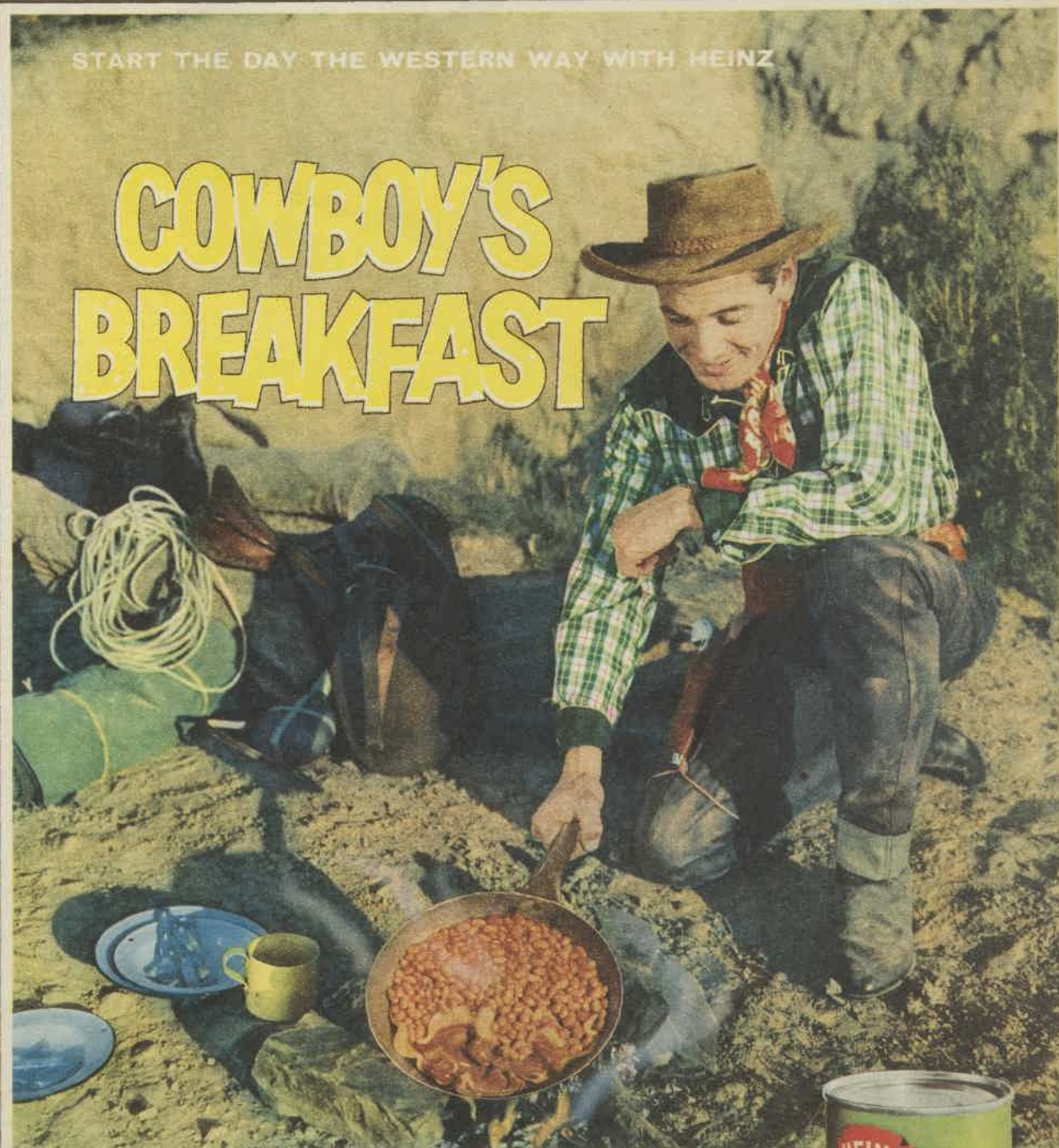
"Fifteen hundred and flying level," she said. "I forgot to tell you when I got to that."

"Keep your altitude and circle. As you cross the town, you'll cut your throttle and let the nose fall to the point you've worked out, holding your air-speed steady at eighty knots. You'll

turn ninety degrees sharp over the meatworks, and when you've straightened out you'll lower your flaps and fly a long straight leg, with your nose at the same angle, over the church. Turn again as you cross the river, being certain that you hold that nose steadily down all the time, fly a short straight leg till you're opposite the runway, and turn again there, holding the nose steadily down. You won't be over the aerodrome when you make that last turn. You'll be coming in across rough bushes and stuff, and when you cross the fence and you're over the aerodrome you'll be very low."

"Don't pull the nose up, keep it just where it is, even though the ground seems to be rushing up on you. When I give the word ease the stick back a little."

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MATTRESSES • PILLOWS

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

from page 75

"Just a little at first, and then a little more and a little more as I give the word. When I say 'stick right back' pull it back into your tummy and you'll be on the ground. Then switch off your motor, steer with your rudder bars, and very gradually pull that brake-lever back. All clear? Over."

"I think so," Janet's voice said rather weakly. "And you'll tell me each thing as I have to do it?"

"As you have to do it," he said. "And if, as you make that last turn in on to the runway, I call 'throttle,' what do you have to do? Over."

"I've got that part clear, don't worry," she said. "Put the throttle full on and climb again."

"Correct," he said. "And take flaps off as you're climbing. Take them off gradually. All right. Don't use your radio now. Make a circuit, turning at those three points and flying straight and level between them. Watch your altimeter and keep your fifteen hundred. Fly straight across the town and make your first turn over the meatworks. Over."

At Weeringbrinalli aerodrome the crowd, pushed back beyond the eastern fence of the drome, tensed as they saw the plane leave its circle, straighten out and then begin to turn over the meatworks.

"Turns O.K.," George Donovan said into his telephone as the plane came in again across the drome. He looked behind him and noticed the crowd edging closer to the fence where the fire-truck and the ambulance and its crew were waiting.

"Don't let them come any closer," he called to the town's policeman. "I can't leave this plane, and if anyone gets between me and her when she's down low she'll be a goner."

At Brinalli Downs Dick waited. He had heard George's voice telling him that the turns had been correctly made, but he waited now for her voice before he sent her into the last circuit of all.

IN a moment it came. "I've made the turns," she said. "I'm all set now. Over."

"Right. Now you can land it," he said. He felt his throat tighten, and his mouth was dry, but his tone was even, quiet, and matter-of-fact. "From now on, don't use your radio at all, except in an emergency. Make one more call only. Tell me when you're approaching the first houses of the town. Over."

He longed to say something more, even the words "Good Luck," but he knew they wouldn't help her, nothing would help her now which took her mind even for an instant from the task ahead.

In the air, Janet saw the first houses of the town rushing toward her, depressed the button of the microphone, and said: "First houses coming. Over." She was frightened, but no longer agitated. This was what she had been flying toward all the morning, all her life perhaps. There was no way out of it. Her fear was not the calm, helpless fear of the irrevocably condemned.

She heard Dick's voice say: "Close your throttle when you're over the town," closed it, corrected as the nose dropped and then remembered that she should not correct, and set the nose down to her estimated

two, and a half feet. Then, before she could check the airspeed the meatworks were upon her and she put the stick over and the earth rushed up and again the turn seemed not so bad when she was losing height, and she was thinking exultantly: "I can do it, I really believe I can do it," when she heard Dick's voice say: "Lower flaps now and prepare to turn over river."

The flaps went down, and then the river was on her before she had time to check the indicator, and she turned again and ran the short south leg and turned again and the runway was before her, and she said aloud to herself: "I'm saved! I'm saved!" and then she heard a voice say "NO" and immediately Dick's voice, louder, saying "THROTTLE."

She was bewildered by it because surely they must be wrong, they must be wrong, and then she pushed the throttle in and the nose lifted as the motor roared into full life, but still she seemed to be skimming the ground, and she lifted the nose a little more, and remembered the flaps but forgot to steady the lever as they came up, and the plane sank and she pulled the nose high so that it blotted out her horizon, and she forced it down and then brought it up again, and the plane was bucketing over the hangars and then over the town and beyond and she was possessed by a terrible sorrow and dread, because the ground had been so close, so close, and they had driven her up and away from it.

"George?" Dick said sharply into the telephone.

"Overshooting," George answered quickly. "Turns O.K., but she was a mile too high. She's well east, but turning back."

"Janet, are you receiving?" Dick asked. "Get into circuit over the town again, and climb back to fifteen hundred. Can you hear me clearly? Come in now."

"... can hear," he heard her say, and he knew she had begun answering him before she pressed the button. "What happened? What was wrong?"

"Somewhere you let the nose come up when you turned. Climb. You've got to get to fifteen hundred again. What's your height now? Over."

"Now I have to do it all over again," she said, wailing.

"That doesn't matter," he answered. "It doesn't matter if you have to do it six times. It's all good practice." He knew it wasn't true, she'd be able to stand so much of this, and then no more. And nobody on the ground could estimate just where, for her, that breaking-point would come.

They must, if it was even remotely possible, get her down and on to the ground at the next attempt. "Try to think what happened," he said. "Where did you stop losing height? Over."

"It's all too much," she said, but her voice was quieter now. "I didn't get time—the turns were all right, I think, but then there was the flaps and I had to watch the nose and the wings, I just didn't look at the airspeed indicator once. I'm very sorry; I don't know what happened," she said, and he could tell from her voice that she had got control of herself, and that she was contrite, and annoyed with herself because she hadn't managed to do everything asked of her.

"You'll get it next time," he

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from page 76

said. "Don't worry about it. The trouble could have been that you didn't get that throttle completely off. Make sure you pull it right out when you start again. If your throttle is right off you'll seem to be coming down quite slowly, and you'll have lots of time. What's your height now, Janet? Over."

"Fourteen hundred," she said. "I'm nearly there, Dick. Wouldn't it be better if I knew what height I should be after I make each turn?"

"No," he said firmly. "Don't both about the altimeter. Keep your eyes away from it. Get the nose right for a speed of eighty knots, that's all you've got to worry about. Don't watch the altimeter. Are you

"No good," George's voice said on the line, and it was tense and agitated. "She was driving it straight into the ground."

Dick sagged back in his seat, letting the tension drain out of him again. He had listened and while George talked he had heard the sound of the plane climbing away at full throttle over the drome. He heard a movement behind him, but he couldn't look round, couldn't acknowledge anything or anyone but the need to find the girl Janet and bring her in.

"Janet," he said, and his voice was quiet and calm. "Can you

torted, waving, and shimmering in a changing light.

When Dick asked her for her height she had trouble in focusing on the altimeter, trouble in reading the height that it displayed. "Fifteen hundred now," she said flatly, and then remembered that she had not lifted the microphone from its place in her lap. It seemed to take all of her strength to lift it and repeat the message.

"Do you want to circle for a bit?" he said. "Or are you ready to land now?"

"Circle," she said, because she wanted time.

"All right," he said. "Make two more circuits over the town, and then we'll bring you

ment of throttle and flaps and bucketing nose and wings, and she knew she would go through it again, and again and again and again if necessary, while there was still petrol in the tanks. There was her limit—petrol in the tanks. While there was that she could still get down—in spite of them, in spite even of herself.

She had heard Dick's voice calling her repeatedly while she circled and while she thought. Now she lifted the microphone and spoke to him. "I'm all right," she said. "How much petrol have I got?"

"Plenty," he said. "You can fly for another hour if you really want to." The change in her voice surprised him, giving him hope. "Are you ready to come in now?" he said. "Give me your height if you are. Over."

"I'm ready," she said. "I'm on the far side of the drome. I'll close the throttle as I cross the town." As she said the words she realised that her thoughts had been more heroic than she'd recognised. She knew that when she closed the throttle again, when she turned, she would be seized again by terror and sickness. But she was seeing well now, breathing more evenly, and she knew the time had come to try it again.

"Throttle closed," she said, as the roofs of Weeringbrinalli passed underneath her, and as the roar of the engine died away she could hear the hammering of her own blood in her veins. Then she was into the turn, hunting the horizon for nine o'clock, over, over, over a little more, now bring the stick to central, straighten up, keep the nose down, airspeed steady at eighty. Flaps, now the flaps, and the nose dropping away too much, correct it now, correct it before the turn.

She was aware of Dick's voice, but she couldn't listen to it, the river turn was the one that troubled her, and then she had made it, and she was flying the short leg over trees and bushes and the third and final turn was there before her. She made it, thinking, "Now I must listen, I must listen," because this was the point where Dick's voice would call "Throttle." She had turned badly; she would not come over the runway but over the rough grass parallel to it.

She made a small movement of the stick to the right in an effort to get level with the beginning of the runway, and heard a voice say "O.K." and then Dick's voice saying, "Keep the nose down and steady, down and steady."

Now she was over the fence and over the rough grass of the aerodrome, and under the right wing of the plane the dirt of the runway her wheels were not going to touch was streaming past like a river of porridge. She heard a word that sounded like "Roundout" spoken, and then Dick's voice saying: "Ease the stick back, and a little more, and a little more, and a little more, and a little more, and then the words she was waiting for: "Stick right back, pull it right back, right back into your stomach."

She pulled the stick right back and the plane crashed on to the ground with a jolt that jarred her bones; then it was racing on and turning, turning, and she could hear Dick's voice, but she couldn't make any sense of it except for the word "motor, motor, motor," and she reached for the engine key and thought she had turned it off, and then the plane veered suddenly and one wing went down and it was tipping, tipping . . . then she was blinded by a blow on the head and the world faded out.

At Brinalli Downs Dick Garnett had heard George's triumphant shout: "She's down!"

*****AS I READ***** THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting Nov. 6

ARIES

MAR. 21 - APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, grey, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

TAURUS

APR. 21 - MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, blue, white.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.

GEMINI

MAY 21 - JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, violet, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

CANCER

JUNE 22 - JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.

LEO

JULY 23 - AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, black, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sat.

VIRGO

AUG. 23 - SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24 - OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24 - NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23 - DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, red, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21 - JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, silver, rose.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20 - FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

PISCES

FEB. 20 - MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sat.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

and had begun at once to coach her in the use of rudder and brake. He had known the risk in the triumph and relief of touching down she would lose contact with him, forget to listen, be deaf to what he said. George's voice cut in on him again, confirming this. "Out of control," he said.

Dick began repeating, urgently, rapidly: "Switch off your motor, switch off, switch off your motor, motor off, motor off, use rudder-bar and brakes." "Ground-looping," George cut in, and a second later: "She's over!" and the next sound that came to Dick was the sound the telephone made as it hit the turf. He knew that George had run, that everyone was running. There were shouts, and he recognised the sound of the ambulance motor, and the deeper roar as the fire-truck started across the aerodrome. How far away was she? How long would it take them to reach the broken plane?

There was no way he could tell. He could do nothing but wait—listen and wait. He swung around to look at the others, and the brightness of the room dazzled him at first.

Then he saw his mother and Peter, and beyond them, crowded on to the verandah now that there was nothing to be seen any longer from the drive, the faces of the cook and the waiting men. Peter's face drew him; it was grey with strain. "Ground-looped and went over," Dick said, speaking to him. "There's nothing we can do but wait."

At the Flying Doctor Base, at the exchange, in dozens of

★ Whatever your plans, they'll undergo several alterations. New factors bring unforeseen developments. A stroke of luck may release you from a worry. One person is likely to be a tower of strength.

★ Many of you have come to a fork in the road. If young, there may be two possibilities in connection with a future life partner. If older, you may have to choose between loyalties or decide on a career.

★ While castles in air are pleasant to look at, solid foundations are essential. Some are in danger of being carried away by imagination—imagination, for instance, that they're in love. Come down to earth.

★ Perhaps you go to a party and meet a handsome stranger or a thrilling VIP. Others find a romantic figure at a business conference. This can be a delightful experience as an adventure with no future.

★ If a young married, there might be an addition to the family. If a parent a child might win a distinction at school. Some of you are excited over the purchase of a new home or improvements.

★ While you may spin like a top you'll amass what you set out to do. If you can't make it the first time, you'll return until you have performed your errand to your satisfaction.

★ It's not too early to plan ahead for the holidays. Lists of gifts should be written down, costs should be estimated, vacation expenses considered. Your budget makes the difference between fun and worry.

★ You know what you want and how to get it; march straight to your goal with the quiet confidence which comes from being on good terms with yourself. You will be influenced by your emotions.

★ The scheme may have been simmering for weeks in the back of your mind or it may suddenly spring to life, but it will take most of your spare time. It will be a permanent factor in your life.

★ There are so many things you would like to do that regardless of your age you feel young and eager. This week, at least, a few of your hopes can be realised. Those who want to be popular will succeed.

★ Make overtures to that new member of the staff or arrival in your social group; remember how it feels to be a stranger. If an attractive boy appears in the office, draw him into your crowd.

★ Something odd may happen while you are on a date, meet an interesting personality under unusual circumstances, and this person could influence your life. One thing is certain: you will meet again.

homesteads scattered over hundreds of miles, people waited, not moving, not speaking, waiting and listening. Dave Jordan thought that he should undo the telephone-radio link, that he should at least have his set in readiness for any emergency calls which might come in. But he made no move; he waited and listened, too.

Then Dick heard voices calling to each other, two or three voices, distant and confused. And then a strange voice shouted at him: "Righto, they're bringing her now," and the telephone was dropped again to the ground.

"They're bringing her now," Dick said flatly to the others, and tried to tell from their faces what the words might mean. Did they mean that she was all right, unhurt? Burned? Unconscious? Or were they bringing her body back across the drome?

George Donovan had

To page 78

soothes itching HAEMORRHOIDS quickly!

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



"Fifteen hundred yet? Over." "Level at fifteen hundred now," she said. "I want to try it straight away again."

The town was coming up, now she was into it again, into the rushed routine, the turning giddiness, the tension. The first houses were under her and she closed the throttle firmly, took up the microphone, depressed the button, and reported: "Throttle closed."

At Brinalli Downs Dick began to count, to visualise, to try. "Make your turn sharply, check your airspeed as you straighten out, and then let your flaps down," he said.

"Keep that nose steady as you turn over the river," he said. "Now straighten out and start looking left at once for the runway and your final turn." Then, before he was ready for it, before he thought she should have completed the turn, George Donovan's voice cut sharply in to him. "No, No," it said.

"Throttle," Dick said. "Full throttle on. Full throttle. Lift your nose and get the flaps up as you climb."

hear me? Are you receiving? Come in?"

Her voice was loud, ragged, hysterical. "What do you think you're doing to me?" she said.

"Take up your circle again and give me your height, please," he said.

"I can't stand much more of this," she said, and her voice was broken with tiredness. He knew that it was true. She couldn't stand much more. But George Donovan knew it, too.

"Fly round until you've got your height," he said. "Then we'll try it again. Don't worry, please don't worry. You're handling the machine beautifully. We'll get you down this time. Give me your height now, please, over."

In the air Janet heard his words, but she no longer believed them. Twice was enough, twice was too much, she would never do it now. She had a tight, constricted pain underneath her breastbone and something—fear, sickness, loss of hope—had done something to her sight, so that everything she could see through the windshield of the plane seemed dis-

down. Talk to me while you make them."

She circled, not answering him. There was nothing to talk about, nothing she wanted to say. She thought of letting the plane fall out of the sky, or of putting the nose down at full throttle and holding it there, until she smashed herself and the plane and was free of this frightful need to make decisions, calculations, responses, efforts.

But that thought presented so clear an image of her own death, not as some vague, unlikely far-off thing as it had appeared to her even a short time ago when she had said to Dick: "I can't help thinking I may be dead in a few minutes," but as something now, immediate, real, and painful to her beyond the measure of any physical pain. And as she realised that she realised, too, that her self-doubt had been for nothing. That, given a moment to think, there would be no limit, no sort of limit at all, to the effort she would make.

She thought again of the descent toward the earth, and the muddled horror of that mo-

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POSTAGE

PAID

SYDNEY

dropped the phone and swung himself on to the step of the fire-truck as it took off from its place beside the hangar. The unsteered plane had groundlooped to the right and it was lying on the stub of its smashed right wing, so that there was no way of getting at the crumpled front-seat door. But the door on the left side, to the rear seat of the plane, had sprung open as the fabric tore away, and George flung himself from the truck and jumped for that, pushing his head and shoulders down through the opening that it made in the tilted wreck.

The girl was lying underneath him, still held by her seat-belt, with her head down beneath the second pilot's seat and out of his sight. He reached across her for the engine key, found that it was off, and got both arms underneath her body so that he could take her weight from the belts and

Continuing . . . SOLO FOR SEVERAL PLAYERS

feel for the safety-catch and pull it to release her.

Someone else was up beside him on the plane now, and together they eased her through the narrow doorway and handed her down to the ambulance men and the doctor. As they carried her to where the ambulance had been left at a safe distance in case of fire, she stirred and lifted her head and looked around her and then she said: "I'm all right. You can put me down."

"Not yet," one of them told her. "Better wait a bit, till we've had a look at you."

"Something hit me on the head," she said. "But it wasn't that. I think I only fainted." She saw the ambulance with its rear doors opened wide

from page 77

to take her in, and she said very firmly: "Put me down now. I'm all right. I'm not hurt. I can stand up."

The men who were carrying her lowered her very gently to her feet beside the ambulance and very gently her legs folded under her and she slid to the ground.

"Let me sit," she said. "There's nothing wrong. It's only my knees. They don't seem to work." She felt the doctor's fingers at her wrist, at her ribs, felt him lift her arms, and feel the reddened place on her forehead where she had been hit. Time seemed to pass very slowly. The sun was warm and she was content to sit

there. She noticed the ring of faces gathering about her and smiled at them and found she couldn't stop smiling.

They were talking over her now and she heard the odd words: "Nothing broken . . . bound to be shock . . . perhaps an X-ray," but she didn't listen to them, because she was thinking. Something had become very clear to her and she knew she had to see that it was done before these people made other and worse arrangements for her.

"Which is George?" she said. "I'm George," a young, fair-headed man said from right beside her.

"You're the taxi pilot?" "That's right," he said, and grinned. "The so-and-so that

wouldn't let you come in on those first two runs."

"I've got to go back," she said. "Have you let them know at Brinalli Downs that I'm all right?"

"Someone's gone now to tell them. We'll get you back to the hangar now, and you can speak to them yourself if that's what you'd like."

"I would," she said. "Help me up and then I'll walk. I think I prefer to walk." They set off to cross the aerodrome to the hangar, with George supporting her on one side and the doctor walking within easy reach on the other.

At Brinalli Downs, Dick thought he could hear voices coming closer. He heard a woman laugh and then an excited discussion too far from the telephone for him to hear any words. Then voices were coming closer and then George Donovan's voice said suddenly: "Hallo, you there, Dick?"

"Hallo," Dick said.

"She's all right. Shaken up, of course, but no harm done. I'll take this phone to the hangar and you can speak to her."

It was a second or two before Dick realised that the others hadn't heard. "She's all right," he said. "Not hurt, and bent to listen again. He knew he should give the phone to Peter, that it would be Peter now she wanted to reassurance, but he couldn't give it up until he'd heard her voice."

"Hallo," she said a moment later, and the voice was strong and recognisably her own. "I've made an awful mess of your plane, I'm afraid."

He could say nothing but "Janet" and again: "Janet, Janet."

"I'm coming back," she said.

"What?" he said. "I didn't get that. Are you all right? You're not hurt?" "Not hurt at all," she said. "I hit my head on something, but not seriously."

"Pete's here. You'd like to speak to him," he said, remembering.

"No," she said sharply. "I want to speak to you. I'm coming back. Do you understand?" she said.

"I don't know whether I do," he said doubtfully.

JANET smiled. She

couldn't explain it very well, and she wasn't even sure that he had known that she was going away. She'd found out something about herself. Now she was confused and tired, and she couldn't recall exactly what it was.

But she knew that it would come back to her and that, whatever it was, it had cleared the way. There was nothing in her now that she had to protect against him, no need to be on her guard any longer against his confidence.

"I'm coming back, now, to Brinalli Downs," she said.

"Janet, you can't. Have you forgotten the roads?" he said. "You can't get through. Only by air."

"That's how I'm coming, in the taxi plane."

"But that's absurd," he broke in. "You ought to be in hospital, you—"

"Don't you start that," she said irritably. "I've been through all that here, with the doctor. He's coming, too, if you really want to know. They're trying to get my cases out of your plane. Then we'll take off at once."

"Janet," he said carefully. "Listen. Aren't you afraid of flying? Aren't you more afraid than ever, now?" He knew that there were many people listening, but he knew, too, that the answer would answer all the other questions.

"Oh, my darling," she said. "If you only knew how terrified I am! That's why I have to do it now, quickly, before I think too much. But it's the only way I can get there, and I'm staying. It's the last time, positively the last time ever, that I fly. I'll be there until the floods are over—and longer. See you soon," she said, and put the receiver down with a click and turned to the waiting doctor and George.

The click of the receiver going down was heard at Brinalli Downs, at the Flying Doctor Base, at the exchange, and in dozens of homesteads scattered over hundreds of miles of the loneliest country in the world. At all those places people sighed and straightened and got up to ease cramped muscles and smiled at each other wearily and with pride. They had watched something happen, they had seen it through to its end, and they were content.

In some way, everyone had the same thought, had reached the same conclusion. People in real trouble were never as much alone as they feared they would be. There was comfort in the thought.

(Copyright)

The novel, "Solo For Several Players," published by J. M. Dent, will shortly be available in Australia.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

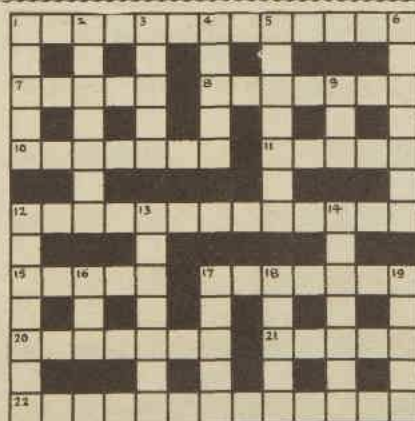
MANDRAKE spoke to outer-space Emperor Magnon, who appeared before him and Narda as a tri-dimensional projection, about the disappearance of the star. Magnon departs to investigate the mystery. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Aid in the ring, sign of good appetite at the table (6, 7).
7. Armed vision (5).
8. Mix back in the highest point reached (7).
10. Sailor to spoil dismembered Erin (7).
11. Artificial waterway (5).
12. Music at noon is making a show of piety (13).
15. Goodbye to God in France (5).
17. Mev trod (Anagr., 7).
20. The devil with broken deed is obstructed (7).
21. Alarm (Anagr., 5).
22. This American's histories are mostly mysteries (5, 5, 3).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. A plant of the houseleek family (5).
2. Mark of non-commissioned officers (7).
3. No human beings make a Roman second name (5).
4. Seven cities claimed the glory of being this Greek poet's birthplace (5).
5. I study at the end of this word-book (7).
6. Mab's leg (Anagr., 7).
9. A human being in Rumania (3).
12. Tie cats with a herbaceous plant (7).
13. Often followed by bolt (7).
14. To fold over above a mate who turned (7).
16. The devil in the heart of a simpleton (3).
17. A pattern of excellence with a poem inside (5).
18. Cuban dance with spirited start (5).
19. Mostly Gaelic, pithy (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 8, 1961

Fashion PATTERNS

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Patterns, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand readers should address orders to Box 634, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5880. — Simple summer housecoat for a little girl, sizes six to 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material and ¾ yds. lace edging. Price 3/-.
F7402. — Boy's beach set has contrasting trim. Sizes four to 14 years. Requires 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material, ¾ to 1 yd. 36in. contrast, and ½ to ¾ yd. 36in. lining. Price 3/6.
F7337. — Pattern for nightgown or muu-muu for the junior miss. Sizes four to ten years. Long style requires 2½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material. Short style takes 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F5917. — Girl's playsuit with bloomer pants and puffed sleeves. Sizes two to eight years. Requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.
F1116. — Cute sunsuit and bonnet for the beach. Sizes one to four years. Requires 1½ to 1½ yds. 36in. material and 6½ yds. embroidered edging. Price 3/-.
F7336. — Cute pyjamas with short or matador pants. Sizes four to ten years. Shortie style takes 2 to 2½ yds. 36in. material. Matador pants require 2½ to 3½ yds. 36in. material. Both take 7 to 8 yds. rick-rack braid. Price 3/-.



F4163. — Girl's bonnet with ribbon trim. Sizes two to eight years. Requires ¾ yd. 36in. material and 1½ yds. ribbon. Price 2/6.

F4216. — Useful plain bonnet for a two- to eight-year-old. Requires ¾ yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 562. — BEACH FROCK
Muu-muu-styled beach frock is available cut out ready to make in printed cotton. Colors are red with black and white; olive with grey and white; pale blue with deeper blue and white; and royal blue with black and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage 3/6 extra.

No. 563. — DUCHESSE SET
Pretty duchesse set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on cream, white, pink, and green Irish linen. Price is 8/9, plus 1/2 postage.

No. 564. — FROCK
Check cotton housefrock is available cut out ready to make. Colors are red, lemon, pink, green, cornflower-blue, and lilac, all with white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 31/6. Postage 2/6 extra.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

November 8, 1961

Teenagers

WEEKLY



GEOFF LANE

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

PHOTO BY GUY AROLD FOR THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

LETTERS

No tax without a vote

NO taxation without representation! This should be the cry of every teenager today. This is a democracy in which every capable person should have the right to vote.

You say teenagers aren't mature enough to understand politics? Anyone who can learn complicated chemistry formulas or master economics is mature enough to decide whether Mr. A. or Mr. B. would be the better representative of the people.

People say we are irresponsible, but if we are not given responsibilities how can we develop into mature adults? Many adults have inferior education and are often hoodwinked by smooth-talking politicians. The coldly analytical mind of today's youth is sufficiently conditioned to allow a completely objective view to be taken.

Our money is taken and used to support the politicians, and yet these men may work directly against our ideas, principles, and interests.—(Miss) M. Cooper, *Fine Street, Fairfield, N.S.W.*

Greatest virtue

I ONCE read in a book that "a thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue but the parent of all other virtues." Some of my friends believe obedience to be the greatest virtue and I would like to know what other teenagers think about this matter.—Margaret Dalby, *Hamilton, N.S.W.*

Male fashions

AFTER seeing some photos in T.W. (4/10/61) of young men in the latest fashions, I came to the conclusion that there must be a limit.

Most of the costumes featured would have become young girls much better. Let us leave the matador pants and pretty little hats for the women.

Men, are we going to be dictated to in regard to what we wear on the beach or to casual functions? I would like to bet that the people who design such clothes would never think of wearing them.—Brian Christensen, *Townsville, Qld.*

Next week

FANCY-DRESS parties are always popular during the summer, but thinking up ideas for a costume is a real problem. So next week we bring you a dozen terrific costumes, all illustrated in color and all easy to make at little or no cost. Also, there's a pin-up of local singer Barry Stanton.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Eggs and you

DO you want loads of protein and goodness, but can't look at an egg? Well, I've found the answer. The next time you make a milkshake at home, add an egg to it and mix well with vanilla and sugar. Honestly, you will not be able to tell the difference, and it gives the drink a smooth satin taste.—Diane Munro, *Hampton, Vic.*

Homesick

I AM homesick for a home I have never seen; for the land where I can look straight into the eyes of my fellow man; the land where equality leaves men to differ as they will; the land where freedom is as natural as breathing; the land which knows not of war, where there is nothing over a man between him and the sky, where the obligations of love are sought after as prizes. I am on earth by some cosmic mistake, and I am homesick.—"The Mediator," *Manly, N.S.W.*

In the dumps

I'M in my early teens and everything is positively against me. I'm blamed for everything. I've got to do all the work. I've got to wear Sis' hand-downs. I know I'm lazy and rebellious.

My parents don't realise I'm growing up. I suppose I have to wear Sis' hand-downs because we're struggling right now and can't afford new things.

I guess Sis really does quite a bit of work, but I see red when I'm made to do her jobs when she's sitting down reading.

I'm always down in the dumps lately. The only things I'm happy with are my schoolwork and my cat. I suppose I'll get over it all. Why, even as I write this, things don't seem so bad.—"Kitten," *Denmark, W.A.*

Good try

HAS anyone ever wondered where the word "news" originated. I have thought about this, and the only conclusion at which I could arrive was that it was taken from the four corners of the earth—north, east, west, and south. The first letter from each word was taken to form a suitable word for the world's happenings. Any better ideas?—Judy Mayhead, *Merrylands, N.S.W.*

(Good try, but Webster's Dictionary says the word came from the Middle English "newes," meaning novelties.—Ed.)

Old idols

INSTEAD of collecting pin-ups of young men in the news, as most teenagers do, I have started a collection of OLD men. I have over 30 cut-out photos of wise, mature gentlemen, all famous in various fields.

Gazing at me now from the wall are George Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, Robert Frost, Archbishop Fisher, Mark Twain, the Pope, Toscanini, Anatole France, and others.

True, their faces are lined, their hair white (or non-existent), but their expressions are gentle and full of wisdom and serenity. It's a comfort to look at them at times when I am full of trouble or the world seems more chaotic than usual.—(Miss) S. Powell, *Sandringham, Vic.*

Took the hint

I HAD idly picked up my sister's diary and "innocently" begun reading. The following, however, soon brought me to a guilty stop:

"When one is in the habit of writing bilge, it is easy to overlook the fact that some poor innocent person will, out of curiosity, some day read same. I here, then, apologise to the reader for any mental discomfort which he or she may have endured on reading thus far, and suggest that the suffering be terminated by immediately closing the diary and returning to more profitable duties which are more the concern of that person."

I took the hint.—"Peeping Tom," *Gawler, S.A.*

BEATNIK



"We've been going steady for quite a while now, Squeaky. Do you think it will last—like all day?"

Looking back

FROM here in England I can see that the Australian teenager has a lot to be thankful for. I used to complain along with the rest, but now, looking at things 13,000 miles away, I realise just how well off I was back in Sydney.

It is quite common in Australia for the average teenager to have a car. Over here this is not the case. Petrol is 4/10 and 5/- a gallon. This is a good 6/- a gallon in Australian currency. Cigarettes average 4/6 a packet. There are no drive-in theatres.

There are only two TV stations, and the programmes are, on the whole, shocking. The B.B.C. offers very little in the way of good general-appeal programmes. Fares are dearer, but the transport system is really good, except that the services grind to a halt shortly after

midnight, and taxis are nearly twice the price of Sydney cabs. And, of course, one misses the beaches.

But, for all England's shortcomings and differences, she has a lot to compensate. I urge any person, especially a teenager, to travel before settling down. Try not to be tempted to spend your intended travel savings on a car or some other distraction. Travel broadens your mind and helps you appreciate your own country.

Once in England you're on the stepping-stone to the world. London itself is fascinating. It would take several lifetimes to see it properly. If you take the trip, I do recommend that you have your return fare. It's virtually impossible to save out of a normal weekly wage while you're here.—Peter Whyte, 2 Cheseman Court, Cheseman St., Sydenham, London S.E. 26, England.

Young man in the saddle

● Our cover pin-up this week is a young man who won the title of Leading Apprentice Jockey in Victoria for five seasons—and capped this record by becoming Premier Jockey and Leading Apprentice Jockey in Victoria in one year—1959-60.

HE is Geoff Lane, known as the Golden Boy of Australia's race tracks.

Now 22, Geoff is pictured in the colors of Dhaulagiri, one of the prominent entries for this year's Melbourne Cup.

Riding winners is nothing unusual for this young man. He's won many Australian cup races, including the Williamstown Cup in Melbourne and the Birthday Cup in Adelaide.

In all he has ridden more than 500 winners in Australia since he first began riding as an apprentice when he was 14, and has won in every capital city.

In addition he rode three winners and had 24 placings out of 50 rides during his recent six months' retainer as number one jockey with the Baroness von Oppenheim's stable in Cologne, Germany.

Winning the junior and senior jockey titles in 1959-60 was a rare achievement. It had

been done only once before—by Harold Skidmore in the 1933-34 season, when he was 19.

But none of this top-line success has gone to Geoff's head. He is his own manager and keeps in perfect physical condition.

He doesn't smoke or drink; he eats wisely, with steaks, green vegetables, fruit, and milk his staple diet.

To keep his weight down to an average 9st, he has to watch his diet carefully.

For exercise he plays squash regularly, walks several miles around his home district of Springvale every day (leaving his big new American sedan in the drive of his parents' home while he does so), and does at least two to three hours' track work a day.

This good-looking, fair-haired young man is very popular with the racing public, not only because he rides plenty of winners for punters but because he is genuinely modest about his victories and is always a "trier."

A TRIP TO THE STARS

● America might be behind Russia in the space race—but it's still a good place to make trips to the stars.

I MEAN, of course, stars of films and other forms of entertainment. And they're just as "out of this world" as the real things in space when you meet them face to face.

Recently I went along to M.G.M.'s studios in Hollywood while they were filming a new picture, "A Thunder of Drums," a Cavalry versus Indians fight-to-the-finish.

One of the stars of this film is singer-actor George Hamilton, who appeared with Chuck Berry, Bobby Darin, and Jo Ann Campbell in Australia early this year.

Also on the set was someone well known to Australian teenagers—Duane Eddy, the twangy guitar boy. Duane visited Australia last January with Johnny Restivo, Santo and Johnny, The Diamonds, and Floyd Robinson.

"Silver spoon"

George is 21, 6ft. 1in., and quite a legend in Hollywood as "the boy born with the silver spoon in his mouth." He has been in the business for only three and a half years and "A Thunder of Drums" is his eighth film—with others on the way. Three of his biggest recent releases have been "All the Fine Young Cannibals," "Where the Boys Are," and "By Love Possessed."

It wasn't surely only the silver spoon he was supposedly born with, though, that has got him where he is today—at the top.

Just as important as his good looks and acting ability must be his perfect manners.

"Pardon me, ma'am," he said

in his wonderful Southern drawl (he was born in Memphis, Tennessee), "you sit under this tree in the shade while I go along and rehearse my fight scene" (he was all dressed up for his role as a Cavalry lieutenant).

"He was back under the tree after 15 minutes or so looking cool, calm, and collected and bursting with talk about his next film, "The Light in the Piazza," which, he said, would

From
**PATRICIA
O'CONNELL,**
in Hollywood

be shot on location in London and Rome.

"I'm going to play the part of an Italian boy, so I've got to work on an Italian accent," said George. "I've been taking Italian lessons like mad. I really went after that part. After that, I'm going to make a film in Spain, playing the part of a Frenchman."

George spends all his free time (and there's not much of it) at home in Palm Beach, Florida.

"I like to keep my homelife and Hollywood completely apart," he said. "I think this gives me a clearer attitude to acting."

"When I'm in Florida I swim all day, or fish, or go to parties. It's a great place for parties and sometimes we have two or three a day."

"Nice to have met you," said my handsome lieutenant and "rode" away—in his Rolls-Royce!

The Duane Eddy I met on the set of "A Thunder of



"Drums" resembled not one bit the performer many of you saw in Australia.

When I met him he was wearing his outfit in the film (his first)—a Yankee Cavalry uniform, vintage 1870. He carried a bulky pack on his back instead of carrying a guitar and he was covered in dust (courtesy of the make-up department) from head to toe.

When he got back from Australia early this year, Duane appeared on the TV show "Have Gun, Will Travel" with Richard Boone, and next thing he was given a part in "A Thunder of Drums," which has Boone in the starring role.

"I'm going to tour England in September or October," said Duane, "and maybe, but just maybe, I'll come to Australia again after Christmas."

Duane was born in Phoenix, Arizona, and for this picture he was sent on location to Arizona, where as a little boy he hunted rabbits.

"I've grown up now, though," he said. "This time I'm hunting Apaches!"

DUANE EDDY dressed for his role in "A Thunder of Drums" with his favorite girl, Carole Wells (left), and reporter Patricia O'Connell. Duane told Patricia he might come back to Australia, with his guitar, early next year.



CAROLE WELLS, visiting Duane Eddy on the film set, talks to Patricia. Carole loves horses—she is the elder sister in the TV show "National Velvet." She was pleased that Duane was cast as a cavalryman in his first film.



"SILVER SPOON" boy George Hamilton talks with Patricia. As well as acting and singing, George has studied literature, philosophy, and religion. Millions of girls like to study George—in his many films.



TOFFEE APPLES wrapped in transparent paper tied with colorful ribbons and simple, yet very popular, toffee candies are tops at any teenage party.

● Debbie, our teenage chef, is sure that no teenager is too old to enjoy toffee . . . whether it is used to coat apples on sticks or in individual patty containers.

Debbie makes toffee

SHE suggests two ways to serve a simple toffee—both ideal to hand around at your next party or to be made as your contribution to a charity fete.

Here is the recipe:

TOFFEE: Three pounds sugar, 3 cups water, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Place water in saucepan and add sugar, all in the centre, then vinegar. Bring very slowly to the boil. Place lid on the saucepan for a few minutes to dissolve any sugar which may have adhered to the sides. Remove lid, cook quickly until the syrup is a pale amber color and a little placed into a cup of cold water forms a hard ball.

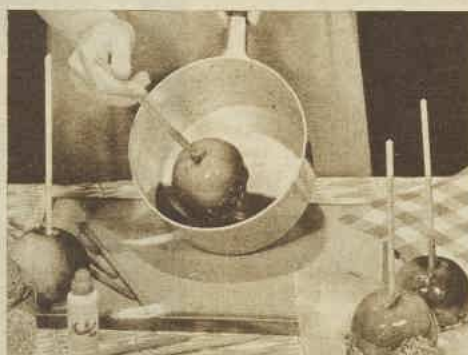
TOFFEE APPLES: Six red apples, 6 wooden skewers, red food coloring.

Wash and dry apples. Place the wooden skewers into the apples and set aside. Make toffee as directed above, then quickly stir in the red coloring. Dip apples into toffee and stand upright on waxed paper or well-greased trays to set.

If desired, before toffee sets the apples may be dipped in coconut, colored nonpareils, or chopped nuts. When set, wrap in transparent wrapping paper and tie with colorful ribbons.

TOFFEE CANDIES: One quantity basic toffee, food colorings, various toppings, such as chocolate or colored nonpareils, coconut, chopped nuts.

Make toffee as directed and add the various colors. Spoon quickly into brightly colored patty-cases and top with different ingredients. Allow to set.



PLACE meat skewers in the centre of washed and dried red apples. Carefully, but quickly, coat each apple with prepared toffee mixture and dry on waxed paper.



BEFORE toffee is set, roll in coconut, chocolate or colored nonpareils, or chopped nuts, then set aside to dry.

You, too, around

● One of the good things about this world is that it's round. This means, of course, that your homeward-bound trip from London can be just as new and exciting as the journey from Australia.

IT'S important to plan this trip with the roundness and completeness in mind. No need to cover the same ground twice.

So if you go to London by ship through the Panama Canal you can come back via Suez or take the overland London via India coach-trip described in our last issue.

Similarly, if you're taking a Suez route to Europe, come home through the Panama Canal.

Another alternative is to come home via an overland tour of America.

This can cost an awful lot of money, but it CAN be done on the cheap. Here's how:

You can travel from London to New York in one of the Cunard Line ships — perhaps the famous Queen Mary — for a minimum fare of £87/17/-.

From there you can take a special-price Greyhound coach tour across America. For £44/4/- you can get bus transport along any route in the States for a maximum of 99 days.

But if you don't want to travel for as long as that, your ticket will cost no less.

Another thing to know is that this Greyhound ticket must be purchased OUTSIDE the United States. You can buy it from a travel agent before you leave Australia.

£5 a day

Accommodation and meals en route all cost extra — and, with the high cost of living in the States, you'd have to allow about £5 a day for these.

You can get some bargains in accommodation. The special Greyhound "post-houses" have share-room accommodation for about £2/10/- a night per person.

And there's a special hotel plan sponsored by Pan-American Airways which offers tourists two nights in a good hotel for £6/14/-. This is operating in 20 cities throughout America.

By eating at roadhouse cafes instead of the plusher restaurants your food costs can be cut. What's wrong with a breakfast of hot cakes, honey and maple syrup, and coffee for about 5/-?

When you reach the West Coast, say, San Francisco, you can board a P. & O.-Orient Line ship bound for a Pacific voyage home.

The minimum sea fare from San Francisco to Sydney—via Los Angeles, Honolulu, and Suva—is £168.

But the fare would be £151 if you booked your trip both to and from Australia with P. & O.-Orient.

This reduction, called in shipping brochures a "half return fare," applies to most large shipping companies.

But, regardless of the money-saving angle of booking a return fare with the same company, you'll also find you get priority on waiting lists for berths home.

Remember, though, no matter what line or sea route you take home, it IS advisable to book your return passage BEFORE setting out from Australia.

Air travel

But what about air travel, now? Fasten your seat-belts, please! We're taking off on a round-the-world trip by plane.

Too expensive?

True, flying is more expensive than ship travel at its cheapest. Yet, by plane you can get to some pretty exotic spots which can't be reached easily by any other form of transport.

On this-trip it's a good idea to travel with a friend or friends. Not only is the companionship pleasant but you'll cut costs. Hotel rooms are cheaper if shared. So are guides and tours.

One of the best bets on the market is a "round-the-world economy-class ticket," which is valid for a year. It costs a standard price of £567.

But new services are being started all the time, so check them all before you decide.

The economy ticket takes you to London through the East and home via America or vice versa. But remember that the fare is valid for a certain number of miles only—14,031 miles to London and the same number back again to Sydney.

So if you want to fly extra mileage there'll be extra charges. This is the case if you want to visit Russia en route.

Just suppose you do. Air India International offers a round-trip ticket to London via Moscow for £608/5/-.

Within the price of the ticket you can make stops at Darwin, Djakarta, Singapore, Hongkong, Bangkok, Calcutta, New Delhi, Tashkent, Moscow,

can fly the world

Last week Carol Tattersfield helped you plan that dream trip to the other side of the world by ship. Now she tells you how to get back — and gives you some ideas on how to plan a world air trip.

Copenhagen, Berlin, Frankfurt, Zurich, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, and London.

The big decision to make is how long you want to stay in each place so as to see as much as possible and spend as little as possible. For that £608/5/- in the cost of the air fare ONLY. Accommodation and side trips all cost extra.

In the East costs vary.

Hotel accommodation is not always too plentiful, either. So it's best to make definite bookings and map out a detailed itinerary BEFORE leaving Australia.

Your travel agent can arrange all this. He can also help with the special documents for visiting Russia, without which you'll probably be confined to the airport in Moscow while fellow-travellers are gaily tripping to the Bolshoi Ballet or Lenin's tomb.

Costs in Russia

Besides the Russian visa, you must have a special Intourist voucher. This entitles the tourist to accommodation, private transport, an interpreter, four meals a day, priority sightseeing trips, and visits to the ballet, theatres, and museums. All this is paid for before you leave Australia at about £15 a day.

Your itinerary will depend on what and who you want to see and how much money and time you have to spend.

Here is the itinerary I'd plan if I had the good fortune to be going. The hotel prices mentioned are for rooms only. Meals — even breakfast — and baths will cost extra.

We'll leave Australia in February, so that the weather won't be too hot in the East and too freezing in Russia and northern Europe when we get there.

First stop from Australia is Djakarta for a two-day stop-over. One day can be spent sightseeing in Djakarta, but we shall have booked our two nights' accommodation on the island of Bali in a grass bungalow. The air fare from Djakarta to Bali return, by Indonesia Airlines, is approximately £20.

Those Balinese dancers, the fantastic architecture, and the exotic leafiness are not to be missed.

From Djakarta we fly on to

Singapore. Here we'll spend two days. A share room in a fairly good hotel will cost about £2/10/- each a night. And we must spend some time shopping. Clothes, materials, cameras, and perfumes are cheap.

Hongkong visit

On now from Singapore to Hongkong. The view, flying into the airport, is fabulous. We can spend at least three days here, sharing a room in a reasonable hotel for a minimum of 30/- a day each.

Besides the shopping, for which Hongkong is so famous, we fit in an inexpensive steamer trip to the Portuguese territory of Macao, on the Chinese mainland.

Bangkok is next stop on the map. Here, where Siamese silk is at bargain prices and the markets are held in the canals, we can stay three days. A share room in a hotel will cost at least £2 a night. There's a lot to see and the stay is brightened by the friendliness and hospitality of the Thai people.

While we're so close it would be a pity not to take a side trip into the kingdom of Cambodia, where the fantastic Angkor, a 9th to 15th century Hindu-Buddhist city of over 600 temples, palaces, and pagodas, sprawls in the jungle. The return plane trip from Bangkok costs approximately £17.

Now from Bangkok to Calcutta, a big, bustling commercial city, and, after a day or two sightseeing, we could take a side trip up to Darjeeling to glimpse Mount Everest. This return trip by air will cost approximately £15.

The Taj Mahal

Hotel accommodation in Calcutta for a good single room would cost about £2/10/- a night, and other similar hotel accommodation throughout India would cost much the same.

From Calcutta we fly across India with Indian Airlines Corporation and, instead of going directly to New Delhi, we can stop at Benares and at Agra en route at no extra transport cost.

Benares, "The Holy City" of the Hindus, on the River Ganges, is worth a one-day stay. At Agra, of course, there's the incredible Taj Mahal — to see by moonlight, if possible.



MANY EXOTIC PLACES, never seen by ship travellers, can be visited if you make your world tour by plane, with side trips from the main stopping places.

And, though we can fly from Agra to Delhi, we'll see more of the Indian countryside if we take a train, which is cheap, or hire a car, which will cost about £8 for the one-day trip.

New Delhi is the capital of India and there is much to see — the old city of Delhi, the Red Fort — so we'll need three days here.

Week on houseboat

Shall we take a side trip into Kashmir, the "Switzerland of India"? We can spend a week there and live on a houseboat for about £2 a day. The air fare, return to New Delhi, is about £21.

Next stop is Tashkent, in Russia. Here we are using our Intourist vouchers at £15 a day, so we want to cram as much as possible into a short stay.

However, two days here will not be misspent.

The next stop is Moscow, which is as different from Tashkent as Bourke is from Sydney. The comparison gives a better idea of life in Russia.

In Moscow, the Intourist vouchers, the interpreters, the sights, and the people take care of three days, which isn't as long as we'd like, but is all we can afford.

We can take a ride in the underground railway, visit the big department stores, dine in the plush restaurants, go to THE ballet, and drive the 200 miles allowed into the country round Moscow.

On now to Copenhagen. And here we stop to catch our breath. Here at last the

prices of accommodation and extra transport come down. We can stay in a "Missions" Hotel, so named because they were founded by Christian organisations, for 15/- a night in a single room.

Now we can forget about our strict itinerary. We have made no hotel bookings in advance to stick to. Spring and early summer are coming to Europe, and, with rail travel so cheap, we can wander and stay where we like for about three months.

We can use our pre-paid flights to Berlin, Frankfurt, Zurich, Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, and London at any stage of our trip. But we must see Greece, Italy, France, and Spain under our own leisurely steam and expense.

This done and three months idled away, we can pick up our flight at any of the European cities on our air route and continue through to London.

Half our trip is now behind us. And after a couple of English months it'll be time to start coming home to Australia.

U.S. bus trips

Still flying, we want to get to America before winter sets in. So we leave London in September for New York.

In New York we leave our international airline company — be it Air India, B.O.A.C., Qantas, or Pan-American — and must travel on one of the internal American airlines.

However, this will cost us no extra as long as we do not exceed the 14,031 miles our original ticket allows us from London back to Australia.

If we want to see more of the States than our round-the-

world air-mileage ration will allow us, we can buy one of the £44/4/- Greyhound bus tickets and interchange bus and air travel at any stage of our tour across America.

Our bus, or internal American airline, takes us across to the eastern American seaboard, where we'll catch our plane home to Australia.

We'll be flying into summer now, which is quite a relief, as December is the beginning of winter in San Francisco or Los Angeles.

Finally—Tahiti

First home-bound stop for most of the international airlines is Honolulu, but an alternative route is through Tahiti — offered by T.A.I.

Unless we want to pay extra we cannot go to both places. So because we've always dreamed about it we'll go to Tahiti.

Not to stay for too long, though, for we must be back in Australia before our flight ticket expires.

And so, one day, it's time to fly home to an Australian summer. Our suntan could have been collected only on a Pacific island. Our memories are truly cosmopolitan, enough for a lifetime to sort out.

We could have come home from London by ship. Our round-the-world economy-class air ticket is valid for sea travel, too.

We would simply pay half the air fare (£304/2/6) and add the cost of our ship berth, which will depend on the type of cabin and the route we'd take.

The only stipulation in the air-sea return fare interchange is that the whole round trip must still be completed within a year.



CARCOAT made from cotton and orlon is worn over a vivid orlon short-sleeved shirt. Coat, £16/16/-. Shirt, 79/6.

● Today's look for the young man with fashion on his mind is slim, casual, and elegant, with good-looking clothes that are easy to wear and easy to look after.

SLIM, TRIM, AND SO EASY TO WEAR



Men's fashions by Anthony Squires, James T. and Polo. Available at The Regent



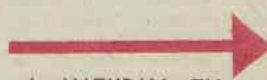
Page 6—The Regent's Weekly



DESIGNED for comfort, these hopsack shirts are worn with cuffless trousers. Pleatless front and slanting pockets show the new trend. Shirts, 89/6. Trousers at left, £5/5/-, right, £6/6/-.



EYE-CATCHING trunks are made from cotton. They are brief, with a pleatless front, shirred back. 49/6.



A NATURAL! This elegant suit follows the new line. Narrow cuffless trousers, hook vent, and raised seams. £37/10/-.



Supplement to The Australian Women's

August 8, 1961

material. Price 4/6.

D
R



Mr. Chetima, Martin, California. Suave, Vice Ferry, Double Bay.



↑

PARTY LINE:
Left, dacron and cotton muted check coat, £16/16/-. Trousers are cuffless and very narrow, £5/9/6. At right, a lightweight wool coat has high three-button front, £19/19/-. Trousers are striped cotton, £5/5/-.

→

ALL EYES are focused on the modern version of rope-soled espadrilles. The desertboot style is 79/6—the moccasin 75/6.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, 10 November 8, 1961

Telegraph Weekly - Page 7

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Love or money?

"I AM a girl of 16 and have been going with a boy about 12 months. His parents own a farm and a sawmill and people think they are very rich. I like this boy very much and he is very fond of me. I think we see each other about four nights a week. My parents think this is enough, so do we. My problem is that everyone thinks I am going after his money. I've told them time and time again it does not matter. It hurts me very much to think people I've known all my life could think such a thing. It is now starting to affect his parents. I know I should not take any notice, but I cannot help it."

"Anxious," Vic.

You are dramatising this friendship out of all proportion. Do you realise you are only 16?

Surely you are not thinking of marriage with this young man. You are far too young to get yourself tied up in any permanent romance, whether or not money is involved.

But, as money is involved, why not admit that it makes everyday living much more pleasant? It doesn't necessarily alter the quality of your love, although it certainly does seem to make loving some people easier.

Speak up

"AT the beginning of this year I first met a very nice boy whom I like very much. He is 16 and I am nearly 15. I met him again about two weeks ago and I like him more than before. My problem is that I can't hear what he says. I do not want to ask him to speak louder, as I think it might offend him, and I do not want to chase him away. Can you help me? I think he may be a little shy. I would also like to ask you if it would be all right for me to ask him to a party which is to be held towards the end of this month, as I sometimes only see him every second Saturday."

"Worried," Qld.

You'll just have to ask him to speak a little louder. It won't chase him away, but if you keep acting dumb because you can't hear him, and probably don't give the right answers, he'll be off. I'd certainly ask him to the party, and ask him the very next time you see him.

Only a dream

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and I love this boy who is 16 very much. Although we both live in the same street, I have never spoken to him. I suppose you will say that I am too young to be thinking of boys and love, but could you please give me some advice?"

"Scotty," Tas.

I remember once being madly in love with a man whom I used to see every day in the train on the way to school. I never spoke to him, and he certainly didn't know I existed. In a situation like this you just have to enjoy the glow that comes occasionally as you think of

your life, blighted because the man you love doesn't love you.

I found out that the truth of the situation is that you are only kidding yourself and dramatising the situation into a great dream of love. Make the most of it. You'll grow out of it soon. You might get to know the boy, and he might be awful.

New customs

"I AM a young New Australian girl and have been here only a short time. I have a lot of very nice Australian friends and like being with them. But I get very embarrassed when it comes to eating anywhere, because your habits differ quite a lot in a few things from ours, and I am very clumsy with the Australian way of eating. Now, should I still eat in my old way and be sure of myself or follow the good etiquette and 'do in Rome as the Romans do'?"

"Embarrassed," S.A.

It would be a compliment to Australia and your new friends to learn to eat in the way Australians do.

Wedding problem

"WOULD you please tell me if it would be considered correct for two of my old suitors to be ushers at my wedding? My fiancé has only one close friend, and he is to be best man. He knows no one who could be ushers for us. These two men are very close friends of mine, although they have never met my fiancé."

M.H., Qld.

There is nothing to stop their being ushers at your wedding if they and your fiancé are willing, but you should introduce them to your fiancé before you ask them. He might loathe them on sight. If he did it would be stupid to ask them to be ushers and to be present at the wedding.

KNOW YOUR ETIQUETTE

AT THE OFFICE

● Should I stand up when an executive of my firm speaks to me socially at my desk?

WELL, this is one of those questions that can have a million answers. It depends on just who the boss is, how old you are, and how long you've been with the firm.

It's always better to err on the side of too much courtesy rather than too little, so if in doubt, stand.

● When I start working in an office, should I be the one to make friends first?

NO. Be pleasant and friendly, but don't be too familiar. If the other people in the office want to be friends, they'll let you know. Remember, they'll want to see what sort of a person you are.

● Is it correct for me to give the boss a present at Christmas?

NO, definitely not! In fact, you should keep present-giving to a minimum at the office. A SMALL gift for one or two of your closest workmates is permissible, but don't make like Father Christmas and distribute presents to everyone in the office. It's embarrassing, to say the least.

Never asked home

"I HAVE been going with my boy-friend for nine months and as yet I haven't been to his home or met his parents. I have been past his place, though, and he always points out his home to me, but never takes me there. Do you think he doesn't want to take me there, or has he some special reason for not wanting to? All my other girlfriends visit their boy-friends' homes and I feel left out when they tell me about it. I am 18."

"Hoping," N.S.W.

Nearly every boy feels that taking a girl home to meet his parents is a public announcement of his feelings—practically the same as announcing the engagement. It frightens the life out of them. Don't rush the boy into it, hint at it, or carry on about it. Leave it to him.

Odd proposal

"I AM a 16-year-old schoolgirl and I have been going steady with a boy of 22. One day last week he asked me if I would be his fiancée. I said I needed time to think it over. Nothing has been said about it since, and I was wondering if I should forget about it or bring it up. Would you please answer this as soon as possible; also, do you think 16 is old enough to get engaged?"

"Diamond," N.S.W.

You are far too young to even think of being engaged yet. You haven't had time to romance around enough to find out what type of man you really like and would want to live with for the rest of your life. I'd skip the whole thing.

Asking you to be his fiancée is a funny way to propose. I have a feeling he might think it is just a fancy way to say, "How about going steady?" But, whatever he means, I wouldn't be in it if I were you.

Showing off

"I AM a girl of 13 in first year at school. One day I went ice-skating and this boy asked me some questions and started to splash water on to me. The next few days he was on the bus and started calling out to me. He is quite a nice boy. What does this mean?"

"Bewildered," N.S.W.

It means he has noticed you. The splashing and the calling out is just male showing-off to make you notice him: I wouldn't stand for this splashing business; that's awful.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

ALL the best beach belles have special beach jewellery these days. How's yours? Non-existent?

Make yourself a crazy piece from old cotton reels—slim silk ones or the fatter kind that carry cotton.

Paint them a rainbow of different colors, shocking-pink, lime, blue, red, yellow, violet, green. Let them dry, and varnish them with colorless nail lacquer. Dry again.

Thread them with some crystal beads (or any other kind you go for) between them and knot together.

Wear them as a necklet, bracelet, or anklet, park them round your hat while you're in the water. You'll look fabulous.

Bus friendship

"I HAVE been going to work on a particular bus for some time, and about three months ago this boy also started getting it and sat next to me. Every morning when he sits down he says 'Hello.' We are both very shy, and I am sure that if I started a conversation with him he would gladly talk to me, but do you think that would be too forward? My sister suggested that I should say, 'Good morning, how are you?' Do you think that would be all right? He always seems very eager to sit beside me."

"Morning Chatter," Qld.

I think your sister is absolutely right. It wouldn't be a bit forward to say that. Have your second remark ready, too. Something about the weather—it's fine, it's hot, it's grey enough for an umbrella.

Hope—but wait

"I AM a girl of 15. For nearly a year I have liked very much a boy who is also 15. Although I have spoken to him only a couple of times, I feel I really like him. But I have heard from his friends he does not like girls because he once had a girl he was mad about and she dropped him. I know I am too young for love and such, but I would really like to be friends with him. I have also heard a number of things about him, not very nice, but from speaking to him I find these things hard to believe. I am in a muddle and need your help. Should I go on trying and hoping or should I forget him? His friends tell me he thinks I'm nice."

C.L., W.A.

I'm sure you are nice. Keep on hoping to be friends, but leave the trying to him.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



KEEP COOL ON HOT DAYS

● You really don't need a bathing pool or beach to keep cool in hot weather. There are other good ways and means to achieve this desirable state, such as, for instance, these simple grooming techniques.

BOTH for beauty and comfort, your first step on a hot day should be into a shower or tub. Cleanliness from top to toe is your best ally, especially if you use tepid to lukewarm water.

Cold water cools temporarily but sends the circulation up. A just-warm bath flushes the pores clean, takes away that about-to-explode feeling you get on a very hot day.

After your bath spray your skin with a light toilet water for day-long freshness. It's a clever trick to leave the merest touch of dampness on your skin after you spray it. Toilet water is mildly astringent and the effect is better than air-conditioning!

Alternatively, a good sponge down with lukewarm water topped off with a liberal application of cologne and/or perfumed talc will help keep skin soft and dry in the heat. Indeed, it's a good idea any time during a day that the heat or humidity looks like getting you down.

By all means put a bit of deodorant or anti-perspirant on palms of hands and soles of feet that tend to perspire too much. Be sure the surface is dry when you put it on—these preparations will lose some of their effectiveness if applied on skin already moist with perspiration.

Nothing contributes more to a feeling of coolness than clean hair. You'll feel just wonderful if you can make time to shampoo your hair when the heat's on. If it becomes you, sweep it up on top of your head and keep neck and ears deliciously breezy.

No time for a wet shampoo? Well, have a dry one—it's almost as refreshing.

When it's hot the body requires at least eight hours of sleep at night and as many stop-and-relax moments (feet up) as you can squeeze into your days.

Your feet will be grateful for a frequent change of stockings and shoes, too; if your feet feel hot or tired, bathe them in hot, then cool, water.

Summer make-up should be simple, easy to put on and take off, and non-clog. If you want your lipstick to stay put and not feather, use a less-creamy one than in winter.

By
Carolyn Earle

YOU CAN BANK ON THE FEMALES!

● I see that a Sydney girl has become Australia's first female bank teller since the war.

THE girl, Miss Judy Miller, made her debut (sorry, her debut!) in a city bank recently. I hope the change will do her good.

This is an interesting counter-revolution in the staid all-feller teller business. And I reckon it's a safe (deposit) bet to work out fine.

For a girl should make an excellent bank teller.

I advance the following statements (not based on or directed at Miss Miller's career) on account of I want to prove that lasses would be well-balanced tellers and a credit to banking . . .

Firstly, they would love their work—tell me a girl who isn't interested in money!

And they would keep their counters and money-drawers neatly—if, to coin a phrase, they were well stacked!

Girl tellers could also quickly pick out customers trying to put over a fast financial trick.

For a girl always soon points out when someone's (deposit) slip is showing, doesn't she?

Bank managers could also use the new-style tellers to efficiently knock back people for loans.

A girl should be used to saying "no" to fresh fellows. So why shouldn't she be the best one to say it to fresh—out of dough—boys?

Again, lasses could completely foil bank-robbers. Banks could let them keep the money in their handbags.

And when a hold-up man barked, "Hand over the dough," the teller would take so long looking for it under the traditional junk that the robber would give up in disgust.

Of course, a girl teller would face problems that don't exist for boy bankers.

For instance, while it would be O.K. for her to make (with the manager's approval) advances, she'd have to be careful male customers didn't make them to her.

She would also have to reject a pass instead of a pass-book.

And while she could discuss the credit squeeze with a customer, she'd have to steer clear of other squeezes—at a pinch!

I'm sure, however, that a girl teller could handle these problems.

Like all tellers, she would have a revolver beneath her counter. And there's nothing like a revolver to make a young Colt or an old .45 shoot through!

Well, there you are—all in all, it'd be a good thing if the lady lucre lumper is back here to stay.

So long, of course, as she isn't a kissin' teller!

—Robin Adair

Key to a movement

● 5. MID-RENAISSANCE (early 15th century): Strength and color.

MASACCIO, born in 1401, lived only 27 years, but in that short time he produced one of the world's masterpieces, "The Tribute Money" (pictured at right), in the Brancacci chapel of the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine, in Florence, Italy.

This chapel became the base for training a long line of Italian artists, including Raphael and Michelangelo.

Masaccio, with his concentrated strength and wonderful sense of composition, is a logical development from Giotto. (Giotto was the artist I talked about last week, who looked for truth in his painting. He painted humanity rather than the stiff formal characters of earlier times.)

And so we have "The Tribute Money"—probably the key painting to the whole movement of the Mid-Renaissance.

In "The Tribute Money" Masaccio worked out a circular composition, with the disciples surrounding the figure of Christ.

He was one of the first artists to use this kind of arrangement and one of the first to use perspective (figures larger or smaller, depending on their place in the picture).

This picture, then, was the beginning of the new trend toward absolute realism and naturalness in the human figure.

The dark glances of the well-grouped heads, the beautifully folded draperies (a reminder of the art of Ancient Greece), the eloquent hands, these things become a world in themselves.



In Masaccio's color there is great power. Rose and gold and brown are used with tremendous significance, and greens, dim blues, and pale yellows all fade into darkness.

Masaccio solved the problem of how to present the three dimensions of our world on a flat surface. He was conscious of the work of great sculptors from Ancient Egypt to Ancient Rome and made use of their simply designed planes.

NEXT WEEK: High Renaissance

● Here is another fascinating article in our series **ART THROUGH THE AGES**, which explains the famous art periods during the past 1000 years. The series is written by a well-known Australian artist, **DOUGLAS WATSON**. Cut out this article and neatly paste it in a book.



LISTEN HERE

—with Kirsten Ward

Crash back for encore

● At the beginning of the year Crash Craddock took Australian teenage audiences by storm. After his appearances they yelled and clapped and stamped their feet and called for more. Crash has taken the encore and is about to tour Australia again.

HE and fellow American singer Del Shannon, the "Runaway" boy, are booked to appear in Adelaide (Nov. 8), Melbourne (Nov. 9), Brisbane (Nov. 10), and Sydney (Nov. 11).

Crash is a real charmer, an ex-football star, and ruggedly good-looking. He was only 11 when he carried a guitar almost as big as himself to a TV talent show and charmed the audience into voting him the winner for 15 consecutive weeks.

He earned his nickname, "Crash" (real name, Bill), because of his prowess on the football field at high school.

With a school quartet he made some night-club appearances which eventually resulted in a recording contract. His "Don't Destroy Me" and "Boom Boom Baby" were smash hits.

Del Shannon isn't as well known here. He is 22, but started playing the guitar when only 14. He later joined the Army, and after discharge earned a living appearing in clubs and at dances.

He was spotted by a talent scout, and his first record, "Runaway," became a world hit. Del is a keen fisherman.

EVERYBODY cross their fingers for **BRYAN DAVIES**—he'll be sitting for the Leaving Certificate this month. If he passes it will be a credit to him, for no one can

say he hasn't had enough distractions, what with two hit records.

Bryan was disappointed he had to turn down an offer to appear in the latest Col Joye Spectacular because of study. Bryan, by the way, is the highest goal scorer in Digby Wolfe's Stars of TV Soccer team.

THERE'S a song about Sydney's suburb Woolloomooloo, not yet released here, which goes, "I bet you a dollar there isn't a scholar who can spell it right first go..." The jacket of the record spells it Woolloomooloo.

Local talent: **Johnny O'Keefe** is "Shakin' at the Stadium" again with Vol. II of the Festival EP. It's high-calibre rock.

AUSTRALIAN country and western music has been given a facelift by the song-writing team **Noel Balfour** and **Johnny Ashcroft** in an effort to make it acceptable overseas. Johnny sings about the "Buffalo" (Decca 45) on the Northern Territory plains. (Did you know there are five times more buffalo in Australia than in the U.S.?) There are no dinky-di Aussie words in the song because ignorance of our slang has been a drawback overseas. C. & W. writers have been striving for a new sound for years, and, oddly enough, it took **Geoff Harvey**, of E.M.I., an Englishman, to hit the jackpot, using a big-band arrangement.

WORTH HEARING

STEREO SELECTION

AS a policy I avoid writing here about recordings that are available only on stereo. But Coronet has just started a new series of 7-inch stereo releases called *Gems from the Classics*, the first batch of which is promising enough to justify breaking the policy.

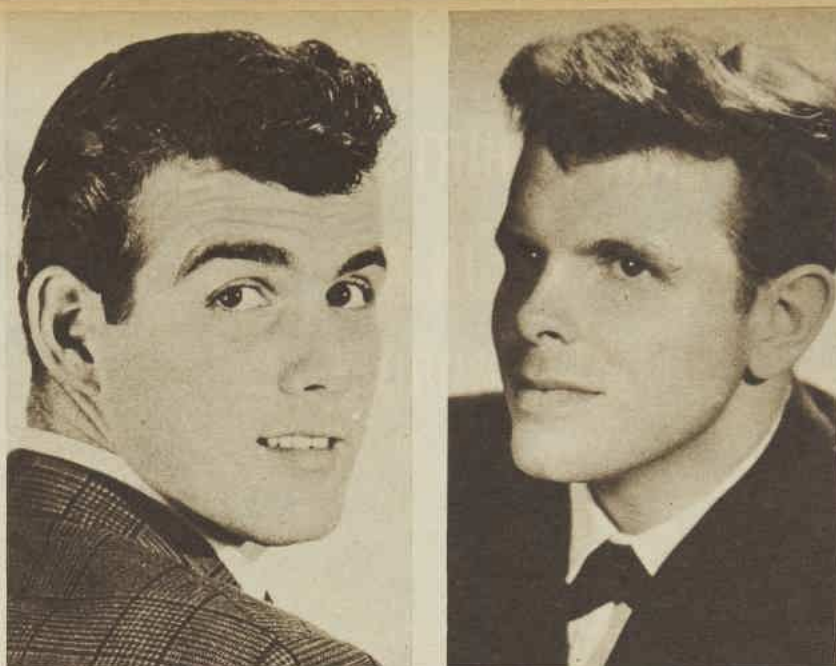
This first list covers a lot of territory, and should be valuable to the stereo-owner who is not yet certain of his tastes and wants to do some sampling before venturing on more expensive discs. The performances, for the most part, are outstanding.

Several of the individual works have been discussed here before as part of larger records.

For the collector in quest of the unusual there is the **Leonard Bernstein** recording of Vivaldi's *Concerto for Diverse Instruments*; for the more conservative there are fine recordings of Wagner overtures by **Bruno Walter**; for the ballet fan there are recordings of **Borodin's Polovtsian Dances** (conductor **Eugene Ormandy**) and excerpts from **Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker** (Bernstein).

—Martin Long

Continued to The Australian Women's Weekly — November 8, 1961



CRASH CRADDOCK (left) and DEL SHANNON, top American singing stars who are scheduled to tour Australia next week.

TEENAGERS may turn up their noses at first at the accordion music of **Colin O'Rourke**, who takes you "Dancing Through Ireland" (Festival EP) — but if you really listen you'll find brisk melody and a good jiggling beat.

Colin's hand-made accordion is his pride and joy. He worked long hours as a clerk to get the £250 it cost, and he taught himself to play.

ON Columbia 45 **Lionel Long** sings the ballad of "Botany Bay" — an easy, simple song from colonial days. It's very pleasant, but you might prefer the rousing folk treatment given to "Ring-a-Ling" on the flip.

Lionel is making a series of film TV interludes for world release. Most have bush settings, with Lionel playing his guitar and singing his Australian melodies. He has already made six for Australia-only release through the A.B.C.

BACK again is **Lucky Starr** with an effective pop melody called "Heartbreak" (Festival 45) backed with "Suspense." Lucky's voice on this is mature, very easy to take.

Pops: "Ricky Nelson is 21" this year and London label has brought out an LP to celebrate. With Ricky's sullen one-way expression you can never be sure if he's being intense and cynical or if he's asleep. His voice gives me the impression he's at least very tired. But with seven gold records to his name there will be many who find him stimulating.

"COME SWING WITH ME" is **Frank Sinatra's** much publicised court-case record (Capitol LP). Frank complained he was hemmed in and restricted — and brought out a very similar disc under his own label. Capitol sued and won and Frankie had to cancel his own recording.

TOP negro singer **Ray Charles**, who's able to switch from rock to pop to jazz style with ease, sings a series of well-known, well-loved melodies with satiric-voiced negro girl **Betty Carter** (Ampar LP).



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS



Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. When buying a shampoo, select the one Breck

Shampoo that is right for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful. Hair you can keep beautifully in place with Breck Hair Set Mist.

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Now Breck single-use handy sachet — 1/6

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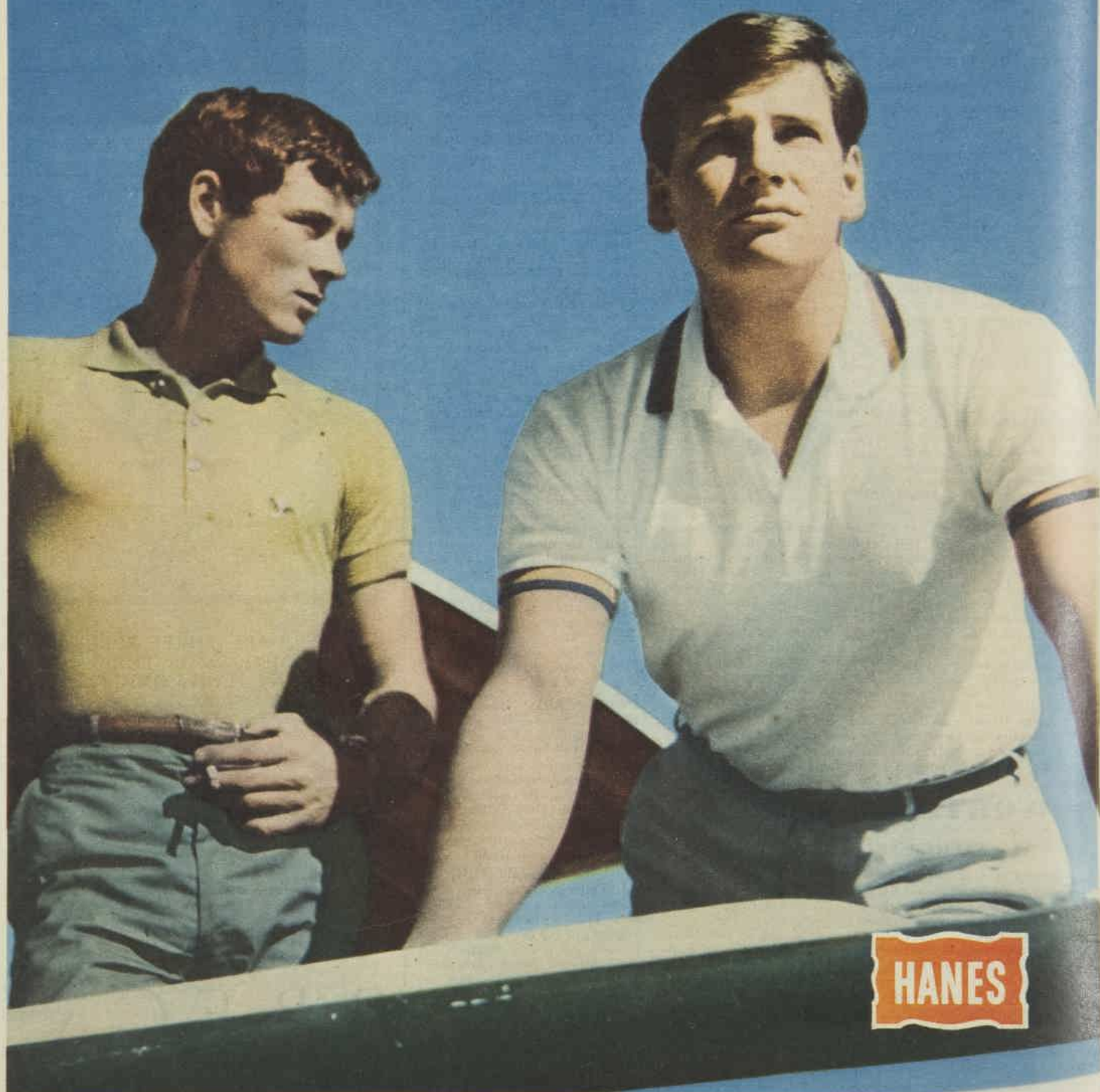


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HANES SHIRTS IN A SUMMER MOOD

Our friend on the left, is wearing a Hanes *Pro's Choice* — a new cotton-knit action shirt for all sportsmen. Note the good-looking style of the freedom-giving gusset. An embroidered oak leaf emblem adds a touch of distinction. You can select *Pro's Choice* in deep olive, bronze, burnished gold, sky blue, royal blue, black or white. Price — 29/11.

Towelling, never but a few steps away from the sea, is seen at its best in the white Hanes *Yachtsman* shirt below. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with broad bands of contrasting colours. You can choose from several combinations. Price, 33/6. Stock up on two or three new Hanes styles this season — ask for Hanes by name at good men's wear stores.



HANES SPORT SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR FOR MEN & BOYS. MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY LA MODE INDUSTRIES UNDER LICENCE FROM P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., U.S.A.

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